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THE SUNLIT HOURS

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THEODORE A. COOK, 1925

THE SUNLIT HOURS

A RECORD OF SPORT AND LIFE

BY

THEODORE ANDREA COOK

EDITOR OF "THE FIELD"

"Horas Non Numero Nisi Serenas"

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TO

WALTER RUNCIMAN

THE WRITER'S GRATITUDE

OF WHICH THESE PAGES

ARE ONE PART

T. A. C.

PREFACE

SAMUEL PEPYS was born in Salisbury Court, Fleet Street, close to the spot where I was given my first work as a journalist; so it is appropriate that I should invoke his memory at once. But probably he never dreamt that his Diary would place him among the immortals; and except for about two years long ago, I have never kept a diary myself; certainly I have never nourished any dream that anything I wrote in it would last much longer than its writer. The first reason as it seems to me, for printing anything about myself at all is that there will be a kindly interest among my contemporaries concerning the facts of any life which shared the same broad elements as their own. By younger men a certain measure of indulgence is always, I understand, granted to their elders until it has become quite clear that these old gentlemen have no more time left either to reform themselves or to benefit their neighbours. But a very natural and appropriate penalty attaches to any description of events in which many persons are still alive who took part in them, besides their humbler chronicler. This penalty I have striven to evade by mentioning no names where it is conceivable that pain might possibly be suffered by anyone now living. I trust I have succeeded at any rate in this desire. For here I have no enemies to pillory, no scandals to divulge, no particular moral to enforce, and no State secrets to unveil.

The life of any Englishman who has been through the usual course of public school and University, who took up writing and journalism because he loved them better than

anything else, who was born in 1867 and is still working as hard as he can in 1925, would be of great value in a hundred years if it could be told with every detail necessary for the social historian born in 1995. I make no attempt to furnish him with such material. My aim is simpler and probably more likely to be acceptable to my readers. It is, briefly, to recognise that family genealogies and purely personal relationships have very rarely any excuse for publication, especially in days when "Memoirs" and "Autobiographies" are being done to death; and I only permit such details to intrude when they provide a necessary background to a picture, or furnish some explanation of happenings of a more catholic value. But there are certain events between the dates I have mentioned which must have appealed more or less to everybody who heard about them or was in any way influenced by them; in these I have borne my small share; and since we cannot wholly pardon anything without understanding all about it, I cheerfully contribute those factors within my own knowledge to the general sum of intelligent appreciation.

Pessimism has never cast its shadow over me. It seems as lamentable in a civilian as desertion in a soldier. Whatever creed of life and living ever consciously animated my actions has been inspired by the belief that if we understood each other better there would be little need for quarrelling and even less for hatred. What sullen hatred of the world at large is worth, Germany discovered from 1914 to 1918, and the red trench that has been cut across the world by the Great War is one part of the price we have all had to pay for her mistake. The whole world has suffered change. I do not feel sufficiently confident or youthful to describe with any accuracy the changes even in that part of my own country with which I am intimately familiar; and I am quite consci ous of a certain doubtfulness in my

attitude to nearly everything else after 1918. This doubtfulness is due not wholly to the unaccustomed incidence of personal sorrow or recent misfortune, but very largely to the atmosphere of iconoclastic instability which seems to interpenetrate our lives in a period when everything is apparently being hurled into the melting-pot and nobody quite knows, or even greatly cares, what will come out. Under such circumstances one who was born a crusted Tory has seen no reason in later life to alter or regret the implications thereby necessitated. He will even venture to suggest that some of the facts and opinions and habits we knew and loved before the War are worth considering, unless we are lightheartedly to scrap every asset that helped to make the England of 1914. Of that England some of us will be proud till we are dead, however little we are supposed to talk about it.

Already the intelligent reviewer has discovered that this is going to be—in the slang of the day—an "old-fashioned" book. I shall not deny it if the comment implies that no new fashions are worth admiring when they date before 1919. The unrest of the last six years has not yet given us fresh standards for those it would destroy, has replaced none of the masters we have revered with either equal or even intelligible substitutes. Yet these new movements are full of interest, and in many other departments of life besides those of Literature or Art the same spirit of ironical interrogation is observable. But I still like my memories of the old English country house party, with cricket or without, a great deal better than what seems acceptable to-day. First-rate port, sound claret, the best peaches in the world, church on Sunday morning, an ordered and far from selfish leisure that enjoyed—without demand—those decent accessories of gentle living which had been its own from time immemorial: these things seem to be vanishing, many of them by reason of war-taxation,

most of them to the regret of the old school, and none of them much missed by the new generation.

Almost the same process *mutatis mutandis* is happening in Town. If to regret it is to be old-fashioned, I plead guilty. But though I can see nothing much as yet to admire or to accept, I am full of sympathy with all those aspirations and experiments of which youth must invariably be the most active source. Without them we should fall back; for progress there must be in either one direction or the other. But our young men since the War display a different quality of youth from any it has ever exhibited before. To the serious freedom proper to their years they add a somewhat sinister anticipation of the recklessness of age. The historian will find in them something he will be unable either to understand or to describe unless he also knows the fiery furnace of warfare through which most of them have passed, and the bitter disillusionment of their discoveries of the peace which followed. Their password alters; their battlefields are changed; but there is still No Man's Land, and still an Enemy behind it.

In sport, in journalism, in literature, in art, in the daily interests of personal existence, some of us seem feverishly striving to retrieve that first, fine rapture which was the careless birthright of our youth until the second decade of the twentieth century. It will come back to us. But not in my day; not to many even of those younger men who into some few months of fighting had each crowded as much action and emotion as had filled a dozen inglorious careers throughout the last half of the nineteenth century. In the many forms of sport and life, since the War, in which I have found myself engaged, there has remained with me a curious impression of expectant unreality; yet they deserve their chronicle. They are the sign and symbol that the growth of Life can never in its ultimate essence be suppressed. Just as the War proved that the most careful calculations

could never predict the limits of human endurance or of human skill, so the years which followed it have revealed an inexhaustible reserve of reinvigorated energy which is either bursting out of the old channels, or blazing fresh tracks to the unknown. The chase is not done yet. The cold reward of certainty is not yet ours. Life is not victory; it is a battle.

Those who do not care for schools or schoolboys can avoid them in these pages by omitting the first two chapters and going straight to Oxford in my third. They will then be saved a good many lists of names (the special pride of every school) and a good deal of the small beer of history made before I was born. At Oxford I begin those realities of personal recollection and personal opinion which not only lend their special flavour to any book of reminiscences, but also present the greatest difficulty in the present volume. To attain the impersonal perspective proper to the true historian, a writer who records events so recent should really be an amiable and sympathetic foreigner. Yet I am not afraid to run the risks implied either by individual preferences or by personal prejudice, because it is from these alone that any colour and vitality can be engendered in my modest chronicles. And I am still further safeguarded by the fact that no one who has edited the *Field* is likely to tell many tall stories about fishing, hunting, or shooting. The standards set by the readers of that ancient and respectable periodical are too high for casual competition. I shall select, therefore, those games or sports in which I have personally known or seen the best, and sometimes even borne some small share myself. It was on the sporting instinct of this country that our authorities had to rely not only to obtain an army but to train it while we were at war; and they were right. That instinct is seriously effective, indomitably determined; and it is precisely the factor which our late enemy neglected in his calculations.

The kindliest of citizens may prove the sternest fighter. No man can win a struggle, calling for the uttermost reserves of physical and intellectual capacity, unless he keeps his temper.

One of the greatest charms of Memory, as of Conversation, is the way one thing suggests another ; and I have, therefore, not thought it necessary to arrange in strictly chronological order the multitude of facts and names with which I have to deal. It seems to me equally perilous to select various arbitrary parcels of information and label each of them with the single material forming its contents. Every year—nay, every day—of a fairly full life is a lucky-bag in which Fate or Fortune throws the tickets you may draw ; and I expect every chapter that follows will exhibit much the same character. The natural divisions of this book correspond, it is true, to those few vital changes which nearly always happen to everyone who has to work for his living. I begin, for instance, with the childish surroundings of my preparatory schools up to 1880 ; I am at Radley until 1886 ; you are at Oxford with me up to 1892 ; my fourth chapter is that kind of interregnum, in a larger world on both sides of the Atlantic, which is the usual preliminary to a permanent vocation ; by 1898 I am at the *St. James's Gazette*, by 1903 at the *Daily Telegraph*, and by 1910 at the *Field*. But each of these seven chapters is itself divided into sections which cannot, I fear, be so logically explained ; they furnish in fact examples of " the way one thing suggests another." They will, no doubt, also offer excellent opportunities for judicious selection by my readers.

Though diaries, as I hinted at the beginning, have been practically unknown to me, I have found an unexpected source of information, concerning various events in which I have taken part, in the newspapers and periodicals in which I wrote at different times. For the use of such material—much modified and always much abbreviated—

I have to express my obligations more particularly to the Editors of the *Quarterly*, the *Edinburgh*, the *Nineteenth Century*, the *Fortnightly*, the *Daily Express*, the *Daily Telegraph*, *The Times*, and the *Field*, possibly to others who will perhaps forgive an omission, to which very little importance need be attached save as an act of courtesy I would not willingly neglect to colleagues who have invariably granted me the greatest consideration. In a book of this kind it is quite impossible to shift responsibilities. As Napoleon was his own ancestor, the writer of autobiography is his own authority. By no other do I desire to stand.

T. A. C.

CHELSEA,
October 3, 1925

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THE SUNLIT HOURS

CHAPTER I

WANTAGE AND EXMOUTH

Si tu oblitus es, at di meminerunt, meminit fides—*Catullus.*

EVERY writer of a book like this will no doubt strive to realise the bland impersonality of that judge's attitude to life who asked astonished Counsel, "Who is Connie Gilchrist?" But very few will have appreciated how ancient is that salutary form of humour. I only know because, for my good fortune, I am still on speaking terms with the exceptionally gifted scholar who more or less patiently corrected my Greek and Latin verse at Radley. He found for me an early variant of this levelling query from the tragedies of Æschylus. In the "Persæ," Queen Atossa, wife of Darius, mother of Xerxes, and "highest in rank of all the deep-waisted Persian ladies," asks the chorus of aged Persian councillors: "Where in the world is Athens situated?" Imagine the feelings of the audience on the slopes of the Acropolis. I have stood among the ruined seats where those words first were heard, and realised by how much a great city can be mistaken as to its own fame.

1

Let not the kindliest critic among my readers believe that the appearance of Exmouth or of Wantage on my first page indicates a similar error on my own part. They occur merely because I was born in the first and migrated to the

second when scarcely a year old. As Henry James said of his Hegira from New York to Boston at the same tender age: "I never had any reason to regret the decision"; though nothing could be much more different from Devonshire than Berkshire, and, after having perforce deserted both, I still think of myself as a Devonian.

The change was made because my father, who was an assistant at Penrose's famous preparatory school at Exmouth when my mother married him, had accepted the post of Headmaster of the ancient Grammar School of Wantage which had in 1850 been rebuilt and reconstituted as King Alfred's School to commemorate the thousandth anniversary of that great man's birth in the Vale of the White Horse. Unfortunately for romantic history neither King Alfred himself nor Edward the Confessor, whose arms were brought to our front quad window from University College, Oxford, had anything whatever to do with this insignificant scholastic institution which enjoys a long, reputable and true history of its own.

The buildings to which my father brought us had been designed by Street, the architect of the Law Courts in the Strand. His work was unluckily limited to the three exterior façades, a very pleasant piece of domestic Gothic. The plan and interior were confided—with somewhat sad results—to a local builder, who left untouched the low wall of grey stone forming the fourth side along the main road, that ancient Portway which passes along the Vale from the White Horse and the Blowing Stone to Charlton and Hendred, with the Downs and their great Roman road called the Ridgeway on the long grey horizon to your right. Hounds nearly always found their fox up there, but they generally killed him in the valley, and we had three packs to choose from: the Vale, the Craven, and the Old Berkshire. It was fine galloping country for the most part, though rather close-fenced in the lower levels, and the

yeoman-farmers were the best of their breed I ever met until they gave up the scouring of the White Horse and the significant festival which accompanied it. As Gilbert Chesterton has written :—

> "Then Alfred smiled. And the smile of him
> Was like the sun for power.
> But he only pointed : bade them heed
> Those peasants of the Berkshire breed
> Who plucked the old Horse of the weed
> As they pluck it to this hour
> . . . . .
> "And though skies alter and empires melt
> This word shall still be true :
> If ye would have the horse of old
> Scour ye the horse anew."

In their entirely characteristic attitude to all forms of progress, the Town Councillors had refused the offer of the Great Western Railway to build on the outskirts of Wantage the junction now placed at Didcot, which would have linked the little old market-town directly with Oxford on the one side and Newbury on the other. As a result of this patriarchal recalcitrance the railway stops more than two miles away at a few sheds called "Wantage Road," and is reached by methods almost as primitive as the omnibus of my infancy. Those who do not have to live in Wantage are delighted with the old-world air of segregation which consequently refrigerates its spacious market-place and its fine church ; but the Town had begun to suffer in my father's day, and after my mother's death its slow decay became so visible that I have scarcely ever had the courage to revisit it. The quiet prosperity of one age had not been replaced by the advancing development of another. It seemed stranded between two tides. Its unique possession is the Victoria Cross Gallery, which Lady Wantage presented to the Town. It contains portraits of all the earlier recipients of what is still

the greatest military honour in the world, including her husband ; and in many cases the scene and surroundings of the exploit are vividly presented.

2

Fortunately for all of us, some men are born with a passion for educating stupid little boys, and nothing else would suit my father, who had tried various forms of adventure before settling down. He had been in Vienna with Odo Russell, with whose son, Lord Ampthill, I was to row long afterwards against Cambridge ; he had been left for dead when walking over the Simplon Pass, and was always under the impression that he had been robbed and half-murdered by French Freemasons ; he spent the summer of 1857 with Count Batthyani in the Isle of Wight, and he had frequently been Count Andrassy's guest in Hungary, and stayed on among the mountains until he had learnt the true patois of the natives. His gift of tongues was extraordinary. I remember a small dark man who tramped into our garden at Wantage with a small black bear. My father had been apparently sent out to drive them off the neighbourhood of our precious roses. The next thing I saw was the bear pouring a bottle of beer down its own throat, while our foreign visitor, kneeling on the grass with tears in his eyes, was evidently calling down the blessing of Heaven upon the only man in this country of Barbarians who had talked Basque with him since he crossed the Channel.

The affection with which his old pupils regarded my father is a thing of which I can fortunately still speak from experience. The house they built for him was but a pale reflection of their deep and enduring sentiment. And I have often thought that for schoolmasters and other teachers of the young, the famous epitaph of Sir Christopher Wren (one of our most celebrated Wadham men) might beautifully

JANE ELISABETH COOK

HENRY COOK

be adapted. The visitor to St. Paul's is told, if he seeks the monument of its architect, to look at the building round him. And a schoolmaster, as he nears his end, may look at his old pupils as his living monument, his building not made with hands, but with the travail of the spirit, with the joy of the heart. In them I find to-day my father's best memorial, and I can ask no better.

He was very strong and would never have forgiven me for not reaching the "six foot in his socks," which was his own measure. Luckily I was within about half an inch of it by the time I rowed my first race at Henley soon after his comparatively early death, so he may have thought that I should eventually do my duty. Having lost his left hand by a gun accident when a boy, he had one of the biggest right hands I ever saw, and used to deal at whist as fast as anybody, flipping the cards out with his thumb from the cavity in his palm where they lay totally concealed. A still more astonishing thing was to see him scull my mother and myself up the estuary of the river at Exmouth, with both handles working easily inside his single fist. Apart from his eyes, bright brown with a light behind them, his most remarkable physical characteristic was a very beautiful voice. I have never heard another like it, either for strength of volume when required, or for modulated expression when he talked. My mother often told me a good instance of its power. They were coming down from Scotland soon after their honeymoon when they noticed that the floor of the railway carriage was getting hotter and hotter. It was soon smoking. They stood up on the seat. In those days the communication cord does not seem to have existed, and no one could draw the attention of the guard. It was a shout from my father which first roused him to the danger. The train was stopped and the guilty carriage, now blazing venomously, was pushed bodily off the line by the joint efforts of its passengers. The train was very full, so my

father and mother were crowded with the rest into the guard's van at the end. Apparently there was no means of signalling to the express behind them. So they must have had an anxious journey till they reached a station where it was safe to stop.

3

It was in the summer of 1877 that the Prince of Wales (afterwards Edward VII) came to stay with Colonel Loyd Lindsay at Lockinge House, in order to unveil the statue of his lineal ancestor, King Alfred, carved by his cousin, Count Gleichen, for the Wantage market-place. The morning afterwards my father was invited to bring over the whole school to be presented. We started about seven in the morning of the 21st of July, and drove over in huge charabancs to the big marquee that had been erected near the great house in the Park. There were the usual speeches and bouquets and gifts, and when the Royalties had driven away we went into breakfast with the rest of the house party. As soon as my little brother came into the door of the room and saw the table, he threw his hands out, crying, "How Beautiful!" and ran straight across to old Lady A. who welcomed him with a peach. He was a tall boy with light golden curls and blue eyes, six years my junior, and he died when he was twenty-one. He had just been in hard training for the amateur heavyweight boxing championship with Bat Mullins, and after a good deal of severe work was sent on a yacht to the Mediterranean until the last fortnight before the contest. I was in the Black Forest when a telegram came that sent me hurrying back to England. I only just arrived in time to say Good-bye. When fighting fit, he stripped at 6 ft. 3 in. and 13 stone, and F. J. K. Hopley, of Cambridge, was the only man of his weight I ever saw who was so quick upon his feet. He lived at full speed, as those so often do whom the Gods love, and his whole boyhood's

brain was spent on natural history and chemistry. His own motto he found in Henley's lines :—

"Life—give me life until the end
That at the very top of being,
The battle-spirit shouting in my blood,
Out of the reddest hell of the fight
I may be snatched and flung
Into the everlasting lull,
The immortal incommunicable dream."

It was in a passage from "Ionica" that I have myself always recognised his best remembrance :—

"I'll borrow life and not grow old,
And nightingales and trees
Shall keep me, though the veins be cold,
As young as Sophocles.
And when I may no longer live
They'll say who know the truth—
He gave what'er he had to give
To freedom and to youth."

But I meant to cast no shadow upon that brilliant scene at Lockinge when I began to describe it. The radiant little figure upon Lady A.'s lap gave no hint then of so short-lived a story. He was the unconscious life and soul of what might have been a somewhat solemn formality ; and we trooped out into the beautiful gardens after him like a group of Watteau's revellers after a butterfly.

My own chief friend on that occasion and many others was Sir Charles Lindsay, whose relics of the Crimean War made a visit to his bedroom at Ardington one of the greatest joys of my hero-worshipping childhood. At the Alma his handsome brother Robert had won the Victoria Cross. His daughter Violet, who once played the piano over my little head until I nearly burst into tears with complicated emotions, became the Duchess of Rutland. Robert Loyd Lindsay was made Lord Wantage for his splendid work with the Volunteers at Wimbledon and with the Red

Cross. He married Harriet Loyd, daughter and heiress of the great banker; and one of the most awe-inspiring of my youthful memories was my occasional reading aloud to Lord Overstone from leading articles in *The Times*. He once gave me a sovereign which I regret to say I lost upon the carpet and was too embarrassed to pick up. But even that was not so bad as the next occasion on which I met his piercing old eyes.

I had been playing with little Theodora Keppel near the lake, and had with great difficulty secreted a swan's egg in the pocket of my diminutive knickerbockers. We were rushing a certain sacred bathchair up and down some secluded gravel paths, when the gong struck for lunch and at the same instant the egg exploded all over my small nether garments. I had to fly to the kitchen to be drastically cleansed, and memory refuses to recall the scant costume in which I eventually appeared at table. Lord Overstone bent his brows on me but said nothing, while my young accomplice was evidently determined to make up for lost time over her second helping; so I got out of it better than I had expected after all. My mother's portrait of Lord Overstone still hangs in Lockinge. The only other artist to whom he ever sat was Holl.

The Vicar was by far the strongest personality in Wantage, and could set his face like flint against the evildoer, whatever his degree. He became Dean of Lincoln, and will be remembered as "Butler of Wantage" long after it has been forgotten that the author of the *Analogy*, years before him, was the most distinguished scholar of its old Grammar School.

Philip Wroughton, of Woolley, was another whose place it was a joy to visit, after the long breezy drive across the Downs. He had been at the House and owned thoroughbreds with Lord Rosebery; and he was one of the best shots in the county when I knew him first—a quiet, kindly,

Sing a song of sixpence
A bushel full of rye,
Four and twenty blackbirds
Baked in a pie!
When the pie was opened
The birds began to sing
Was not that a dainty dish
To set before the King!

A NURSERY RHYME

By Jane E. Cook

hospitable man, with one of the most charming wives in the world, who might have stepped straight out of Meredith's best novel.

From the time she was my hostess as a boy of ten to the last week of her life, Lady Wantage was a kind of fairy godmother to me, especially in 1916 ; and the portrait I have reproduced of her here only suggests in part that shy and generous tenderness which underlay the natural strength she inherited from her father. She was, I think, my mother's greatest friend, and I can never hope to see a finer pair of typically Victorian old ladies.

4

Of all those faces—fading now, and some of them quite vanished—I was reminded by the Lockinge breakfast-party ; and I used to meet most of them every year at the Plays which were the great contribution of my mother's energy and skill to her husband's school-work. She used to coach the boys at first in old farces ; then in selected scenes from Shakespeare ; then in pantomime or pageants written and stage-managed by herself. She not only taught the boys how to act, she dressed them (for women's parts as well as men's), she drew their portraits for the programme, she painted the proscenium and scenery for their stage, she wrote the rhymed prologue every year, and she stood in the wings to prompt them throughout their last performance.

If I had not been born, it is probable that my mother's name would have been widely known as an artist. As Jane Elisabeth Robins, a student of very little over twenty, she was set to copy Romney's exquisite unfinished sketch of Lady Hamilton as Euphrosyne at the British Institute in 1863. Out of a large number of entries, her work was hung next the original, and it shows an astonishing freedom and breadth of touch which might have been very beautifully developed. Nothing is harder to copy than an unfinished

sketch which has been swiftly painted by its creator. Yet her version might have been the original itself in the sureness of every stroke and the passionate rendering of that lovely model.

When Charles Newton-Robinson (whose father had been keeper of the King's pictures) came down to stay with us at Wantage, he walked up to the "Lady Hamilton" at once, saying, "I did not know you had that down here."

"Why," said my mother who had just come in as he spoke, "do you like my student's copy?"

"Copy, Madam?" replied Newton-Robinson. "You will have to sign it."

I never saw the old lady more pleased at any compliment; and it is even more true to-day when the patina of nearly seventy years has been added to the brilliancy of the first rendering.

Her first picture exhibited in the Academy was hung in 1861. It was a portrait of one of the young Mahratta Princes then in London, and his extensive wardrobe had been spread over the staircases of his house in Connaught Square, so that she might choose the costume she preferred. The painting was bought during the exhibition by Mrs. Sumner Clarke. In 1863 she was again represented by a miniature of the young Baron Henri van Doorn, an outcome of her visit to her beloved friend, the Marchesa Taliacarne (whom she had met in 1860 when she painted her father, David Dewar), at the Italian Embassy at the Hague. There the Queen of Holland commissioned her to paint the portrait of her younger son.

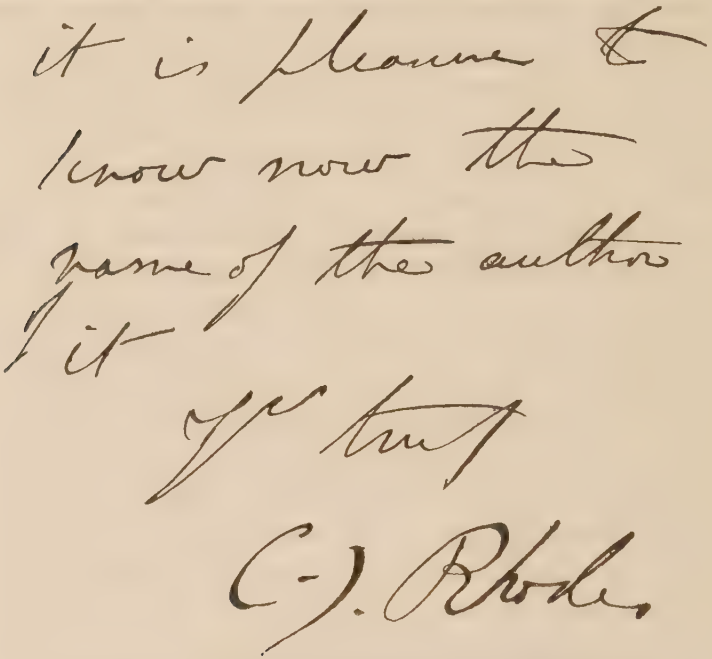
It was also through the Taliacarne connection that my mother painted the portrait of Maria Pia, Queen of Portugal, and daughter of Victor Emmanuel, which was finished in 1867 and is now in Lisbon. Her finest work in oil-painting was done on small wooden panels (about 6 in. by 9 in.), and, a particularly successful portrait was that of William Hunt,

the water-colour artist, painted on his own easel in 1859. Her sketch in oils (begun in 1877) of Helena, Princess Christian, to whom my mother's first book of designs was dedicated, was presented to the Princess in 1917 at Cumberland Lodge in Windsor Great Park, where I often went to see the Prince's collection of racing prints. He used to pile the billiard table several inches deep with them, and knew the pedigree of every thoroughbred they commemorated. He was also of the greatest service to me in tracing the story of the famous Eclipse and of his notorious owner, O'Kelly, a story which I wrote soon after the completion of the longer and much more laborious *History of the English Turf*.

The last work my mother ever designed in metal, a short time after she had sent over to New York some charming drawings for bas-reliefs round a fireplace for the Van Winkles, was the shield presented by Cecil Rhodes as a challenge trophy to the Bulawayo Light Horse. I was told that the shield was hung in the Town Hall at Bulawayo over Cecil Rhodes's coffin when it rested there before it was removed to that magnificent mausoleum in the hills, for which John Tweed made so splendid a series of sculptures. Rhodes himself sent my mother one of the very few letters he ever wrote on such occasions, of which the concluding words are reproduced on the next page, to signify his approval of the shield, which as a matter of fact was not used for the purpose originally intended until the Light Horse had finished shooting Boers instead of practising at targets. Robert Browning, some years before the shield was begun, had expressed himself yet more warmly over her pen-and-ink illustrations of his "Pied Piper of Hamelin," one of the best things she ever did. A bookplate for light literature, which she drew for me, of Cupid Beneath the Scythe showed part of her skill in this medium.

Wantage will always be connected in my mind with the Great War by two things. The first is the "Wantage

adjustable crutch," which was patented by William Dunsmore Loveday, a retired doctor who, with his wife, was among my mother's closest friends. Under the difficult circumstances of that time these crutches were produced, owing to the skill of their inventor and to readily-afforded voluntary help, at only five shillings a pair. They were built on the principle that the bodyweight should be sup-



THE END OF CECIL RHODES' LETTER TO MY MOTHER, 1898.

ported by the hands and arms and not left to press upon the armpit. They made their way by their own merits, and saved hundreds of thousands of wounded men from crutch-palsy and continuous discomfort.

The second is the very beautiful little gateway into the school playing-field, designed as a memorial to the thirty boys who fell by another old boy, Mr. J. Stanley Beard. It was opened with full ceremony in July, 1922, and its completion was chiefly due to the generosity of Mr. Sugden,

then the Headmaster. Among the names inscribed on it were those of Attride, Cobden, Dandridge, Eady, Lovegrove; and among my father's pupils, sons of the old yeoman farmers, there was many another name which might have been as well known to King Alfred's captains as to me.

5

Most of my mother's best drawing was done before her marriage, but she had to shoulder her easel again and work for the family stockpot when her husband lost nearly everything he possessed in the crash of the West of England Bank, which happened soon after the Glasgow failure. This was particularly hard upon her because a catastrophe of a similar nature, but even more fatal in its effects, had befallen her father.

The family was evidently never meant to keep its money. It had lost long ago the jewel presented to an ancestor by Queen Elizabeth. It was in memory of a shadowy tradition that we had once lost the manor of Clovelly that I very cheerfully spent my honeymoon there. John Robins, my mother's father, came of a Nonconformist Plymouth stock which had reached our Westcountry from Jersey, where the descendants of a French Hugues de Robin had migrated in the fourteenth century. He was the son of a gay and roving flax-merchant, and proved very like his mother; for on taking up the business in London he worked so hard that Christmas Day and Good Friday were his only holidays, when he read Blackstone or Coke upon Lyttelton as his sole diversion. He must have been a dull dog. Yet in 1814 at St. Botolph's, he married the pretty blue-eyed daughter of Richard Snell, a connection of the Blagroves of Reading, who was so fond of melody that she sang with the unpremeditated ecstasy of a lark, whenever her husband was at his office.

For some years she must have been very happy, for their large family lived in a big house at Forest Hill, with a great cedar on the lawn, hayfields in the distance, stables and coach-houses in the spacious yard, roses all over the garden, and animals of every sort and kind. But this, alas! was not to last. My grandfather was very deeply interested in the canals which went north from London to Liverpool, carrying up wheat and flour, and bringing back coal and iron; and he owned numbers of barges and Shire horses. Then came the railways. John Robins asserted not only that they would burn England to a cinder, but also that they were contrary to the Will of God. In fighting for his canals he even brought over Ericsen from America to use the hated steam-power on canals where it would be safer—and apparently more blest. But, of course, the railways were too strong for him, and among the family documents of an old friend at Henley I have seen letters which showed how the railways won, and how Lord George Bentinck had assisted in celebrating the victory of the particular line which ruined my maternal grandfather. John Robins continued stubbornly fighting until he walked out from his Appeal case in the House of Lords a ruined man.

It must have been a bitter exodus for that unhappy family from Forest Hill to Camberwell, and then to Derby, and then back again to London, where my mother and her sisters had to work for what little living they could earn before they were thirteen. All the family felt the sting of bitter poverty in their early lives. My mother was the youngest, and through all the terrible years of disappointment and distress she steadily educated herself. She saw the funeral of the great Duke of Wellington from Temple Bar, and sketched a soldier as he passed. She went to the British Museum with her brother Edward, and the Elgin Marbles remained as her best vision of beauty all her life. In 1853, at Coney's School of Art in Bloomsbury, she met

SILVER SHIELD DESIGNED FOR CECIL RHODES

By Jane E. Cook, 1898

a niece of Douglas Jerrold, Miss Copeland, whose father was lessee of the Liverpool Theatre. With her she went day after day to the National Gallery, where she was later on to copy many a masterpiece ; indeed, it was from the proceeds of her version of Vandyck's "Theodosius and Ambrose" that she paid for her wedding trousseau.

In 1855, when she was seventeen, William Southwell (brother of her brother Edward's wife) put her first palette and brushes in my mother's hands. Three years afterwards she earned her first commissions for oil portraits of Lord Raglan's nephew in uniform, and of Marie Wilton. What the Taliacarnes did in one direction, Mrs. Ann Penn Foster and Isabella Harris did in another, and to these kind, generous Quaker families she owed a great deal all her life, from 1860 onwards; and so do I.

Her artistic deities were Michael Angelo, Titian, Velasquez, Raeburn, Gainsborough. She took me to see the famous Murillo, and the many early Italian paintings at Lockinge House almost as soon as I could walk. She guided me through every exhibition at the Royal Academy from my earliest years. Frank Dicksee, George Frampton, Luke Fildes, Hamo Thornycroft were among her friends. I seem to have been born with the smell of paint in my young nostrils, and I have only written what I have here set down, in order to show that the interest aroused in art and architecture during my childhood was strong enough to last all through my life, to send me to Turner's water-colours and Leonardo's manuscripts, to urge me to a study of Gothic figure-carving which is not finished yet.

My mother cherished this early love of art in me by constant and brilliant letter-writing whenever I was absent from her. She would use the last half of a sheet of writing-paper to cut out an animated scene of a sailor with a parrot, or a lady with a lapdog, which she desired me to realise as vividly as she had seen them herself. Some of these things

she collected together, and made a book of nursery rhymes or of *Ingoldsby Legends*, in the reversed silhouette of white on black, which she sold for the benefit of my father's building fund. I suppose there is hardly a good house in the Wantage district which does not contain some specimen of her work, from the Town Hall downwards.

I was too young at Wantage School to know very much about sport or games of any kind, beyond following hounds on foot whenever possible. But I remember a boy called Fricker who lifted a half volley over the elm trees across the road and into the next garden during a cricket match the boys won against Abingdon. It may have been because my nose was broken by a cricket ball between the eyes when I was fielding close up at square leg, in Wantage, that I afterwards became an inveterate wet-bob. In the same sloping cricket field I remember winning my first race, the Hundred Yards for boys under twelve. And there was a continual but unconscious absorption of love for the thoroughbred, from watching the strings of beautiful animals that we used to see in training on the Downs, near Letcomb, and nearer home, at Stockham.

7

The heavy losses in the West of England Bank necessitated my making a choice between a clerk's desk and an open scholarship at a Public School. My mother never contemplated the former, and since Latin verses were then essential I was most fortunately and appropriately sent back to Exmouth to acquire the art of them. Penrose's School by that time had come under the care of Charles Ridley Carr. My year with him was one of the most fruitful in my life. I remember learning *Farrar's Greek Card* by heart in the early mornings, having firmly determined to win a scholarship at one or other of the half-dozen places for which the dates proved suitable before I was fourteen. Luckily for

me I got the first, and no one could have left a preparatory school with greater regret than I did. Not only was it my father's before me, then my stepbrother, Hillersdon's, and later still my own brother Arthur's, but it seemed satisfactorily to round off all the dimly-felt inheritances of my mother's Westcountry blood, and I was most happily at home where the Westcountry people sent their sons.[1]

There was a good cricket pitch, and we were educated every summer by climbing on to the pavilion roof to watch the county matches and cheer our favourites. I even won the "Average Bat" with a fraction over 21. But I was never born to be a dry-bob. In later years being put on in despair to get out a real cricketer who had baffled all our efforts in a country house match, I heard the umpire say, with growing resentment, "Wide!" "Wide!" "No-Ball!" "Bowled 'im, by George!" I had slung in a full

[1] Often whole families were represented, as in the case of Hughes, Lipscomb, Lance, Middleton, Venning, Smith-Osborne, Birley, Michell, Martin, Hoare, Buller, Dunn, Dickenson, Chichester of Hall, and the nine fine sons of Sir Arthur Chichester of Youlston. It was Admiral Sir Edward Chichester who laid his ship alongside Admiral Dewey's in Manila Harbour and dared the Kaiser's men to fire at either. Other sailors from that same seaside school were Vice-Admiral Craigie, Captain Sir Bourchier Wrey, Connop, Speke, Copleston, and Kennedy.

In the army it was no less honourably represented by Redvers Buller, all four sons of General Sir W. Hughes, two of Lord Sidmouth's, two of Arthur Mudge's, two of Colonel Martyn's, all three of Colonel Sandys, and many more. To the Church among others went Stuckey Coles, John Copleston of Offwell, Alston Cole of Lockinge, Henry Badcock, and Harry Phillpotts. As members of Parliament we had Bolitho, Acland, Walrond, H. O. Arnold-Forster (Minister for War), and Dennis Boles, M.F.H. In business, Fox of Falmouth, Birley of Manchester, Sir Vincent Caillard, and the Moresbys made their name.

Of the school's athletes Edward B. Michell was undoubtedly the finest, for he won three amateur boxing championships at different weights, besides the Diamonds and the Wingfield Sculls, and he has written a history of the school in verse. His brother Frank became a judge in the High Court, and Rowland won the two-miles against Cambridge in record time. J. H. Ridley actually won the quarter-mile amateur championship while still at Eton, and rowed in Goldie's Cambridge crews of 1869 and 1870. Among our cricketers I suppose the Hoares were in the first flight, but we also had Harding, Ben Cleave, the Arundells, and Randall-Johnson, as was natural, for Carr himself was a fine bat.

pitch on the bails with all the strength of a fairly powerful forearm ; and I immediately withdrew.

To all of those with whom he came in contact, Carr, who at the time of his death in 1925 must have been the oldest ex-President of the Oxford University Boat Club, was much more than a schoolmaster. He was that fine type of scholar and sportsman which England (with our usual deprecatory smile) calls a muscular Christian. To his magnificent physical presence he added an impenetrable rectitude which was even more impressive ; for in him the true *Virtus* of the Romans was personified, and nothing natural to a brave man was alien to the nobility of that steadfast soul. Sparing in all that concerned his personal comforts, none could be more generous to a friend, more hospitable on the right occasion. For a long time he came up to see the Boat Race every year, and often stayed with an old pupil. In earlier decades, he would always look out for old Jack Clasper, and have a crack with him about the fading glories of the Tyne. Not long ago he stayed with the late Lord Northbourne, whose grandson was rowing for Oxford, and Carr enjoyed meeting his young successors even more than they appreciated seeing him. The unspoilt freshness of his candid mind made him as popular with boys as his charming old-world courtesy endeared him to men of every age. The last time he came to Henley (in 1923) by motor with his daughter and her husband, he was probably as happy as he had ever been there, for he was the centre of a huge tea-party (on the Leander balcony) of impressed but happy Radley boys who had just come back from a trial spin before the first heat in the Ladies' Plate, and the success he foretold for them in that they were so fortunate as to attain. He had rowed there just 60 years before at " 6 " in a Kingston crew for the Grand, with Meredith Brown at " 4." He was beaten by a Brasenose crew with Woodgate ; and Charles Dilke rowed in the same race for Trinity Hall.

CHAPTER II

RADLEY

ἵν' ὥσπερ ἐν ὑγίεινῷ τόπῳ οἰκοῦντες οἱ νέοι ἀπὸ παντὸς ὠφελῶνται ὁποθεν ἄν αὐτοῖς ἀπὸ τῶν καλῶν ἔργων ἢ πρὸς ὄψιν ἢ πρὸς ἀκοήν τι προσβάλῃ ὥσπερ αὔρα φέρουσα ἀπὸ χρηστῶν τόπων ὑγίειαν.—PLATO.

MY interest in various forms of art was fostered, still unconsciously, at Radley, where we lived in the atmosphere which Plato recommended, in the quotation at the head of this chapter, for future guardians of the State. It is not often that the literary aspirations of a pious founder are granted so full a measure of success as fell to Dr. Sewell's experiment in 1847. Radley is in reality younger than either of the small schools I have just mentioned; but it seems to have been its founder's determination to make it immediately look at least three centuries old, and he succeeded wonderfully; for it was an outcome of those times when the Oxford Movement, so close at hand geographically as well as spiritually, was making itself felt in corporate loyalty, in personal devotion, in Christian art, and taking a very practical effect upon the scholarly theories of many of the best men in the University.

Of these Mr. Sewell, of Exeter, was among the most ready to be moved. Some years before his mind had already shown that practical effort towards educational advance which was the outcome of his peculiar temperament. What seems to have especially roused him was the current notion that a schoolboy must needs go through a career of carelessness, irreligion, even acquaintance with sin and defilement, in order to form a manly character. His chivalric and

impulsive nature refused to accept the possibility of such a state of things. He resolved himself to initiate a purer, higher, and better system than was then common among Public Schools. He determined to put into practice the theories of Plato.

I

In Radley Hall, a country seat close to the Thames and Bagley Wood, where there were 7 acres of garden and 112 acres of park, Sewell found the nucleus of an establishment which he at once proceeded to beautify according to his own ideas. From Carlton Palace he bought carved furniture ; he ransacked the British Isles and Europe for walnut wardrobes, carved panels, chests, and slabs of alabaster. From the Queen of Portugal's private chapel at Belem he bought curtains of embroidered cloth of gold ; from Cologne he bought stained glass and old oak stalls, from Amsterdam a fifteenth-century reredos of Flemish carving ; he strewed the floors with valuable Persian and Tibetan rugs, he filled his cabinets with silver plate and grace cups, he lined his schoolroom with panels in linen-pattern carving from the old House of Lords. By surrounding his boys with the good influences of the highest art he strove to realise what the " Republic " had inspired, so that upon them from their first coming to his school should blow that breath of beauty which must turn their hearts to good, and perpetuate that taste and high standard which were a part of the surroundings of their daily life in youth.

Of this theory of education, music formed a large part ; and to the first Precentor, Edwin George Monk (afterwards the famous composer and organist of York) was given one of the finest organs Telford of Dublin could supply. With one or two exceptions the instrument was the best in England, and was in worthy hands. So the boys sang their " Lusimus " to Monk's splendid tune, learnt the best, and heard good music from the beginning.

For the rest, the founder showed the originality of his thought in many other ways. He determined that wherever possible the rich should pay for the poor. Educated at the famous college whose motto is "Manners makyth man," he laid great stress upon the value of good breeding; yet the especial attention he would lavish on the well-born was from a genuine belief in the necessity of training them to live up to the traditions of their blood, the ancient wealth and ancient virtue of Aristotle. Though perhaps his strongest point, intellectually, was his Greek scholarship, his greatest reverence was undoubtedly given to the Prayer Book of the Church of England, and he was wont to thunder vehemently against any suspicion of "the Romish practices." By the perfection of his prefectorial system and the organisation of his masters he had a firm grip upon the character and life of every individual pupil in his school. If his discipline was severe, his loving thoughtfulness for his boys was unwearied. Not without good reason said to Sewell old Dr. Routh, the same who had seen Samuel Johnson coming down the steps of Queen's, "Sir, I have great confidence in you."

On April 20, 1847, the first boy promised to Dr. Sewell's first Warden, Singleton, was Lord Charles Thynne's son. The year 1850 ended with 84 boys at the school, so swift was its development and welcome. Radley was the first school to have a separate bath for every boy in his own cubicle; but the discipline was almost as stern as the feeding was scanty; for Friday was always a Fast day, and very frequently another day in the week was observed with equal austerity. Some of the terms were twenty-four weeks long, and all the time no one was allowed "out of bounds," or to take off his cap and gown. These early pupils practised music two and a half hours every day. Their only form of "athletics" seems to have been running all round "bounds" without stopping, with a Liddell and Scott's Dictionary

firmly clenched between their teeth. Distinctions at Oxford or elsewhere were rewarded, not by a holiday, but by the gift of a chrysanthemum to each of the gardens which the boys were fond of tending. A little football, a tug-of-war, and some drilling, apparently exhausted their forms of outdoor exercise. Yet during Singleton's Wardenship (1847–51) Radley produced Philip Gurdon ; R. W. Risley ; W. G. G. Austin and W. B. Woodgate, all in the Oxford University crew, and the last of them perhaps the greatest all-round oarsman who ever lived, with Guy Nickalls, of Eton and Magdalen, a good second nearly thirty years later.

Under Dr. Martin, another Wykehamist, who was Warden in 1871, the " social " system, which is typical of Radley life, was developed and perfected. As there were not the various " houses " usual in larger and older public schools, each boy was assigned to a particular Master who was called his Social Tutor, and who exercised especial care over him throughout his school life, especially inviting him to spend an hour or so in his own rooms on Sunday evenings. My " Social " was C. F. Vincent, who came in 1872, and was made sub-Warden in 1882. He was a ripe and good scholar and constantly gave me the best possible advice, rendered considerably more pleasant than might have otherwise been the case, because about that time " Vincent's " won nearly every challenge cup the school possessed.

In October, 1871, the *Field* gave a lengthy notice to the first appearance of golf at Radley. This may not appear very important, but great things have often small beginnings, and this was the first link of a chain which ended in high places. The second was the arrival in 1889 as a Master (and afterwards as Social Tutor) of Arthur Capel Molyneux Croome, late Demy of Magdalen, and one of the finest hurdlers of his day, besides being first rate both at cricket and golf. The third was the arrival as a new boy, with Croome as his social tutor, of E. W. E. Holderness in 1903 ;

RADLEY FOOTBALL ELEVEN, 1884

H. W. P. Waters, M. M. Barker, W. S. Frith, T. R. Hague Cook, R. S. Bradshaw, C. S. Langley,
C. R. D. G. von Voigt, W. L. Crichton, T. A. Cook, L. J. S. Wood, C. Brook

and I need not remind golfing enthusiasts that Holderness won the Amateur Championships in 1922 and 1924. E. Noel Layton, who played golf for England in 1922–3, showed that the excellence inspired by Croome's presence continued at the highest level; for though one of Kirkby's "Socials," Layton came to Radley in 1902, and Croome did not leave till 1910, when I was fortunate enough to secure his services on the staff of the *Field*.

3

This inevitable digression has led me away from the days when all Radleians wore tall hats out of bounds. It was only in 1873 that the straw hat and cerise ribbon was permitted, not without protest, to boys who went to cheer their crew at Henley. In the next year Dr. Sewell died. The scholarship founded in his memory, and with his name attached, I was fortunate enough to win when I came here from Exmouth in the October term of 1881, the second year of Wilson's Wardenship.

Wilson was undoubtedly the best Warden since Sewell, and he encouraged the organisation of entertainments, recitals, addresses to the boys from men like Poulton, Sidgwick, or Romanes, and Latin plays for which my tutor Vincent, an old Wykehamist, wrote prologues that were well worthy of Westminster, and were always delivered by the Senior Prefect, who held, in my case at any rate, the terse iambics in his College cap. I always found great difficulty in learning any more than half a dozen lines by heart. But boys like myself always had our refuge. Here and there in Terence or Plautus are artfully concealed "quotations" from the standard Latin Grammar. These were always received with rapturous cheers by Lower School, who could not understand anything else. The result was that whenever I forgot the original, in a long part like that of Geta, I used to insert a favourite epigram concerning

Balbus and the wall, or some equally well-known example, and retire towards the prompter while the small boys yelled approval from the back benches.

But it was the Radley organ that remained the most distinctive entertainment of the place, and every boy owed a great deal to the Precentor of my day, George Wharton, who not only taught us to sing solos and anthems, but gave us magnificent music on an organ that was worthy of it. I speak of it affectionately, because it had so large a share in my life at Radley, and the evening when I first stood beside it and sang a Handel solo to the assembled school in chapel is one of my most vivid memories of that beautiful place.

The Gymnasium was another typical invention of the early days of Radley, and there for nearly seventy years have been kept the records of the physical measurements of the boys, as was begun at Eton less than twenty years ago. From such records as these, and perhaps from those no doubt initiated for the army by enthusiasts like General Kentish, it ought to be possible to see if the all-round man is better developed than the specialist; or if one game is better for the growth of the young body than another.

Fortunately I can quote two examples of Radley boys who tried a little of everything. The first instance shall be of one who left nearly forty years ago. He was taller than usual for his age, showing 5 ft. 8 in. when only 14, so that his development in that direction was less than usual; and he increased only $3\frac{1}{2}$ in. by the time he was 18. But in that time his weight went up from 9 st. 4 lb. to 12 st. 1 lb.; his chest increased from 35 in. to $40\frac{1}{4}$ in.; his fore-arm grew from $10\frac{1}{4}$ in. to 12 in.; and his upper arm from $10\frac{1}{2}$ in. to $12\frac{7}{8}$ in. His greatest increase in weight was between 16 and 17, when he went up 15 lb.; and in chest-capacity between 17 and 18, when he grew $1\frac{3}{4}$ in. He had done a little of everything except play cricket, and he

stopped running when his weight went up, after winning the school steeplechase and getting second for the mile. Evidently hand-fives, football, racquets, and other pursuits had assisted in preventing over-specialisation by the rowing which took up most of his time ; and it may well be that even when a boy specialises on a single game at school, his activity in all kinds of field sports, especially in riding, when he is home for the holidays, will do what is necessary for all-round development.

Twenty years later, another boy, who also went in for everything possible as well as rowing, was 5 ft. $5\frac{3}{4}$ in. tall at 14, and nearly grew to 5 ft. 11 in. at 18, but his weight only went up from 8 st. 7 lb. to 10 st. $10\frac{1}{2}$ lb., and his chest from 35 to $37\frac{1}{2}$ in. His forearm grew $1\frac{1}{2}$ in., and his upper-arm $2\frac{1}{4}$ in. He, therefore, was a smaller man all round than his predecessor ; but he was good enough to win the cup presented for the best all-round athletic performance in the school, so that it is not always big measurements which alone connote high excellence. Here, indeed, as elsewhere, it is quality, not quantity, that matters. You must have quality, and if quantity is added, so much the better, for a good big 'un (as in horses) is usually better than a good little 'un. Yet both are useless without that indefinable and imponderable addition which means victory in sporting matters as it does in general life.

It may be possible to see whether rowing, cricket, football, or boxing leave any special traces in development. I will, therefore, take (still from the Radley Gymnasium records) instances from four boys addicted to these four games respectively. Three and a quarter years of the cricketer's measurements can be tested, beginning when he was $13\frac{1}{4}$. He grew 5 in. taller, went up 2 st. $6\frac{1}{2}$ lb. in weight, increased his chest capacity by 5 in., and his upper arm by $2\frac{3}{8}$ in., his forearm having only got $1\frac{1}{4}$ in. larger in the interval. A boy especially devoted to rowing certainly

develops his arms more, as may be seen in another instance where the increase in the upper arm was 3¼ in. in 4¼ years. It also seems to increase the weight more than other sports, for this boy went up 3 st. 8½ lb., and grew 7 in. in the time mentioned, developing his chest more than any of the four except the boxer.

It should be remembered that all the instances chosen have done one or two hours a week of pure gymnastic training (rings, parallel bars, fencing, vaulting-horse, and so forth) entirely apart from the special games which they may choose outside ; but even this will not account for the increase of 7½ in. chest capacity noted in the boxer, who may fairly be said to owe this invaluable physical advantage to practising the noble art of self-defence, though his arms are not so well developed as is shown by rowing. But his weight is again most favourably influenced, for in 3¼ years boxing improved him 3 st. 9½ lb.

Football is my last instance, and here, perhaps, we may regret that leg-measurements do not appear to have been taken, for they would probably show as much result from specialising in football as they do in the cinder-path runner. After 4¼ years, during which he grew 8¼ in. in height, the footballer went up 3 st. 3 lb., increased his chest by 6½ in., and only shows figures below the average when you come to his arms. Perhaps he did not care about gymnastics, and played too little fives or racquets.

Rowing, cricket, racquets, and other games which require either special organisation or special apparatus are, it would seem, the right games to play at school ; whereas the boy who has no opportunities to shoot or hunt at home can use his holidays in learning golf, hockey, lacrosse, or lawn tennis, all of them excellent things in their way, and invaluable to him after his school days are over, but not worth beginning so early as the rest. Nor will he lose much by beginning to concentrate his energies upon them after his

eye and hand have learnt co-ordination in his school games and his body is brought up to a general standard of supple excellence by an all-round curriculum of sport.

4

The cricket-pitch at Radley, enlarged both before and after my arrival, is now one of the largest and most beautiful in England. I chiefly used it for football, and it was perhaps lucky for me that by 1880 the special school rules had been altered to those of the Association game.. I was captain of Football in 1884, when we played Malvern first. The 1885 season was considered successful, because we won half of our sixteen matches in the October term, including Bradfield, and drew three of them, including Malvern. In one of five defeats, against the Swifts at Slough, we had half of our regular team absent. I played for the Swifts myself now and then, and the education of being outside right to E. C. Bambridge's centre was unforgettable. I think the best game I ever had, under his captaincy, was when we lost to Oxford University, who had A. M. and P. M. Walters in the back line. They also were extremely educational, but in a very different way.

The site of the big cricket-ground was, of course, also used for what are technically called Athletic Sports, though we had no cinder track, except for the Long Jump. The promise of my junior year (1882), when I won the mile, steeplechase, hundred yards, hurdles, and quarter, was never fulfilled later on ; though I did manage to scramble home by 2 ft. in the School Steeplechase of 1883, after a desperate finish with H. B. Craven, afterwards Master of the Christchurch Beagles. I remember I had only entered because he had once fagged me down to the river with a particularly heavy box, for which I long nurtured some resentment, and I thought I might at any rate make the

pace so hot for about a mile that he would be very tired when he finished. When he had almost run that distance, we were both right away from the rest of the field, and as I still had a lead of some twenty yards I determined to go on. But I had to be carried home after the tape was broken at the finish.

The only thing that could be said against athletics in my time (and against golf also) was that they did not much encourage the unselfish spirit of the team as opposed to individual ambition, an encouragement which is noticeable in cricket, but is at its highest point in eight-oared rowing. The institution of Relay Races by Bevil Rudd and the Achilles Club has, however, changed all this, and has done more good to school and University athletics than any amount of Olympic Games.

The best Athletic meeting I ever saw (apart, of course, from Olympic meetings) was in the early September, 1920, when Queen's Club at West Kensington was so packed with people that the late-comers burst through the wooden gates. The American team was meeting the British Empire team after the Olympic Games in Belgium, and I had the honour to take the chair at the dinner afterwards, when we celebrated the most appropriate result that could have possibly been conceived : a Dead Heat. The extraordinary carefulness of detail shown by the Americans was, as usual, the thing that struck me most, and as I had been at Oxford with C. B. Fry it was the Long Jump that immediately aroused my interest. The use of a cinder track and a pit, with a stout baulk of timber at the edge from which the jumper took off, had naturally been a very great advance on the old plain performance on grass, and by 1898 the terrific distance of 24 ft. was beaten for the first time by Newburn. Three years later, in the new century, O'Connor only missed 25 ft. by a $\frac{1}{4}$ in. Later, Gourdin and Hubbard (both negroes) made a curious little stride in the air at the top of their

jump, and covered 25 ft. ; and Le Gendre, adding swing to that stride, has actually covered 25 ft. 6 in.

All the men I have mentioned are Americans, and it is they also who developed the possibilities of the high jump by the same extraordinary imitation of that body-control in the air which had hitherto been seen at its best in fancy forms of high diving. George Horine was only able to beat Sweeny's record by an amazing adaptation of these methods which is most difficult to describe. He ran at the bar very fast and sideways, with the result that at his highest point his feet seemed to be higher than his head. As soon as his body was parallel to the bar, and above it, the left arm, passing over it, was pressed slightly backwards so as to hold the bar in its place upon the pegs against the uprights ; and directly that contact was felt, the body rolled over the bar and fell the other side of it, one of the most miraculous instances of control in the air I ever heard of. By its means he cleared 6 ft. 7 in. in height. Beeson and Osborne have done half an inch higher still. I think it was Mr. F. A. M. Webster who made the first analysis of this very remarkable instance of concentration on details.

But if Americans still excel in many performances, I am glad to remember in this place the great achievement of an Englishman : for Abrahams, who won the sprint in the last Olympic Games at Paris (1924) equalled the Californian Paddock's world's record of $9\frac{3}{5}$ sec. for the Hundred Yards. Try and imagine what that speed implies. The distance in " level time " means an average pace, over all, of 30 ft. a second. When Abrahams was winning he covered 33 ft. 10 in. in each of the last 4 seconds of the race. It sounds more like a projectile than a human being, especially if you pace out 33 ft. in your garden and really look at how much ground it means.

Only in 1923 did the Amateur Athletic Association officially accept the tenth of a second in their notation of times

taken, with the result that Porritt, in the University Sports of 1925, broke the record for the meeting by doing $9\frac{9}{10}$ sec. for the Hundred Yards, a time which may quite possibly have been achieved by Abrahams (1920) or Macmillan (1911–12) before the new system was used. But even tenths of a second are not exact enough to show the difference in first-class sprinters, and watches divided to the hundredth part of a second (representing about 4 inches in standard time) are essential to real accuracy, as Dr. Adolphe Abrahams and Mr. Mussabini have pointed out. In Paris in 1924 a runner was returned at $22\frac{1}{5}$ sec. for the 200 metres, and in the next heat another runner was given $22\frac{2}{5}$; in other words, according to the old notation, the first man was 2 yards better than the second. But when these runners were compared on the new watches, the first was found to have done nineteen hundredths over the 22 sec., and the other to have done as close as twenty-one hundredths; so that the real difference between them was only about 7 inches. These considerations make it difficult to compare old times with new. But Abrahams is certainly the fastest amateur of all time; for he not only did his record three times in 28 hours, but his final (for a Hundred Metres) returned by the old watches as $10\frac{3}{5}$ sec. was given by the more accurate chronographs as $10\frac{52}{100}$, which is only by a very small fraction worse than $9\frac{3}{5}$ sec. for the Hundred Yards.

It is even more interesting to see how this was done.

The real difference between a 10-second man and an 11-second one lies in the superiority of the former *after* full speed has been attained, a difference which may mean as much as 4 ft. in a second. No runner attains his full speed till he has reached nearly 40 yd. from the start. Nor have methods of breathing (about which no competitor who really concentrates has time to think) anything like so much influence on pace as strength and stride. Harry Hutchens's stride was measured as $7\frac{1}{2}$ ft., at its maximum. H. M.

Abrahams showed exactly the same when 44 yd. from the start. He usually made his last stride from his left foot. But in his two finest performances he finished from his right. In other words, he took either a stride more or a stride less. If it was one less, the stride would be longer and more time would be wasted in the air. Obviously it was one more, and the stride was both shorter and quicker when he produced his best result. And do not let us forget that Liddell won the 400 Metres and Lowe the 800 Metres at the same meeting in Paris against the whole world ; and that the first of these Englishmen did a world's record of $47\frac{3}{5}$ sec., while D. G. A. Lowe was only $\frac{1}{2}$ sec. behind the fastest ever done. Lowe's appearance for Cambridge at the University Sports of 1925, together with that of W. E. Stevenson for Oxford, formerly American Quarter-Mile champion, would have made this year historic in the annals of Inter-University meetings, even without Oxford's unexpected victory, and Lord Burghley's beautiful hurdling for Cambridge.

The monopoly of athletic success or of athletic invention is very far from residing for ever in the United States. In the shorter races for long-distance runners the monopoly of success has certainly shifted its centre in the most surprising fashion. Finland, for instance, can beat the world from 1 mile up to 6, and further. Paolo Nurmi showed this in France in 1924, and he has done so again since then in the United States. Apart from the peculiarity of always holding a watch in his right hand while he races—which he will probably abandon, if he is wise—he uses a method of running which is the distinctive mark of all the Finnish long-distance men except Ritola. Instead of running on the toes with the body-weight forward, they run (except in sprints) on an almost flat foot, with the body perfectly upright. In this style Nurmi won the 1500 and 5000 Metres last July at the Olympic Games, with less than two hours interval between his races ; he also won the cross-country

race, on a broiling day which knocked out nearly all the other competitors, and finished perfectly fresh. There is evidently something to be learnt (which is not an American discovery) in the way of the conservation of energy from these facts, and the sooner they are carefully investigated the better. What can we think of Nurmi doing the Mile in 4 min. 10 sec., and Six Miles in 29 min. $7\frac{4}{5}$ sec. ? Will anyone ever be able to beat those times ? Will anyone ever beat $9\frac{3}{5}$ sec. for the Hundred Yards ? I cannot tell. But when they do, may we be there to see ! The one thing I can tell is that in courage, in endurance, in sheer skilfulness of action, in resourcefulness of practice, we never seem to call in vain upon that perfect combination of machinery and will-power which is the human body, upon that infinite miracle which is man. I see very few signs of degeneration in that part of him which is provided by the British race.

It may be of interest to add that Nurmi, as I write in May, 1925, is 27 years old, 5 ft. 10 in., and $10\frac{1}{2}$ st. ; slight, fair-haired, and as " temperamental " as might be expected from any genius—and " genius " he is, for running is his whole life, and he, therefore, breaks all the usual " rules " which hitherto have governed our arguments in these matters. He is, for instance, far from specialising on any particular distance. His ambition is to make world's records for every event from half a mile to the Marathon distance of 42·263 kilometres or 26 miles 385 yards.

5

It was the Thames that really held my youthful heart at Radley, as it has held it ever since, and perhaps my love of rowing (in which I suppose I must have followed more races from a launch than anyone now living) has compensated for never having become quite a first-class oar or won the greatest prizes.

In 1882 I saw my first Henley, and had the joy of watching

Radley win her first heat against First Trinity, the holders, with the C.U.B.C. stroke leading them. In the final we came up against an Eton crew,[1] who were not only a good deal heavier, but one of the best crews Eton had yet had, as the boys in it showed by their subsequent careers. Of course, they beat us easily, but the critics were very kind to the form and pluck of the losers. In the crew of 1883 I got my first colours, having been put in by R. S. Kindersley after winning the Trials under his coaching. A finer oar I have rarely seen than he was, and though Taffy Evans always took charge of the training of the Radley Eight, it was Kindersley who first taught me the real rudiments of hard work in a boat.

Eton that year had nothing like so good a crew as their last, and I still remember our wicked satisfaction at observing how overtrained their stroke, Close, looked at the start. In addition we had the Bucks station in a Bushes wind, which was our first bit of luck for a long while. It was not to last. We led at once, at a slower stroke than theirs, though even that meant well over 40 a minute on our 12-in. slides. Before Fawley was reached we were rowing long and quite comfortably, still at a slower stroke, and about two-thirds of a length ahead. Quite suddenly our number four (just in front of me) stopped in his swing. His clumsily built slide had come off its brass runners. The boat nearly upset with the shock, and never ran really true again. I was only just sixteen with hardly any experience, so my despair may be imagined as I swung forward and cut both shins deeply against the wreckage in front of me, and continued doing so till the finish. Number four was bleeding almost as badly where a plumper portion of his anatomy was wedged in between two narrow bars ; so that our part of the boat must have looked like a miniature battlefield

[1] Composed of Dobson, Haig, Ferguson, D. McLean, Churchill, F. I. Pitman, H. McLean, and H. J. Close.

as we struggled on. What hurt almost more than our various wounds was the thought that none of the spectators could have realised what had befallen us when we were beaten at the Bridge.

I always think of that race when I read the old story of how the stroke of the Oxford crew, also at Henley, fell ill at the very last moment and seven dauntless men (with no one sitting in bow's seat) raced against the Cambridge Subscription Rooms long ago and conquered them. A bit of that boat is in the O.U.B.C. Boathouse to this day.

The Radley crew of 1884 was stroked by Lance Hannen, the famous Trinity Hall oar, who swept the board at Henley and rowed at Putney victoriously as well. They beat Christchurch, but again lost to Eton in the final. I had been prevented from rowing by rheumatism. The Regatta of 1885 was the last in which we used the Old Course ; and it marked the passing of an epoch.[1]

The first change that anyone who had been away for 30 (even 20) years would notice on the course is the disappearance of that jovially decorated line of houseboats which lent so brilliant a background to the sparkling stream. Three of us, when we were up at Oxford, once hired from Salter a little houseboat called the *Midge*, by

[1] The four " courses " at Henley can now be distinguished by different names, for it is not likely that in our day there will be any change from the arrangements so successful in 1924 and 1925. They are :

(1) 1839. *Original* Course : from top of Temple Island to Henley Bridge, about 1 mile 550 yards.

(2) 1886. *Second* Course : laid out by Herbert Steward : from below Bucks side of Island to top of Phyllis Court Wall. Same length as (1) from start to finish, with piles. Booms along the surface of water between each pile were added in 1899.

(3) 1923. *Experimental* Course : from Berks side of Island straight for 1 mile 440 yards. No time records count on this distance.

(4) 1924. *Straight* Course : from below Berks side of Island to the finish of 1886 (about 1 mile 550 yards) and narrower than any other. Boats start by sterns and finish by bows, so a sculler goes further than an eight, and measurements or times must subtract about 60 feet, for an eight, from the total distance. See also Chapter V in *Henley Races* (Oxford University Press).

RADLEY. BIG SCHOOL

far the smallest in that splendid line of river-palaces in which she had been allotted modest moorings somewhere below Fawley. Economy was perforce our motto, so we started down from Folly Bridge (that is its real name) one summer afternoon not long after our third Commemoration, and using no other means of guidance and propulsion than a tow-rope and punt-pole, set forth for Iffley, and in due time arrived at Sandford, where we dined and drank old ale—a brew which made us wonder why so much fuss was ever made about the Trinity Audit of our light-blue rivals. That must have been about 1888. We unslung the Canadian canoe from our upper decks, stepped a bamboo mast, hoisted a red triangle of silken sail, and scudded before a light breeze in the moonlight down the Radley reaches. When and how we got back to the *Midge* to bed I mind not. But while we slept a summer storm must have arisen. The *Midge*, taking command herself, must have slipped softly and slowly downstream, guided by some friendly Nereid ; for we awoke, as the dawn flushed the Nuneham trees with gold, with a terrific bump as her stern swung heavily into the railway bridge a mile or so above Abingdon Lasher. We rose with joyful unconcern, and towed and punted her in our pyjamas until that ancient town came into sight and then tied up (a trifle tighter than before) for breakfast. I remember there was some cheering when (five days later !) we got perilously and safely through Henley Bridge, and amid applause, which a decadent Press might have described as ironical, we moved slowly down the gorgeous line of houseboats and slipped at last into our own position. Supper that night was a mixed contribution from our charitable neighbours, for nothing to eat or drink was left on board, and we were far too lazy, after our last long traverse, to go back to the town and fetch any. The language of the man who began to drink our last teaspoonful of kerosene, under the impression there was whisky in his

water, stays in my memory yet. One of our crew is now Sir Robert Giles, Vice-Chancellor of the University of Burmah and Speaker of the Council of Representatives in Rangoon. He had already developed the habits proper to a magnate in the tropics, and refused to let anyone except Urwick be entrusted with washing up the plates.

No one still alive who rowed before 1900 will ever be able to dissociate the Henley course, as we now see it, from the remembrance of Herbert Thomas Steward, who not only piled it out but first lined it with the floating booms that make Henley the finest regatta for true racing in the world. One of the prettiest sights I ever enjoyed was when I went down the course at the stern of the umpire's launch which carried the Prince of Wales in the bows. Every man in every boat, as he went down to the start, stood up and waved aloft his oar or pole or paddle, and I can never ask to see any loyalty more picturesque, spontaneous, or delightful.

In 1882 I had seen Henley, running along the towpath for lunch at the Catherine-wheel. In 1885 I was promoted to number five and captain of boats; *Annus Mirabilis*, indeed! It is difficult to imagine that anyone ever could be happier than in that extraordinary combination of responsibility and enjoyment. We drove from Radley in a four-in-hand. Eton in a smarter coach than ours, met us on the very centre of the bridge. The two captains exchanged solemn salutes. We were beaten by Corpus (Oxford), a good eight, with Arkell and Carter in it, but we beat Bedford, who rowed in the same race. Eton, the final winners, had Holland, Guy Nickalls, Muttlebury, and the two Barclays. That was the last year of the old course, when three eights started in a heat and we went round the Point, to finish near the Red Lion Lawn.

The alteration and improvement in the course by Mr. Steward had necessitated the piles that rise between the

long booms from start to finish. One of these piles, which must have risen some 5 ft. above the water-line, was the scene of an adventure I shall never forget. Smith, Jones, and Brown, as I will name three of the mightiest giants in the Leander crew of the particular summer I recall, had decided to go out on the river to encourage the fireworks. We all piled into a boat together and proceeded very merrily upstream from the Bridge till we came across a gentleman in a punt who refused to move and blocked our course in all directions. There was plenty of room for him, but he decided to be stubborn, and finally not only splashed us but even tried to push us off. Now there is nothing more gentle and polite than your really strong man. So Smith, Jones, and Brown in turn most courteously pointed out to the obstructionist the error of his ways. He used language that horrified us all. Smith, smiling sweetly, took him gently by the collar, while the rest of us moved our own craft slowly near the booms ; and then, with one easy heave, placed him firmly on the top of the pile at which we had arrived. To save him all further trouble, Jones removed his pole and paddles, Brown added his cushions to our own already diminished store, and his punt floated off into the distance towards Fawley. His observations on the general situation were fortunately drowned by a bouquet of rockets, and we left him hastily that we might hear no more.

6

I must say something of the Radley War Memorial, of which I had the honour to lay the foundation-stone after I had organised its making, and secured approval for the details of the project so ably planned, in the last years of his life, by Sir Thomas Jackson, architect of many of the new school buildings.

He designed a double archway with a beautiful panelled room (containing relics of the dead) above it, and a porter's

lodge on one side, the whole very reminiscent of a college entrance. There are not more than about 2000 old Radleians alive at one time. Out of the 1200 who served in the War the names of the 216 who fell are carved within one of the arches, which stand at the corner of the great cricket-ground across the drive leading from the main Oxford-Abingdon road up to the Warden's House. Every new boy who makes his first entrance to the official buildings of the School through that arch will be reminded of what his predecessors did for him and for their country.

I took down Field-Marshal Sir William Robertson to perform the opening ceremony, and we halted at Henley to inspect the possibilities and beauties of the Leander Club House. At five minutes to one I stopped the motor within a hundred yards of the gate in a shady hollow of the road that goes from Folly Bridge past Sandford to Radley village. "Good staff-work," said Sir William to my great delight, as a small scout from the School O.T.C., stationed at the corner, dashed back, and we heard the rattle of the rifles of the guard of honour. It was commanded by Captain F. J. Nugee, an old Radleian, now a master at the school, who fought in France with the Leicestershires from 1915 to the end of the War, and was wounded when he won his Military Cross. Captain O. A. Reid, who won his Victoria Cross in Mesopotamia in 1917, died in 1920. He had come to the school from Johannesburg in 1910 and served in the King's Liverpool Regiment from 1914 onwards, having also been awarded the silver medal for valour in Italy. But we had also Major-General Sir Philip Nash, K.C.M.G., C.B.; Brigadier-General Hon. Sir Henry Yarde Buller, D.S.O., K.B.E., C.M.G.; Brigadier-General Sir Charles Gunning, C.B., C.M.G.; Lieut.-Colonel J. R. Wethered, C.M.G., D.S.O., Lieut.-Colonel Sir Richard Gethin, C.M.G., D.S.O., and many more.

Most of them were present on that hot day at the end of

May, 1922, when the Field-Marshal lowered the flag which veiled the arch and then stood up to address the school. It was one of those simple forthright speeches of which you remember hardly any of the words and yet you never forget the glow they roused in every heart that heard them. "Tell the truth," he finished up. "Do your best, and don't dawdle."

That afternoon I went down to see the practice of the eight for Henley, and so drove back again, by the same hospitable ways, to London.

When Sewell was showing Bishop George Selwyn round Upper Dormitory, he said, "*Quicquid hic cernis lacrymis meoque Sanguine tinctum.*" What would he have said of the Memorial Arch we opened after the Great War ?

7

But the Archway brought back more memories of Radley than those of war. Boys and masters I had known when I was a boy amongst them thronged into my thoughts. The two fags I had when I was Senior Prefect—De Vitré and D'Alessio—both became clergymen ; not, I fear, from any early influences of mine. But their duties cannot have been onerous. They swept my study, they made occasional cups of tea, they ran unhasting messages. And they were exempted from all other forms of fagging whatsoever. The system, as practised at Radley with various local modifications, never did anyone any harm. My first form-master was F. T. Dalton in the Remove ; and him, too, I was to know afterwards and even to work for again, when he was with Traill on "Literature" in the office of *The Times*.

Whenever it was possible in his classroom I used to try and sit next a boy called W. D. Adams, who made the most fascinating caricatures of everybody. He has become a well-known artist and a frequent exhibitor in the Academy. Of my seniors, J. H. M. Furse, the sculptor, brother of my great

friend in after years, the brilliant creator of *Diana of the Uplands*, had left some years before my arrival. H. N. Byass, who was to do so well with the York and Lancasters in France, was among the deities of the Prefects' Study. G. H. Baker, its central constellation, was the Senior Prefect. Cosmo Duff Gordon, a member of my fencing-team in Athens, had already gone. Until a few weeks ago I actually possessed the cane arm-chair from the study of Reginald Yarde-Buller (now Vicar of Newquay), whose brother Henry left for the South Devon Militia in 1879 and began his distinguished army career in the Rifle Brigade in 1884. T. R. Hague Cook had come down from Yorkshire in 1879, and was to be Senior Prefect in the year before I left. William Llewelyn Crichton, also my senior, was to serve in France with the British Ambulance Committee I helped to found for the saving of French wounded in the trenches. H. B. Ellison, an entrance scholar, was to work at Headquarters of Toc H. from 1922, after being in France as a chaplain from 1915. C. J. Ffoulkes, whose deep voice already presaged the wonderful bass solos he was to sing, became Curator of the Armouries in the Tower of London and Secretary of the Imperial War Museum.

Of those who entered with me, my greatest friend was J. R. Randolph, now a County Court Judge. He came into the Eastcourt property, near Malmesbury, just as he went up to Oxford, and we progressed in Radley harmoniously, either first or second, in every form up to the Sixth. He was a good cricketer and a fine back in the football eleven. Lance Hannen, now the famous partner in Christie's, I have already mentioned as one of our best oars. W. H. Williams came from Fyfield and, like the Duffields of Marcham, reminded me of the district round Wantage. R. S. Bradshaw, of the well-known brewery, came in Lent Term, 1882, and almost at once showed good promise of the great oar he was to become in later years, and more particularly

of that knowledge of the details and gear of a light boat which remains one of his most valuable possessions. Frederick Whitworth Jones was a closer friend than any except Randolph. With R. H. Moss, as a drybob, I did not have so much to do; but he was an entrance scholar in addition to his athletic versatility. R. C. Dundas, who fought me to a dead-heat in the Historical Essay of 1885, was killed at Loos. The Master of Borthwick, who came into his full title when he went to Christ Church, used to delight us all with his wonderful piano-playing even as a small boy. Sir George Thursby, who was to die so comparatively early, never roused any suspicions, as a lower boy, of the fine gentleman-rider he was to become; but there must have been many an Old Radleian who backed him in both Derby and Two Thousand Guineas, for he twice rode second in each race. In his year came Sir George Wickham Legg, to whom the Radleian Society is so deeply indebted for many years of devotion to its interests. L. C. V. Bathurst and C. B. Greville only appeared in my last year, as did Hugo de Bathe and H. S. Verity, afterwards Amateur Punting Champion in 1894.

8

Of the masters it was, of course, C. F. Vincent, my "Social Tutor," who became my earliest friend among the older men. He was a great walker, whose calves we could only compare with the legs of a billiard table, and he had a curious habit of turning right away when he spoke to you. But he had a heart of gold and the most conscientious desire to do his uttermost duty by all the boys under his care. R. S. Kindersley, a magnificent figure of a man, came to us with all the glamour of the O.U.B.C. and a great Grand Challenge Crew upon his head. He looked even finer in shorts and a jersey than in his cap and gown, and I always envied Eton when he went on from Radley to take one of

the older houses there. By Horsburgh's teaching was consolidated into some sort of literary form the French I had always been able to talk since nursery days, and through him I read for the first time of D'Artagnan and the immortal Musketeers. E. Bryans took on those classes when Horsburgh left, and his magnetic personality electrified every boy with whom he came in contact.

George Wharton, or "Kitty" as he was affectionately known, was the Precentor, and his "Socials" enjoyed the privilege of two sitting-rooms which were (and still are, I am glad to say) a marvellous museum of china, pictures, and objects of the most multitudinous and exotic beauty. In fact, it was very difficult to move about without taking the most terrible risks of damage; and the extraordinary delicacy of the food and drink provided whenever Wharton's "Socials" gave a party may possibly have been an excellent insurance-investment against our rising too often from our seats. When I first knew him Mr. Wharton was a spare little old gentleman with a Queen Anne face (and side-whiskers) and an eighteenth-century manner. Released from formal work of any kind—he was made Precentor in 1862—he still flits happily up and down the staircase like the bland ghost of Sewell's vanished dream; and only a short time ago he gallantly steered my wife and myself among the chimney-stacks upon the roof of the great house to see the view on a fine day.

But it was Taffy Evans, of course, who was by far the most characteristic and individual figure of all the Dons I knew except the Warden. His brilliant blue eyes beneath his bushy red hair used to sparkle at you most ferociously, and it was necessary to pay the closest attention to his advice, because he spoke with extreme rapidity with firmly-clenched teeth. But how he roused us to the glories of the River! He had a little grey pony on which he galloped recklessly up and down the towpath at full speed, with anxious little

Sport and General

THE AMERICAN HIGH-JUMP

The " Roll Over " invented by George Horine. Note the left arm against the bar

boys holding gates open for him and warning him of drains and railway-bridges, to which he never paid the least attention, keeping his eyes firmly fixed upon the crew he was coaching and sometimes shouting out " Well rowed ! " with a burst of excitement that fairly made us quiver on our stretchers. He spent his time and strength and money on us without stint and without reckoning, on the water or off it. Never shall I forget his drastic treatment of my first boil. I never dared to have another.

Evans took his doctrine of the slide from Hanlan's sculling and he never let us get nearer than two inches to our work. It needed a Kindersley to enunciate the simple truth that the blade is not slashed through the water, but the boat is pushed past the blade. It needed T. C. Edwards-Moss to make slide and body work together on the leg-drive from the stretcher, and to teach that balance of the body coming forward on the feet which is one of the true secrets of good watermanship. But Taffy Evans was right in his great gospel that if good form was not taught to the boy, the man would never learn it. I never rowed in any other crew afterwards which sat up at the finish and got their hands away at once so fast and so steadily as the Radley Eight of 1885 ; and I should not wonder if Lance Hannen did not have the same experience at Cambridge.

Evans's rooms, even when he had a house of his own at Radley, were invariably in a state of unbelievable untidiness from which his adoring pupils would be constantly rescuing for him some indispensable object for their work or play which he had incontinently thrown aside and completely forgotten till it was wanted. Whether in anger or in kindness he went without hesitation to the full extremes of his hot-blooded nature without an instant's pause. It happened that my father died while I was in training for Henley. Evans's affectionate sympathy with the tidings of my loss was only exceeded by his enthusiasm when I added the

message I had been charged to give him—that "nothing was to interfere with what your coach thought best for the practice of the Eight." So I continued rowing. Sometimes his enthusiasm may have been thought by sterner critics to have overstepped the mark, and I am sure that when the Warden sent me up for my first try at an open scholarship in Oxford, and most kindly lent me his own rooms in Fellows Quad at Merton to live in quietly during the ordeal, he can scarcely have been acquainted with the fact that Evans used to send one of Franklin's dog-carts to the gates of Merton when every paper was over, so that I might be galloped down to Iffley (and in the evenings to Sandford) and go out with the Eight.

I did not win a scholarship that time. Even my evenings, sad to relate, were not as quiet as might have been wished. Benson had brought one of his companies down, at that time, to act Othello in the old theatre; and Miss Featherstonhaugh as Desdemona was so ravishingly beautiful that when she was smothered in her night-gown an audible shudder went through all the spectators, and a tall man in front of me stood up suddenly and fainted. It was D. H. McLean, then President of the O.U.B.C., as I recognised when he was being taken out into the fresh air and a small undergraduate followed the procession carrying his gold spectacles. I hope the curtain had by then descended, for I am sure nobody looked at anything except "Dukker."

9

"*Lusimus: venit Hesperus. . . .*" The first line of the school song we used to sing on the final evening of every term still echoes in my heart, as again I say good-bye to a Radley that I have tried very imperfectly to evoke once more in this chapter. In 1886, the year after I had left, the accident that some boys had to go home on a Monday, and others on a Tuesday, put an end both to the public

prizegiving and to that singing of "*Lusimus*" by all the boys and masters in Big School which had formed so appropriate an ending to all the terms I knew there. Monk's tune gave a splendid swinging effect when sung in unison by so many voices of different powers and tones. The Latin words, by Dr. Sewell himself, were at any rate sonorous, though we thought little of their meaning; and the triple repetition of the last line, with its gradually ascending climax, was a heartening thing to hear.

"*Lusimus : venit Hesperus :*
Lusimus : veniet cito
Crastinum jubar, O jubar
Dulce, te puerum chorus
Laetus evocat undis."

CHAPTER III

OXFORD

"Fill then the winecup and with sparkling eyes drink to the race and all that it implies. Let whoso will pursue for sordid pelf some petty object, thinking but of self. These men endured, like brother joined to brother, each for his club and all for one another, intent to be through every change of weather not eight mere units but a crew together."—R. C. LEHMANN (*Anni Fugaces*),

THE ease with which one can talk happily about Oxford constitutes the chief difficulty of writing adequately on a subject which is not only familiar to so many, but presents different aspects to every individual observer. Yet the place and its influences can never be omitted from the tale of any man's life who has there felt the first breeze of a larger wind than ever stirred his sheltered personality before—the wind that blows all round the world. The phrase about the Oxford "man" is often laughed at; but the schoolboy Freshman knows very well what it means within twenty-four hours of his arrival. A single night in his new "rooms" (possibly a part of the oldest building in which he has ever slept) turns him not to a new morning but to a new horizon. There was to be an interlude before I saw it.

1

By necessity I was compelled to take private tutorships between the date of my getting a scholarship (Christmas, 1885) and the time appointed for me to go into residence (October, 1886). Among my kindly and hospitable hosts were the Luptons of Leeds. The two brothers, William and Alan (who afterwards was a proprietor of the *Graphic*), were both

fine whips, and many a delightful drive did I have behind Will Lupton's team. One day we were in York; and at the "Black Swan," I think, Will Lupton and I were lunching at the "Farmer's Ordinary." One of the farmers made a small sporting wager that Lupton would not drive his team from the Inn yard past the Minster without dropping out of a trot. In twenty minutes we were outside the yard. A little governess-car with a fast pony and a groom driving her started just ahead of us. The roads were neither very broad nor very straight, and at the first corner the groom blew on his "yard of tin" like a typhoon. The horn grew louder and more continuous as we progressed till it must have sounded like the trump of doom. Every vehicle and handcart dashed out of our path from a hundred yards away. And we trotted gaily past the Minster, to win our wager without a moment's argument, for the farmer and his "umpire" had gone with us, behind the box seat, to see the fun.

I once got out of a somewhat similar difficulty, without a horn, in Cork. It was the occasion of the Great Regatta organised by Peter O'Brien, the Lord Chief Justice of Ireland, of which I must say more in its right place. Pat Labat, the famous owner of the launch *Hibernia*, had determined to see the last half-mile of our race from the road along the bank and to take me with him. "The waters of the river Lee," where the racecourse was marked out, are fairly wide, and if we were to see anything it was essential to keep level with the boats. We were in a jaunting-car with a spirited jarvey, and the first half-mile of road was easy enough, but then came a crowd which got thicker and thicker as it neared the finish. Labat saw that desperate measures of some sort would be necessary, and shouted, "Mike, my boy, a sovereign extra if you keep up with the boats." Mike never hesitated a single instant. He leapt to his feet, flourishing his hat and whip in one hand and the

reins in the other, bellowing "Fire! Fire!" at the top of his voice. The people scattered right and left and nobly did Mike earn his sovereign, finishing several lengths ahead of the winning crew in a close race.

Many a happy excursion did I have with Will Lupton, both on the occasion of my first tutorship of his son George, and later; and I learned a lot about the right way to handle horses in all kinds of harness.

My next tutorship, obtained through the kindly offices of my mother's old friends the Tylors, was with Henry Harris, for whom Waterhouse had built Steventon Manor. It stood near Micheldever, in Hampshire, and within easy reach of Winchester where a cousin was at school. My pupil was working to get into Fifth Form at Eton, from Upper Remove, and we used to receive instructions as to necessary work from C. H. Everard. "Lessons" also included such rough shooting as could be easily got near the house, rabbits or wood-pigeons and the like. By enlisting the gardener and some of his "boys," the footman, two stable-boys, my pupil, and two youths from Winchester, we got a capital little football team together and played any opponents who could be roused to rivalry from the country round; but in the early March of that year (1886) the snow was so heavy in Hampshire that most games were impossible, except a primitive form of squash racquets in an old granary, varied by occasional bouts of singlestick, or boxing.

During a fortuitous interval I went to Exmouth School, as an assistant master under Carr, while my brother was a boy there. Greatly as I enjoyed being in the place, with its small sailing-boat in the bay and its lovely countryside all round, my effort to take a class was, in my own eyes at least, a complete failure. It had been as much as I could do to take two pupils either privately or at Oxford. But I could not suffer fools in large quantities. When it came to

more than a dozen, I lost patience. I left the experiment in time, with an even heartier admiration than before for all natural-born teachers. For me, toleration was to be a middle-aged virtue.

2

On October 16th, 1886, I went for the first time into my rooms in front Quad at Wadham, No. II staircase. I began in ground-floor right, and moved to the set just above it in my second year. After the ceremonial reception by the Warden, followed my introduction to my tutor, Richards, the senior Proctor of the year ; and the payment of " caution-money " and fees to Joseph Wells, then Bursar of the College, and as I write, Vice-Chancellor of the University. That same first afternoon I was duly matriculated by Bellamy, in his first term of the Vice-Chancellorship which had followed Jowett's. On the Sunday I inspected with considerable awe the luxurious apartments taken by Randolph at Mrs. Bancalari's in the High, and went over to Radley in the afternoon. In the evening I renewed acquaintance with another Freshman on my staircase, Edward Urwick, who had won an exhibition at the same examination as I had attended in the previous year. On the opposite side of the Quad were the rooms of Harold Parsons, who had very easily taken the highest place in the whole hundred candidates, and chose Wadham because he liked its architecture. These two were destined to be my closest friends ; and as so often happens it was the most brilliant who was the first to die. We made ourselves into a little club of three, and each of us entertained the other two in turn in his own rooms, which gave us each a free fortnight from the cares of " battels."

Though music and theatres were the popular relaxations of young Oxford in the 'eighties, they were by no means the only ones. The Wine-clubs, I suppose, should come next.

There was nothing so terribly intemperate in them as has sometimes been imagined, and they form a very natural outlet to those instincts of ordered hospitality which should be encouraged in every undergraduate who has to take his place in life when he grows up. I enjoyed the distinguished honour (having come up from Radley with more reputation than I deserved) of being elected to the Olympic Club in my first term at Wadham. There were no such things as "short jackets" in ordinary use then, and we all wore tails, with the distinctive badge of a light blue silk waistcoat with gilt buttons, and a white tie. At Brasenose I remember being staggered at the magnificence of chestnut-coloured velvet coats and lemon silk waistcoats. Each club had its harmless and more or less attractive uniform, of which the Bullingdon was perhaps (and rightly) the best. At Wadham our ceremonies were simple but sufficient. We took our guests to a special table in Hall where mulled beer with a toast in it was our favourite beverage, and the cook did his best for the College reputation. Thence we moved to one of the larger rooms on No. II staircase where dessert was spread on a long mahogany table. Here and there on the table stood the College cups, and any trophies new-won in the sporting year. Among them were more modest gifts from former Presidents. I remember I left, when I went down, a silver snuff-box (for, of course, we all took snuff) which had been given to the Prince Regent by Mrs. Fitzherbert. I hope it is there still. There was "Slapoffski's" Band ensconced in a bedroom with an open door. The name is an odd one, and mainly signified to us the foreign flavour of the leader, who is supposed to have been so christened from his instant readiness to play anything we asked "Slap Off." He invariably finished with one tune without which he would not have been allowed to leave; the "Carnaval de Venise."

On one great occasion some one cut through the strings

of Slap's violin with a dinner-knife, one after the other, quite slowly, and Slap continued the "Carnaval de Venise," as if nothing had happened, on the last string. Then we removed his bow. He took his pump off one foot and finished the air with the edge of its thin leather sole. Then he finished the port as well, and richly he deserved it. That tune was the signal for a departure to yet another room for cards. Some played whist, others vingt-et-un, a few millionaires indulged in poker. But the President always limited the stakes. When the last whisky-and-soda had been consumed and we had hurried the last guest out of College before midnight struck, I think no one was the worse for it; and many a good friend was made and kept.

Probably the only undergraduate of my day who really knew anything about wine was Gordon Duff. He had remarkable rooms at 44, Cornmarket, containing beautiful mezzotints of his father, after Romney, and of Drummond of Hawthornden; all over the walls were books, which, after his death, were sold on a notable day. He did not take much exercise; but he swam and dived like an otter, an animal which he rather resembled with the rough thatch of dark hair over his forehead. He had been Ryland's librarian at Manchester, but could never get what he considered proper refreshment after 11 p.m. in that part of the world. He chose a characteristic remedy; resigned his librarianship, and became licensee of "The Three Legs of Man" at Liverpool, where he provided long drinks at the bar for those that went down to the sea in ships, and selected potations for his bibliophile friends in his back parlour.

It was Gordon Duff who drank the last bottle of my father's old claret when I came of age on No. II staircase. There were curious memories of childhood connected with that claret. One night—I cannot have been more than eight—our whole household at Wantage was aroused by my father's voice shouting that every can, jug, bottle, and

basin in the place was instantaneously to be brought down to the cellar, where one of his beloved barrels had apparently made up its mind to burst. I staggered down in my night-gown, clasping a large water-jug in both hands, and promptly fell down on the cellar floor, which was some inches deep in claret, so that I received a very early and literal baptism in what is, at its best, the queen of all natural wines.

The scent of that widespread lake of claret never quite left me. The bottling of it had been something in the nature of a family ceremony. Gordon Duff drank nearly all the last drop, most religiously decanted more than twelve years afterwards, and I just managed to secure a glass for myself—with some difficulty, so sound was his appreciation. The only other claret I ever liked so much was some Léoville-Lascases of a far more famous vintage we used to have in magnums at the Oxford and Cambridge Club, when guests who deserved such privileges came to dinner. I believe it was all finished during the war by young officers who needed hearty lunches ; and I hope it did them good. In Paris, in 1905, Georges Berger, then Député for the Seine, gave a fencing dinner for his son, who was supported by Chasseloup-Laubat, Jacques Holzschuch, and Jean Stern. Among the Englishmen were Montgomerie, Seligman, Cosmo Duff-Gordon, Martineau, Daniell, Egerton Castle, Alfred Hutton, and others. I kept the menu because it was something of an education in Médoc vintages. We had Brane-Cantenac, 1890 ; Lagrange, 1878 ; Larose of the same splendid year ; Lafite and Margaux, 1890 ; and Pontet-Canet (which I believe our host owned) of 1887. It has often happened that the best wines came from the hottest years, and those were often the most revolutionary years. I shall be interested to taste, later on, the vintage of 1925.

The best port I drank at Wadham was some '47 given us at dinner in December, 1888, by Joseph Wells—a festive occasion which even his Vice-Chancellorship this year

(1925) can scarcely have effaced from his most hospitable memories. But it was the '34 with which both Harold Parsons and myself had chiefly to do. To a friend of mine as Senior Scholar the aged butler once confided the lamentable fact that since the Dons were not drinking this noble vintage quick enough it was to be sold to All Souls. Together we composed an Epistle of Elizabethan rotundity and as courteous as Chesterfield himself, pointing out to the Sub-Warden that such wine was really the property of the scholars of the College; that Dons (imported from less favoured institutions) really had no right to dispose of it; that alternatively we of the Scholars' Table, true representatives of the founders, Nicholas and Dorothy Wadham, of the West-country, were prepared to pay a penny a bottle more than any other bidder—and much further eloquence to the same effect. Not a word of answer was vouchsafed. The mercenary deed was done with no further reference to our polysyllabic and precocious protest. So we dined at All Souls; it was in February, 1890, if I remember right, with Herbert Trench and Sir William Anson at the top of the table, and other sympathetic hosts. We dined there again; and we repeated the offence till all the '34 was gone. It was during our visit, I believe, that the famous hunt was made at All Souls for the Mallard, a legendary and heraldic wildfowl which has been described as the "*Mallard Imaginaire*," in which newly-appointed Fellows are supposed to be vitally interested. In other ways All Souls is becoming more like an ordinary College, for it has just sent a famous Rowing Blue to Radley.

Burgundy, of course, comes next, if I am to be allowed briefly to continue this attractive theme, and the best I ever knew in England came from George Meredith's renowned collection, when it had passed on to his son Will. That old lion I only saw once or twice, the first time when I went to tell him about some escapade of Harold Parsons, at

which his great voice boomed in delightful commentary all over the little house near Burford Bridge, and out into the garden. His son was a worthy heir to the fragrant vintages so carefully collected. There is an oculist, too, in Harley Street, whose name the strict rules against even indirect advertisement forbid my mentioning. His Burgundy dinners, at which I form one of several grateful patients every year, still preserve my belief in human nature under every stress of trouble. He and one other saved the only eye I have left, and I trust I may long be able to see the lovely colour of his finest Corton.

In Vienna I have sampled old Tokay from the Imperial cellars with Charles Kinsky, owner and rider of Zoedone in the Grand National, as that still splendid city recorded in its Jockey Club in 1910. In Berlin I had a less fortunate experience with Hock nearly three-quarters of a century old. As one of the representatives of England on the International Olympic Committee I was invited with a score or so of more distinguished personages to dinner with the Crown Prince. A mammoth bottle was ushered into the dining-room on a sort of gold perambulator. Our glasses were filled with incredible speed, and we stood up to drink a toast. The wine had lived its life—it was a mere dead fluid. We all had brandy, served even more swiftly, and "the incident was at an end."

Henry James was once dining with me on my birthday, and for some reason now forgotten it was conveyed to him that he should propose my health. He filled a glass of port and rose with ponderous kindliness "My dear Theodore," he began, and far be it from me to reproduce all the periphrases and epithets with which he strove so conscientiously to define precisely what he meant: "I hold in my hand a glass, perhaps I should say a goblet, filled to the brim with a fluid which has a poisonous and practically fatal effect on every nerve and sinew in my body; but I am

asked to propose your health ; and though as far as I can see it is much too convincingly robust to be improved by any ceremony initiated by my feeble efforts, yet if you imagine—if your friends here imagine—that by one scintilla it can be ameliorated, if by one word or gesture your happiness—so dear to all of us—may be improved " (raising his glass above his head) " I will drain this to the dregs." There was much more in that introductory sentence ; but I love the man's memory too much even to seem to laugh at it. " Clean and dauntless," he said of us on a memorable occasion ; clean and dauntless he was of very right himself, and a better friend no man and no nation could ask in time of trouble.

3

My first lecture, at the feet of Richards, was on Aristotle's Poetics. The Hall still echoes, whenever I revisit it, with his quiet precise syllables : *τὸ ἀνθρώπινον ἄγαθον ψυχῆς ἐνεργεία κατ' ἀρετὴν ἐν βίῳ τελείῳ*. His life, at any rate, must have been as near his ideals as man can ever reach. At first he seemed a narrow Casaubon more concerned with inaccuracies in German commentators than anything, and at Wadham we always stood out against German philosophy (in the eighties, mind you), German textual criticism, and German methods of history, a view that was to be immeasurably strengthened later on, when I got in closer touch with the methods and teachings of the Sorbonne. His lectures may have been dry ; but they represented the highest form of scholarship, which disdained all picturesque or adventitious aids, which laid down the nearest to the truth he knew, and left you coldly to appreciate it for yourself. His face, clean-shaved, clean-cut, with features as correctly classical as his own Greek prose, was a true indication of his character. His aim was single, and, therefore, to his youthful and less virtuous audience, sometimes

dull; ἐσθλοὶ μεν γὰρ ἁπλῶς, παντοδαπῶς δὲ κακοί. But if he seemed to smile with difficulty when he wore his cap and gown, you sometimes roused a rare glow of approval over an essay in his rooms; and from Parsons, who used often to go on reading-parties with him in vacation, I learnt that he could be particularly sympathetic and charming when he liked. On one of those excursions, further afield than usual, the party were travelling through Greece, and gradually became more and more astonished at the undoubtedly sincere efforts of the authorities in various villages to give them an official and sometimes boisterous welcome. It turned out that the simple Hellenes, hearing that "the President" was one of the travellers, were doing homage to the President of Corpus under the impression he was President of the United States.

At the first lecture we attended from Mr. Joseph Wells, in Cicero, I confess we never imagined he was to become not merely one of the best Wardens Wadham ever had, but also Vice-Chancellor of the University. His manner, even to Freshmen, was so apologetic that we did not realise, till some time afterwards, how much strength of mind was concealed by self-effacement, how much real generosity of heart and purse underlay an apparently hesitating temperament.

In our senior years there was a lecture by Jowett, which will never be forgotten. Half-way through it his butler brought him in a cup of coffee and a liqueur of brandy. I was thrilled to the marrow. "Lycophrastus," he went on, "left instructions that he was to be buried with his nose upon the ground; 'for,' said he, 'in a short time the world will be upside down.' There are always, gentlemen, philosophers to be found who think the Universe is going to the dogs immediately. It may interest you to know that Lycophrastus lived three hundred years before Christ."

Then there was Pelham of Trinity, whose polished periods

on the majestic progress of the Roman Empire invariably impressed me when I was reading in my last year for "Greats."

It was Pelham who introduced me to Ray Lankester at a dinner at high table in Exeter, a college for which I retained a warm admiration because it had offered me an Exhibition before I took my Scholarship at Wadham, and I had many friends there. But the meeting with Ray Lankester began a friendship which has been one of my most valued experiences; and it gave me the chance of meeting many famous men I might never otherwise have known. In the Pasteur Institute, for instance, it was Ray who took me to see Metchnikoff just at about the time when Cook, the American so-called explorer, had announced his "discovery" of the North Pole. Metchnikoff was adjusting his microscope in order to show me the *bacille boulgare*, or some similar important object, when a man whose voice he evidently recognised came into the room. Without removing his eye from the lens he was adjusting, Metchnikoff suavely addressed him: "Entrez, mon ami. J'ai l'honneur de vous présenter M. Cook, *le célèbre explorateur polaire.*" Our visitor staggered back in horror. Ray laughed so volcanically that he nearly burst his chair to pieces. Metchnikoff turned to me, with a solemn twinkle in a face that looked like one of the Apostles, and beckoned me to the microscope: "*Enfin, c'est ici.*"

I am reminded of a dinner Ray once gave in Oxford at which I was the least important guest. The others were all men of science. At dessert they brought various fossils, bones, flints, and other oddities out of their pockets and argued about them hotly. I felt I must contribute something. Most fortunately in my breast pocket was the proof of one of the illustrations in my first book about Touraine. It showed a spiral staircase with peculiarly beautiful steps. My neighbour passed it on hurriedly with-

out comment. Nobody seemed to see the least charm in it till it reached Charles Stuart, who was then, I believe, President of some learned Society. He looked at it twice ; passed it on ; and murmured " *Voluta vespertilio.*" It sounds incredible, perhaps, but I had no notion what he meant, for I was not much more than twenty-three, and yet I was determined to discover the reason for the only comment my treasured picture had evoked. In due time Ray had the actual shell brought down for me to examine, and in its section I saw for the first time the lovely fourfold spiral turning round the columella ; but turning to the right, while my staircase swung gracefully to the left. I scarcely slept that night. If Stuart had instantly remembered the shell when he saw the staircase, why should not the architect at Blois have known—and copied—the shell when he built it ? Further examination showed that the outside of the building was obviously designed from the outside of *Voluta*. Then I found that about one shell in a million has a spiral which turns to the left instead of right. Then I nearly broke my heart with the discovery that *Voluta* was unknown in France at all ; and came from hundreds of miles away, the Genoese Riviera of Northwestern Italy. Then I remembered that Leonardo da Vinci came from that Riviera to France. Finally, it appeared (1) that he was in Amboise and Blois as the King's architect during the years the staircase was built ; (2) that no records of any other architect for it existed ; (3) that he was left-handed ; (4) that his manuscripts were full of drawings of spiral formations, of shells, and, finally—of spiral staircases.

Jowett used often to have distinguished guests, and I remember seeing him once coming down the Broad with a great man on each side of him : Gladstone waving one arm in the air and declaiming to the world at large ; and Liddell, Dean of Christ Church, looking like one of Titian's portraits come to life again in some more northern Venice ; with

the little figure of the famous Master of Balliol between them, twiddling his thumbs, and smiling to himself, like a pinnace between two galleons.

That was the time when Gladstone lectured in the newly decorated debating hall of the Union, when George Peel was President, on the relations of Assyrian theology to the Homeric Poems. It was a little dull, as a lecture. But tutors were amazed at the great man's retentive memory. Undergraduates were comforted to find that even he could forget the end of a hexameter.

But the best thing of all was what happened when the lecture ended. Archdeacon Palmer, proposing the vote of thanks, spoke of their celebrated visitor's first appearance in the Union sixty years before, of his connection with the grandfather of their President that day; but we found it rather difficult to hear either him or Sir Henry Acland, who "seconded." Then Gladstone replied. He made no apparent effort, yet every word dropped into our ears as if it were meant, nay specially chosen, for each single one of us alone. The soft syllables were a trifle husky and a Lancashire burr seemed to be emphasized as he explained that it was easier to describe far-off Assyrian mythologies than to answer the praises of his friends within that hall. "You ask me why I came to Oxford? I came because I love her from the bottom of my heart." I suppose there were very few people in that crowded assembly who cared much less for his politics than I did. But the personal triumph of the orator was complete and instantaneous. We tore off our gowns and waved them in one hand while our caps went whirling in the other. We cheered ourselves hoarse outside, as he walked with Sir William Anson into the Cornmarket. We stood in groups and shouted till he was out of sight. The next morning I was breakfasting in All Souls and Gladstone was there at the other end of the table. I was whispering some trifling jest to Herbert

Trench when to my horror the great man stopped speaking. "That young gentleman over there will be glad to hear what I was saying. I will tell him," and he began his story all over again for my most embarrassed benefit.

The only other time I cheered as heartily in the Union was when Sir Wilfrid Lawson came up to tell us that he had thrown his cellar into the gutter, and several of us went to hear "F. E. Smith of Wadham" make his maiden speech as a Freshman in 1891; loudly we applauded his youthful reprobation of the waste of so much priceless liquor. I never dreamt I was listening to a future Lord Chancellor.

4

Rowing dinners were among the cheeriest amusements of my life at Oxford; for I had soon been obliged to give up the Association football which was possible at Radley before my weight went up. I was tried for the University—once, which was quite enough for the authorities. But the Trial Eights were calling, and I left the Parks gladly for the river, first to row bow (where I had never sat before) and then five, with Frank Wethered, then President of the O.U.B.C.

That was the year when F. I. Pitman's Cambridge crew had won from Barnes, with Barclay and Muttlebury behind him. We had Robertson of Wadham at three, with Unwin at bow, and the two McLeans. Cambridge's victory was the first of four, and not till 1890, when Greats prevented any chance I might have had of rowing for a second time, did Oxford turn the tide, with Fletcher stroking. Though I rowed some half-dozen times more in that first year I did not get my Trials Cap till 1887, when I won at six, behind Guy Nickalls and Claude Holland, with John Scott Montagu (as he then was) at two. I was tried for three days in the next 'Varsity crew, but I was reading for Honour Moderations and was not good enough, which is hardly surprising,

as the " interregnum " since Radley, followed by a year in which rheumatism stopped my rowing, had taken off what few good points of form there were in a rough but willing oar. In the Trials of 1888 I was lucky enough to win again by half a length after a great race, this time at three, with Kent of Brasenose at bow, R. P. P. Rowe at seven, and W. F. D. Smith (afterwards Lord Hambleden) at stroke.

Next term I had to coach the College Torpid, and went sculling on alternate days to keep fit. One cold afternoon the ice was swirling downstream from Folly Bridge in rough round pancakes of varying sizes from a tea-tray to a ten-foot table. My scull caught in a small one. I was shot out of my boat, and my head came up under a large one, which felt as enormous as a Polar ice-field. I was pulled out and rushed to the nearest public-house for a hot whisky and water. My friends, intent on completing the cure (or rather the prevention of all evil), ran me up to Wadham, cast me into bed, heaped most of the furniture upon me, and continued plying me with more or less strong and hot potations until Hall. It was an Olympic night, and I steadily absorbed hot beer till we left for dessert. There I did my duty to the usual toasts. And the next morning I woke up as fit and fresh as a lark. " *O Dura Messorum Ilia* " murmured Richards, as I submitted a peculiarly florid essay on " Democracy " the next morning.

But Trial Eights and Torpids are very small beer compared with what I was always hoping for. And at long last came the message from Claude Holland, and the welcome face of Tom Tims, the University boatman, calling me early the next morning to run round the Parks. Waiting had not helped to keep me fit, but I managed to last out at three with the University crew as far as Nuneham railway bridge and back, on my first attempt. The next day was a real twister. We went from the 'Varsity Barge, without stopping anywhere except at the Locks, to Abingdon Lasher ; and

when we got there, No. 7, with his usual sympathetic courtesy, asked in a loud voice whether three was sick yet. The question unluckily postponed a natural reaction which might have done me a deal of good. Prevented, I suppose, by youthful pride from betraying too much exhaustion, I sat up till we had turned round ; and we then proceeded to go straight back to the 'Varsity Barge at Oxford in the same manner. It was fortunately almost dark when we got in. Tom Tims, who saw fast enough what was the matter, stood right in front of me till the President and Secretary had disappeared. Then I was lifted over the side of the boat into a punt, landed at Folly Bridge, and driven to Wadham as swiftly as a hansom cab could gallop. After dinner that night we had port in Ampthill's rooms at New College, and I could barely keep my eyes open. But I was running round the Parks next morning (a Sunday) with the rest of them before breakfast, and on Monday I went with the crew to Cookham.

These details have been given because the uninstructed usually imagine that it is the Boat Race itself which is responsible for those physical breakdowns which are occasionally recorded among the old Blues of both Universities. This is, in my opinion, not the case. With such rare exceptions as 1925, when bow had never rowed a course at all and the whole Oxford crew had only reached the Doves before they sank, the men who race are perfectly fit to do so, and in that case the race itself, though particularly tiring for the beaten crew, is often a much easier task for the winners (even in a close struggle) than any course they have rowed in practice. The art of rowing yourself right out in practice, though comparatively rare, is not likely to be beyond the powers of men who have been picked for their University, but it is a very severe test both of physical capacity and of mental resolution, and without it complete fitness is unattainable. It is a fallacy to imagine that the

hardest training will save you from getting tired in a race. What it does is to enable you to go on working when you are very tired indeed, and to give you sufficient stamina to recover completely after the race is over.

At Cookham we were coached by T. C. Edwards Moss and by W. H. Grenfell, with whom we all went over to lunch at Taplow Court on our first Sunday, and draped ourselves round the classical statue before his front door. He is a man whose extraordinary athletic versatility has somewhat obscured the real contributions he has made not only to the welfare but to the history of his country. Cottie Moss, whose premature death was so widely felt, was not only himself a fine oar and a beautiful sculler, but he knew how to coach. In spite of other drawbacks, and in spite of my own so recent inclusion, we showed a turn of speed now and then ; and whether it was this or whether it was a strong stream, our record from Marlow Point to Cookham Bridge stood fast from 1889 for twenty-five years.

Soon after we got to Putney I was very considerately given a rest for a day. The sporting papers at once announced that No. 3 had " succumbed to his old complaint of rheumatism " ; and I was only just in time to prevent my mother hurrying up from Berkshire with a trained nurse. When I returned I was given my Blue, and the next day we did our course from the Ship and managed to get over from Mortlake in 20–23 in spite of the bad weather. One day was so cold that the spray was frozen all over my oar except the two spaces where my hands had thawed it. The next, horses were provided for the whole crew and we galloped over Richmond Park, a joy as real as it was unexpected. As may be noticed, our training had already become very much less severe than was the ordinary custom even ten years earlier. We had milk and a biscuit as soon as we woke up ; ran and walked for half an hour at about half-past seven ; back for bath and breakfast an

hour afterwards—generally a mutton chop with a poached egg on it. One big cup of tea. Toast and marmalade. Lunch was invariably moderate: some cold meat and salad; one glass of good beer; some stewed fruit. There was always a morning journey, but our hardest work was usually done in the afternoon, and if we got home in time we had a cup of tea and a biscuit. But dinner at about seven was thoroughly satisfactory. The best fish was followed by the best joint of beef or mutton procurable. Stewed fruit of the simplest kind was followed by oranges and a biscuit. Not only were two glasses of beer allowed, but one brimming glass of port followed them. The only real difficulty was to keep awake till ten, when some curious form of gruel, flavoured with lemon, appeared in a teacup as the signal for bed. No drinking of any sort was allowed between meals, and, of course, no smoking.

5

Cambridge won the toss and chose Surrey. We came out first because Oxford had lost the year before. The start was at a quarter-past one that Saturday (March 30th), in a head wind, but, though there was a certain liveliness in some reaches, it was never bad enough to make either boat ship much water. The critics afterwards said that we "rowed in good style, paid more attention to body-swing than Cambridge, and made a very good fight of the race." That was all we could do.

We started with squared blades at 38 and led for two minutes; but Muttlebury's crew, which was the same as Cambridge had rowed the year before, were leading slightly at Craven Steps and were able to bore us over a bit towards the Middlesex flats, with the result that they had half a length at the Crab Tree. There we spurted for about two minutes and nearly got level at Walden's. But then the Surrey station began to help our rivals, who were well clear

THE OXFORD CREW OF 1889

R. P. P. Rowe (2), H. E. L. Puxley (bow), H. R. Parker (6), Lord Ampthill (5), F. C. Drake (4), Guy Nickalls (7), J. P. Heywood Lonsdale cox), T. A. Cook (3), W. F. C. Holland (stroke and President)

as they went under Hammersmith Bridge. It had been a heavy strain to live with them so far, and in Chiswick Reach they continued to gain. But we had another cut at them at Thornycrofts and reduced their lead. At Barnes the water was fairly bad to Mortlake; and Cambridge finished 2½ lengths ahead in 20 min. 40 sec., according to Mr. Pitman's *Record of the Boat Race*, which was not bad going for the wind and tide. The *Field* gave 20 min. 14 sec., which was accepted at the time. The mile was 4 min. 15 sec.; Hammersmith 7 min. 40 sec.; Chiswick Church 12 min. 8 sec. Heywood-Lonsdale, our coxswain, had a very hard time to keep out of Cambridge's way and prevent our winning on a foul (which nobody wanted) before we had reached Harrod's. He was afterwards a Master of Hounds, and I have often noticed that good hands on a horse implied good handling of the rudder-lines.

It must not be imagined that I knew all this at the time. Beyond Ampthill's back I can fairly say I saw nothing; and apart from occasional bursts of cheering at the bridges I heard nothing except laboured breathing, the crash of the blades at the beginning, and the rattle in the rowlocks as our hands came away together. Puxley of B.N.C. at bow was known afterwards as "Lot's Wife," because he looked round several times during the race and cheered us up enormously by shouting, "Now we're gaining!" He was much too good a waterman to allow these proceedings to make any difference, but they are not to be commended as a general practice.

The photograph of the crew which I reproduce with natural pride is, in its way, a record of Holland's generous temperament as President. For he put the worst man in the Eight in the middle of the group, and thought no more about it, and there I am to this day. I suppose we have all figured in our time in such records of many a friendly assemblage, and remembered it as little more than a "fortuitous con-

course of atoms." But there would be something deeper in this picture even if it only preserved one crew out of the many Boat Races which are enthusiastically welcomed every year by thousands of Londoners who do not know a single man from either University, or one end of a light boat from the other. They come to look at it, whichever is likely to win, because they realise that this is almost the only sporting event in which all sixteen men will do their best from start to finish, without much caring for the result, and without caring at all what the public thinks. It is rapidly becoming the only event in our Gargantuan calendar of annual sport which is independent of gate-money and never gets any, and therefore can be carried out precisely as the competitors desire without reference to anybody else and without fear of any public criticism ; for the University Boat Race is a private match made by the President of one University Boat Club with the President of the other, under the conditions on which those Presidents have themselves agreed.

The public, grumble as it invariably will at any spectacle to which it is only admitted upon payment, appreciates the independence of the crews as much as it enjoys the unaccustomed space of some seven miles of free seats between Putney and Mortlake. And spectators always enjoy a fair fight, with no favour, between opponents who have gone through some eight weeks of voluntary hardship to prepare themselves for twenty minutes' racing. That is one reason why the Boat Race remains an enormously popular event without doing the least harm to the best spirit of amateur sport which it has so long exemplified.

The welcome spirit of hospitality and admiration which begins at dawn on the Saturday of the race continues throughout London until midnight—and later, or at least it used to do so in my time. The number of invitations to theatres, music-halls, and other entertainments received

by each crew is almost incredible. In 1889, Puxley and I took one of the new S.T. hansoms from our rooms in Putney. We stopped at Bailey's Hotel to tell my mother I was still alive. We drove to the old Westminster Aquarium to see the first flickering cinematograph of the fight between Corbett and Fitzsimmons. We reached a hilarious hotel in Jermyn Street, long since abolished, in time to deck ourselves out for the banquet at the Holborn Restaurant.

I confess I thoroughly enjoyed the dinner, and for nearly a week afterwards we were entertained—it seemed—by everybody. On Monday Augustus Harris gave each crew a huge box in the first tier at Drury Lane. Luckily I was under Puxley's ægis. There was some sort of a pantomime or variety show in progress ; and after about half an hour of decorous applause from our most respectable seats, Puxley announced he was about to explore his surroundings. Just outside our box was a door marked, " No admission."

" This," said Puxley, " is evidently the way to begin."

We passed through a short passage closed by another door on which appeared, in huge letters, " Entrance Forbidden."

" Clearly," said Puxley, " we are on the right track."

He smiled affably at a questioning carpenter, and we stepped lightly but firmly on to the stage. At the moment it was filled with brilliant birds of a large and tropical variety ; behind one of them I hastily withdrew. Bow instantly advanced to the assistance of another, who was vainly endeavouring to move her splendid tail-feathers by means of a tape which extended down her tights towards her ankle. Puxley was relieving her of this strenuous task when an enormous flower in front of them fell suddenly through a slot (prepared for the purpose) into the recesses underneath the stage. The impromptu group instantly became visible to the whole Cambridge crew in the box on the other side, and loud shouts of " Well rowed, Bow ! " rang through the house. I just got him away in

time, and followed him panting up a steep ladder into the unknown heights above. There, upon a platform of restricted size, we found an astonished limelight man directing the coloured rays of his lamp on Harriet Vernon, who was standing at the footlights pouring out a passionate romance in song. Once more Puxley smiled. The hapless limelightman at once surrendered, and in another moment the unconscious Harriet was being flooded from above with green and purple rays revolving on her face and brilliant blue across the rest of her. The gallery almost burst with anger and astonishment; and Puxley led the retreat hastily across the stage to a corner in the sloping wings where Madame Katti Lanner was sitting in a cane-bottomed chair directing the children's ballet which had just fluttered out to greet the audience. For the third time Puxley smiled. The next moment, after whispering with the dear old lady in the chair, he was adjuring the little *danseuses :* "Further forward, Mary! Slightly higher with that leg, Louise! Bend down a little, Nelly!" until Katti Lanner, the infantine ballerinas, the Oxford crew, and most of the audience were in such fits of laughter that we took advantage of our opportunity and fled.

Down a long corridor we hastened, Puxley asking anxiously, at as many doors as he could open, whether Mr. Augustus Harris was within. Finally, we reached a long room at the back, where champagne and sandwiches in vast profusion indicated that we had reached home at last. Just as we were settling down, another door opened.

"Ah!" cried our genial host. "Here is the Missing Link. . . ." Before he could finish the sentence we had all looked round, and Arthur Bourchier, whom most of us had known at Oxford, was greeted with such a roar of cheers and laughter as can rarely have saluted even his successful youth.

"The Missing Link," went on Augustus, unperturbed, "between the Drama and the Universities."

During that extraordinary week we sampled every variety of London. We went to a concert at the Lyric Club, to a prize fight at what was called "The Pelican," to a dance at the Gardenia, to a gala at the Empire, where Urwick, as small as ever but infinitely more determined, was hurled downstairs three times by an infuriated commissionaire because he insisted on rejoining Harold Parsons and myself after he had been warned (I need not say how unjustly) to leave the theatre. He had, however, a magnificent revenge. Having discovered that a large white chalk mark was placed by the official "chucker-out" upon the broad black backs of his victims, the dauntless Urwick proceeded to chalk the fatal signal upon all the most respected backs within his reach, and watched their subsequent tumultuous discomfiture with the greatest glee from a safe corner.

Next term the Wadham Eight went up four places on the river, and having won the College Sculls in what was then supposed to be good time I entered for the University Sculls, won my first heat, and was stopped and nearly swamped in my second by a gig with a pair of Freshmen meandering out of the new cut of the Cherwell. I was never a first-rate sculler, though I loved it and could generally last the course. I remember, in one very hard race, being so done as we passed the Wadham Barge that I thought I should never get another 50 yd., when a terrific outburst of yelling broke out from the bank. I looked round just in time to see my opponent (who was in the first station) fall out of his boat. The bloodthirsty feeling of relief was indescribable. I was practically sculling over his body in the next two seconds, and as they pulled him out (not a bit the worse for going down) I sailed home as happy as if I had never had a race out of me at all. Such are the curious effects of mind on body.

6

In the next October term Parsons, Urwick and I took rooms above Prior's in the Broad, the chemist's shop over which the Indian Institute has now been extended; our windows looking down the Broad, past those broken heads of ancient Greek philosophers, towards the gables of Trinity, were fascinating, and they sheltered a more hardworking trio than had been known in the previous years on No. II staircase in Wadham. For the shadow of Greats was falling fast and deep upon us, and there seemed more of other things to do than ever. I was President of the Olympic Club that term, and Harry Irving was my first guest. In the Broad Street rooms, next February, we had a more extraordinary evening than any College wine club could provide. It happened that a curious Hungarian scholar, by the name of Emil Reich, had just then descended upon Oxford. Some called him a charlatan—others extolled his fiery eloquence. Ladies in hundreds attended the lectures in which he declaimed against the doctrines of Darwinian Evolution. What interested me most was his music. On the evening I particularly recall my mother had come from Wantage to stay with some old friends, and she brought Professor Price's daughter with her famous violin. Emil Reich played the most difficult of her accompaniments without the slightest hesitation. After the ladies had gone he became inspired. Fortified by repeated tumblers of Burgundy, he played most of "Tannhaüser," and followed that up with a series of Hungarian marches that nearly brought the old timbers of the house about our ears. I heard them again, years afterwards, played to Joseph Pulitzer in Paris. But I never again heard such passion as Reich put into them that night.

The next week Parsons and I left Oxford to go down to my mother's house in Wantage and read our *Ethics*, our

Republic, and our history. We wrote interminable essays. We read interminable books. We boxed with each other on the tennis lawn. We raced each other on hirelings up and down the Ridgeway. On the 3rd May, 1890, we went back, and in little more than a month we were toiling through the Examination papers. Three days after they were over I had beaten Parsons in the first heat for the University Sculls. In the next race W. J. Thompson Tertius (an Etonian at Exeter) slipped me easily at the start, and just as I was beginning to gain on him in the last straight I caught my right scull in the weeds, owing to being too near the towpath bank. I should never have won, but I wanted badly to tire him at the finish.

Before Commemoration I went to Sark with Harry Swinburne to read for the viva voce part of my final examination. I must have looked into nearly everything else, in that somewhat feverish fortnight ; but my questions came out of Bacon, and he was the author I had left behind. However, we all at the Scholars' Table got our Second Class in Honours, and Urwick redeemed the reputation of the Triangle Club by securing (though a mere Exhibitioner) the only First the College won that summer, which Parsons put down to his constant companionship with more brilliant intellects.

In the Boat Race of that spring W. A. L. Fletcher rowed his first winning race at Putney. I must take this opportunity of saying something more than has yet been published about one of the most remarkable rowing men of my time.

7

William Alfred Littledale Fletcher lived most of his life at Allerton, and first grew fond of rowing at Pitlochry, where his people had a house for a few years from 1880. He used to row the ferry boat across the Tummel, and caught his first trout in the Black Spout. From Cheam

he went to Eton, first to Rouse's, then Warre's, then Wintle's; he had his House football colours and played for the Oppidans on St. Andrew's Day. But I expect he preferred getting second with Shepherd in the Junior Pulling, winning the Trials next year, and rowing three in the Eight which beat Radley and lost to Pembroke in the Ladies' Plate at Henley in 1888. Though bumped in the Torpids as soon as he went up to Christ Church, he rowed seven in the crew that won both Ladies and Thames for his College at Henley in 1889 and stroked the House Four that autumn, when Kent of Brasenose beat him by a spurt along the Barges. He was the heaviest man to stroke a University crow (13 st.), when he was put in that responsible position in 1890, the year after Muttlebury had rowed the same eight men in the Light Blue crew for two years running; and 1890 gave Oxford the first of a series of victories in which Fletcher won the first four running.[1]

Even if we omit his races at Oxford in Pairs and Fours, and in the Goblets at Henley, some of them very close finishes indeed, there is no doubt that with Tinné, Kindersley, Douglas McLean, and Muttlebury he stood out as one of the best heavy-weights of any generation, though, of course, his form in a boat was not so fine as that of the first two.

But his influence was not confined to practical oarsmanship. He was a first-rate coach as well, and his name will be remembered with those of Dr. Warre at

[1] With him in those crews were Guy Nickalls, R. P. P. Rowe, W. M. Poole, H. B. Cotton, V. Nickalls, and M. C. Pilkington from Magdalen; St. John Hornby, Lord Ampthill, C. M. Pitman, and J. A. Morrison from New College; P. D. Tuckett and H. Legge from Trinity; F. Wilkinson, C. W. Kent, and J. A. Ford from Brasenose; W. A. Hewitt of University, and F. E. Robeson of Merton. In his winning Grand crews of 1891 and 1892 all his Leander comrades had rowed with him for Oxford; and in his third victory for the club in 1893 he had T. G. Lewis, C. T. Fogg-Elliott, W. B. Stewart, and R. O. Kerrison. With Willan, Muttlebury, Cotton, C. M. Pitman, Crum, Philips, and Burnell, Fletcher enjoyed the rare honour of having rowed in four winning crews.

["FIVE, FOUR, THREE, TWO, ONE!"]
THE START OF THE EIGHTS AT OXFORD, 1888
T. A. Cook at stroke, H. G. Parsons at three

Eton, Kitchin at Shrewsbury, and Gilbert Bourne at Oxford. He spoke little, but meant all he said, and if he had once told a man to do something he could not imagine the possibility of its not being done—either in rowing or anything else. He coached the Oxford crews of 1894, 1897, and 1902 to 1906 inclusive; but he will be even better remembered for coaching the Cambridge crews of 1898 and 1899. His second Cambridge crew (which won) had only three new men in the bows when it won again in 1900, with one of the finest eights either University has ever produced, and accomplished a record over the course which was only then equalled by Fletcher's own time, and could have easily beaten it had it been necessary. The bronze by George Drinkwater set up to his memory in the Oxford University Boathouse, "by rowing men of both Universities," constitutes a tribute which is to the best of my belief unique.

Fletcher's influence was felt by old as well as young: to Dr. Warre at Eton and to Dr. Paget at Christ Church he successfully made intercession for erring youth. In rowing he did even more. He thought no trouble too great to make a new-comer understand, and every detail that constitutes good rowing and good watermanship was conscientiously explained and exemplified to every man in the boat. He invented a rigger which combined the solidity of the fixed thowl with the elasticity of the swivel. The jointed foot-rule he made in order to set the work right all through the crew is still in valued and daily use. There was nothing of that sort he could not do when he tried, and Bradshaw is the only other man I know who knew as much.

Dr. Gilbert Bourne, whose wonderful *Textbook of Oarsmanship* is by far the finest work ever published on the subject, because he combines the first-rate rowing of his youth with the high scientific attainments of his maturity, has pointed out the value (in Fletcher and others) of the

right use of that big muscle, spreading from beneath the shoulders in two triangles to the lower backbone, which is called *latissimus dorsi*. It pulls back the upper arms and draws the elbows past the sides, because it extends from the thick muscular mass which forms the posterior wall of the armpit into a flat tendon on the upper armbone about 3 in. below the shoulder joint. It was with this that Fletcher obtained the sustained and powerful finish which characterised his rowing. Whether consciously or not, Fletcher always keenly emphasized the value of this strong and long and steady finish in every crew he taught. He recorded his observations and experiments for many years with many different crews, and those records have most fortunately been preserved by Dr. Bourne. Fletcher found that oars 12 ft. 6 in. overall, buttoned at 3 ft. 8½ in. or 3 ft. 9 in., with a narrow blade of 5½ in. or less, were much faster than any shorter oar, provided the crew were strong enough to use them. Second to these he placed oars 11 ft. 10 in. long overall, buttoned at 3 ft. 7 in., with 6½-in. blades. Dr. Bourne's own experiments confirm this, with the exception that he prefers (for the shorter type) 12-ft. overall, with 3 ft. 7 in. inboard, and a 6-in. blade, when the thwartship distance from the centre of the seat to the centre of the sill of the rowlock (often wrongly called " leverage ") is 31 in. Fletcher found that a 12 ft. 1 in. oar, 3 ft. 7 in. inboard, with a 6-in. blade, was fast when this thwartship distance was 31 in., and slow when it was 29½ in. Dr. Bourne agrees with this, because when the measurement was 29½ in. the pull became weak just where it should have remained strong, and because the hands were disadvantageously placed for smart recovery. Such details are of the highest value.

But Fletcher was a good deal more than a great oar. He loved his weeks of stalking with Sir Peter Walker in Scotland ; and he generally met other rowing friends for

the last fortnight, the cream of the game, with Sir John Edwards-Moss ; and something else that was in him came out very strongly in those exploring expeditions of which he was so fond. He went to the Altai Mountains, south of Tomsk in Siberia, after Ovis Ammon, ibex, and roedeer ; but as his companion, the late Henry Elwes, was fonder of trees and butterflies than of big game, he cannot have done as well as he wished. With one of the Ismays he went to Nairobi and Kenya, and on one occasion, with nothing but a small-bore rifle, he cantered into a group of nine lions—" a crew and a coxswain," as Dr. Warre observed when he was told about it. With his relatives the Littledales he went to Tibet and told us afterwards—though he never told anything about himself till it was dragged out of him—how a deputation came out one day from Lhasa to say " the Englishmen were not to go any further." As he and St. George Littledale were alone with his aunt, Mrs. Littledale, who was very ill, with only a small escort, they determined to say nothing and go slowly forward. " But," he wrote, " the deputation hid themselves behind rocks with rifles, so we sat down to breakfast and then went home."

This is far too reticent and abbreviated an account of the incident. The adventurous expedition of which it formed a part has most fortunately been described by the " caravan-leader," a Mohammedan from Ladak, called Rassül Galwan, who showed the greatest resourcefulness and devotion throughout a journey which won St. George Littledale the Gold Medal of the Royal Geographical Society. Accompanied by his wife, Fletcher and the famous fox-terrier " Tanny," who was also honoured by the Society with a silver collar, Littledale penetrated into Tibet from the north, in 1895, and succeeded in getting within forty-three miles of Lhasa before the hostile inhabitants were able to stop him. The return journey to Ladak, westward, was

through country never before traversed by Europeans, through Rudok to Leh, part of the west extremity of that great mountainous plateau behind the Himalayas. He joined the party at Kashgar ; after helping Littledale to teach the three sepoys to shoot, between Nia and Cherchen, he began teaching Rassül English.

They started from Cherchen just when the apricot flowers were at the loveliest of their two-days' existence. Fletcher and Littledale continually walked, so that their men could take half an hour's rest each on one of the ponies. They all shared equally in the food, and one day Fletcher caught Mula Shah robbing the flour-bags. It did not happen again. Sometimes they had a shot at yak or bear. But by degrees they got near enough to Lhasa to make it important to conceal their movements, and gradually the difficulties of the march grew more and more. The sepoys, who had always been used to marching straight forward with their Sahib, could not understand why Littledale and Fletcher used to scout ahead, at this time ; and, if they saw a tent in the distance, take every care to get past unseen, either by marching round or by travelling at night. It was essential not to be stopped, if possible before Lhasa, and with any reasonable start they were always safe, for their corn-fed ponies invariably beat the little grass-fed beasts of the Tibetans. At length, in a valley beneath the hills, Rassül records " there were all the army sitting round us and were holding all their guns towards us. . . . Now Mr. Littledale kept the passport of Chinese on his chest and said, 'If you people shoot, then shoot on the passport ; we have come here by this passport order. But we have not come for a battle. If you people wanted to make war with us does not matter. Here we have thirteen men only. But our Kingdom of India is a great place.' "

A written promise not to enter Lhasa was given by Littledale and Rassül jointly, whereupon the " army "

joyfully advanced to inspect the travellers more closely, and were shown such marvels as telescope-glasses, waterproofs, photographs, and other matters. The little English party then crossed the Pass, which was 19,587 ft. high, in shocking weather, with heavy snow and ice among the rocks and glaciers. It must be remembered throughout that while Fletcher was only twenty-five and in his prime, his uncle, though very fit, was twenty years older ; and Littledale (who, with his wife, is perfectly well to-day) has expressed the opinion that for the final feat of Everest men not older than twenty-five should be picked, taught, acclimatised at 16,000 ft., and the best of these gradually selected—all of which would cost money but might ensure success.

When the Littledales had descended the other side of their Pass, they prolonged negotiations by constantly insisting on higher and higher dignitaries being sent out with messages from Lhasa. The present in gold, which Littledale had got ready for the official strong enough to see them through, could never be given even when the highest had arrived, because the Tibetans would never leave their compatriot alone with the Englishman. Even so, it might have been possible to spin out delays until the blocking of the passes behind them with snow had made return impossible. But this was not to be. When a " Mirpundtungaur " arrived, the palaver went on through days of steady rain and snow which broke down Fletcher's tent-pole, and Mrs. Littledale began what eventually developed into a very serious illness. So Littledale sent a letter to the Dalai Lama, offering presents if he might be allowed to go to Darjeeling. However, the Tibetans stood firm in their refusals, and finally the English turned back, put Mrs. Littledale in a rough sedan-chair, and recrossed the Goring Pass.

When the South African War broke out, at a period

when many of us at home were without sufficient information to understand the many surrenders which were taking place, we were all suddenly cheered up by news of Lieutenant Fletcher at Hamelfontein. On December 17 he was in command of twenty men of the 32nd Company Imperial Yeomanry (Lancashire Hussars), two of Nesbitt's Horse, and nine Grenadier Guardsmen, a miscellaneous force responsible for the safety of a valuable depot of rations about twenty miles from Colesberg. The patrol he sent out very early in the morning never came back. At half-past ten the Boers[1] made a strong attack, when Fletcher was half a mile away from camp. He ran back, rushed the men to their stations, sent off reinforcements to an outlying picket, and galloped off to them himself some hundred yards under fire. Luckily he never got there, for when his horse had been shot under him he reached a small kopje in time to see them smothered by the enemy's advance and a man captured who had run to their assistance. One of the men he had left was wounded, but Fletcher disposed his twenty-three rifles to repel the attack. Another named Stevenson volunteered to run the gauntlet and get help. He raced pluckily through the zone of fire only to ride straight into the Boer reinforcements, which now

[1] I have been privileged to read copies of the correspondence of that day made by Fletcher's mother. It runs as follows :

(1) The Offr. or person in Command. Sir. You are hereby requested to surrender unconditionally, by refusal we will continue firing on your men as you know you are altogether surrounded. Kapt.L. B. Wessels, 17 Dec., 1900. *Reply. I beg to acknowledge the receipt of your note. I have been put in charge here and will remain in charge until I receive orders to give up the house.* W. A. L. Fletcher.

(2) Officer in Command. Are you still determined to keep on fighting —it now only means a matter of losing more brave men—it is useless your fighting any more as I have just got some reinforcements and also sent for two cannons. I am sending one of your men with report and will give you five minutes time to decide. Yrs. etc., L. B. Wessels, Captain, 17/12/00. P.S. Your despatch-rider also raced into our lager so it is no use you waiting for reinforcements. *No Reply.*

began to come up and close in upon every commanding kopje round the little camp.

By slow degrees Fletcher and his twenty-two men, reduced gradually to only sixteen, were driven back from their outlying kopjes to the sluits, and from the sluits to the irrigation ditches. The enemy had gradually increased to between 200 and 250, and twice they sent in to demand surrender, mentioning something about cannon the second time. Fletcher refused; and all his men stood by him though the foe had got to within 15 yd., and a rush was momentarily expected. But it never came. For eleven and a half hours the fight went on. At last each man took a room to himself, barricaded every door, and waited at the window with fixed bayonets. A desperate and heavy rowing-man at a window with a bayonet is not a pleasant thing to face, and the enemy preferred the cover of the sluits and bushes. At last the Boers sent in to ask if a couple of their wounded would be admitted. Fletcher took them in, but their hurts were mortal. By the morning the discouraged enemy had disappeared, carrying off the rest of their wounded and leaving two dead upon the field.

"They could not last the course," he wrote home to Sir John Edwards-Moss in England. Nor was Hamelfontein the only scene where his courage had (officially) been recognised. At Kheis, near Uppington, his commanding officer can still tell you why the Brigade called him "the Admiral of the Orange River." After a hot engagement the wounded were all on the wrong side of the stream. "Flea," as he was always known to his friends, found a big old boat, patched her up, made himself sculls of sorts, and took all the wounded across the river, very deep and swift at that place, single-handed. I doubt if anyone else could have done it.

He was mentioned in despatches by Lord Kitchener (May, 1901) and Lord Roberts (September, 1901), and

retired with the D.S.O. (October, 1901), the Queen's medal (two clasps), and the rank of Hon. Lieutenant in the Army on the termination of that war.[1]

As soon as the Great War started Fletcher went into the force which guarded the Liverpool Docks, but quickly passed on to the 2/6th (Rifle) Battalion the King's (Liverpool) Regiment, as Adjutant, being promoted Captain, and the history of that battalion, written by Capt. C. E. Wurtzburg, M.C., in 1920, was dedicated to his memory and that of his fallen comrades. He took command in August, 1915, at Canterbury. After a long period of hard training in different camps all over England, the battalion landed in France in February, 1917, and took over their allotted position in the line at Strazeele; the description of Colonel Fletcher and Major Geddes crawling about No Man's Land and discovering German secrets during that May is capitally written in the book I have just mentioned. On one occasion at least his life was saved by a magnificent hunter given him by St. George Littledale, who had bred and trained him. Fletcher, rather against rules perhaps, was out scouting, when he found himself attacked on the German side of the barbed wire. The hunter took it gallantly and brought his heavy-weight rider home safe, but was so cut to pieces that he had afterwards to be destroyed.

[1] It was in the interval at home which followed the Boer War that Fletcher probably exerted the greatest influence upon the art and life of rowing; for among the Oxford men he coached in the University crews between 1894 and 1906 are to be found such names as W. E. Crum, J. J. de Knoop, G. O. C. Edwards, C. K. Philips, J. Younger, A. de L. Long, G. M. A. Graham, and J. Dewar of New College; E. G. Tew, C. D. Burnell, R. Carr, H. G. Gold, and C. A. Willis of Magdalen; H. R. K. Pechell, and P. C. Underhill of Brasenose; G. C. Drinkwater of Wadham; D. Milburn (the famous polo-player) and J. G. Milburn of Lincoln; H. W. Adams, F. O. J. Huntley, E. G. Monier-Williams, A. R. Balfour, and E. P. Evans of University; A. K. Graham, H. M. Farrer, and L. E. Jones of Balliol; T. G. Brocklebank of Trinity; H. W. Jelf and E. C. T. Warner of Christ Church; F. T. H. Eyre of Keble; A. C. Bucknill and L. P. Stedall of Merton; and C. H. Illingworth of Pembroke.

In July came a terrific gas attack from the Germans on Armentières and the Houplines road. Colonel Fletcher searched the town from one end to the other, trying to relieve the inhabitants and help his own men. His casualties were fearful, and included the whole of two companies except one officer and one man. Many died long afterwards (as did Fletcher himself) from the effects of the mustard gas. Four hundred and forty were incapacitated on the spot. It was only the second time this horrible form of poison had been used, and nothing like the precautions afterwards available had yet been thought of. The battalion, reorganised, passed on to Passchendaele, and by September 11 Colonel Fletcher returned from hospital. By December they were in a peculiarly uninviting part of the line near Houthulst Forest. They began the New Year (and the last of the war) at Armentières again. They went through the terrible six months that followed with honour and credit. "In July," writes Capt. Wurtzburg, "Colonel Fletcher relinquished command of the battalion at his own request. . . . Since his breakdown during the first tour in Gommecourt he had never been able fully to recover his old vitality, and, ever mindful of his battalion, chose to give up command rather than risk disaster to his boys by his breaking down during active operations. Few beyond his intimate friends know what it cost him to ask to be relieved, not from any sense of personal pride, but from his intense love of his battalion."

I was in a nursing home in the South of England, a temporary victim to a mild attack of that virulent influenza of 1919, which claimed more victims all over the world than even the calculated devastation of the War itself, when I heard of Fletcher's sudden death. He was within a few months of his fiftieth birthday, and his lungs, more deeply injured than we knew by the dreadful gas attacks, had suddenly succumbed to the plague that slew so many

hale and younger men. Yet almost the last time I saw him he was getting out of a light Eight at Henley in July, 1918, after a short row in a scratch crew, with Cherry Pitman at stroke, over the course on which his name will never be forgotten.

8

There stands in Wadham College Chapel the epitaph of one of the most brilliant, versatile and courageous men who ever gave their lives for the advancement of their country, and died before their true worth had been appreciated by any save their closest friends. The best classical scholar of his year at Wadham, where we began our life at Oxford on the same day, Harold Parsons was a blue-eyed, simple-hearted gipsy student, as ready for a duel as a dinner, for a keen philosophical disputation as for a traveller's tale, for a bumping race as for an essay. In the College Sculls we raced each other blind every summer, and each won them twice. In the College Eight he was the best seven a stroke could wish, and to his sterling qualities of hard work he added more true watermanship than most of the men who got their Blue from Eton or Radley. But he had not been to an English public school. Though he was English born (at Blackheath on March 8, 1867), and, it would not be incorrect to say, English bred, he went, at thirteen, to the Melbourne Grammar School, which he left easily head of the school in work and play, with the Argus Prize for English Essay, published by request (when he was only sixteen) in the *Melbourne Review*. It was a plea for Imperial Federation ; and as a prophecy of what he was afterwards to do, it had a value which was evident later on.

It was one of his chief distinctions that he could not only do things, but wrote about them too.

He was still in Oxford when he wrote an article for W. E. Henley's *National Observer*, which smote the Cobdenists

Elliott &

HAROLD G. PARSONS

hip and thigh and attacked their whole doctrine more than a decade before the Manchester school had even begun to lose its old supremacy. His views on men and things were tinctured with that mature experience which was his, so that his writing seemed the work of a much older man, so far as its conclusions went, while his style was instinct with the sure strength of untarnished physical powers, with that innate sense of phrasing and of words which saved him all the labour of apprenticeship, and produced the writer even in the undergraduate. His power with his pen was sufficiently evidenced during the years, soon after his degree, which he spent in London, chiefly under Henley's influence : a welcome member of the band which counted many a future celebrity under the same banner—Kipling, Stevenson, Thomas Hardy, Swinburne, Barrie, George Curzon, Gilbert Parker, George Wyndham, Harold Frederic, Stéphane Mallarmé, Marriott-Watson, and many more. Of them all, none upheld the creed of Toryism so bravely, none belaboured the Whig or detested the new Radical so whole-heartedly as did the new recruit from Oxford.

London was not long to hold, nor Literature alone to claim, the writer of the brilliant essays which delighted every reader who could appreciate light-hearted youth. But even those few pages were an indication of the personality that went out of English journalism when Harold Parsons was called to the Bar and promptly sailed for West Australia.

West Australia did not wholly please him at first, though by all his family tradition he felt himself Australian ; and for a year or two he wrote unhappy letters—letters, that is to say, which began unhappily, but always sounded the old bugle-note of confidence before the end.

" When I came to Perth three months ago (he wrote) I attacked fortune with a fury which would have made all the difference in London, if only I could have waked myself up in time. I dressed, visited, dined, attended *levées,* and

wrote letters to every man with a bank account or a pen whom I knew in Europe or America. Withal I knew something of Australia, and I was resolved not to go the ordinary way, of the 'new chum' or 'remittance man,' as the phrase goes here."

In December, 1894, I had a letter from him, headed, "Hannan's Find, East Coolgardie Goldfield." He was doing fairly well in the law, and winning cases, and with them a reputation.

"It is very hot and dusty here, but we are fairly comfortable, four of us, Oxford men, including the Warden. I am very weak with dysentery. I have a camel man with his beast camped day and night beside my house, waiting to go out to new finds for me and certain others. It is all a fever of excitement and discomfort. What a curious thing it is! I have struck many friends of a sort. But those three or four years with you and Aramis[1] at Oxford were the best."

In 1895 he went to Kalgoorlie. At the second municipal election held in the new township Harold Parsons was elected Mayor. The total municipal revenue was about £16,500. When his year of office had elapsed the revenue was doubled, and the rateable value of property had become £117,463. He soon made a rapid visit to London, full of business connected with mining, fighting various lawsuits, and with every legitimate prospect of realising a quarter of a million sterling. The little triangle of friends, who made a point of meeting whenever one of their number returned from journeyings abroad, had a jovial dinner on that occasion, and nuggets of all shapes and sizes abounded at dessert, to prove to us that he had "struck it rich."

[1] Urwick.

But romance was only just beginning. He returned to lay out streets and squares, to watch over the growth of public buildings, to found the Kalgoorlie Chamber of Mines, of which he became first President, to sit in the Upper House at Perth, of which he became first President, to become a member of the Legislative Council of West Australia. He brought back a wife. And then a slow and relentless tragedy seemed about to unfold. She died in England ; and as we came back from her funeral I learnt that he had lost his fortune too. He would only have deplored that had anyone he loved been hopelessly involved in his misfortunes. But during the few weeks he stayed with me, at this crisis of his fate, he gradually took up his life again in his strong hands and shook himself out of the lethargy that had very naturally menaced him. He had valued money only for the power it gave. He had been unable to hold his own against those whose trade it was to make it and love it for itself. The war had not long broken out in South Africa, and he determined at once to offer his services at the front. Action was his best remedy ; then as ever.

Fortunately, I have many letters both from himself and those who saw him at this time in South Africa, where he was known, characteristically enough, as "The Padre." His main characteristic was intense pride in his own troop, and keen personal interest in any man under his command who was worth his salt. As a brother-officer he was a splendid comrade. Many a time over the dinner-table after an exhausting day's work he would drive away his companions' depression and fatigue by his exhaustless vitality, his unending sense of humour, his infectious merriment. The one thing that rankled in his cheery soul was being regarded—"for the first time in my life"—as an elderly person.

Suddenly came bad news. After a few weeks of great

anxiety I had a letter from hospital: "I'm hit at last; but a long way from dead yet." He had been shot in the shoulder and lung, just above the heart, at Tweefontein.

He made apparently a good recovery, but there is no doubt that his heart had suffered in some obscure way, and that his death was hastened by the wound he received in De Wet's last success. Before the war ended he was out on duty again, as keen as ever, and writing long letters about blockhouses and commissariat, interlarded with abstruse details on the art of cooking, to serve as memoranda for a volume he intended to devote to that subject on his return. Many curious and entertaining notes for it are in my possession now.

In the end he left South Africa with the medal and five clasps, being picked out as one of the officers to sail in the *Bavarian* with the representative troops for the Coronation. Owing to the postponement of that function it happened that these very men, who had been picked out for their good record, fared worse than many of their comrades, but as soon as he returned to London he threw himself heart and soul into Imperial politics.

In *Blackwood's* for November, 1899, an article had appeared from his pen on "The new Australian Commonwealth and the Privy Council." It attracted wide attention, for he was the first non-official writer definitely to warn the public, both here and in Australia, of the constitutional dangers of the Commonwealth Bill as it was first drafted. "It is a very able statement of the case," wrote one in high authority, and well capable of judging; "it expresses the argument clearly; and it will stand as the history of the question at issue." He followed it up with letters and articles in well-nigh every newspaper. The difficult task of rousing Englishmen to appreciate any detail of their constitution, or to consider the welfare of any of their Colonies, was at length accomplished. Clause 74 in the Common-

wealth Bill reads as it does owing to the repeated expositions made by Harold Parsons of the danger involved in denying to Australia the appeal to the Privy Council. He did not wholly succeed: but the High Court of the Empire was practically established when he achieved the victory of preserving the appeal for all Australian citizens in all matters except constitutional questions of domestic interest.

It was in putting into practice these theories of work and government on which he had written so much, that Harold Parsons spent the last two years of his life. He died in the service of that Empire which claimed the best of him, and which he knew and loved so well.

9

Among older men at Oxford, my closest friend, after Ray Lankester, was York Powell of Christ Church, whose influence upon me and others may be measured by the gap his death has left in a great University, in the scholarship of national research, in the wide world's small stock of kindly and courageous optimism; and perhaps some slight record of him may be welcome to the many who knew his name, to those, more numerous still, who are the better for his life, though they knew nothing of their benefactor.

Frederick York Powell, who died at fifty-four, was one of those men who seemed to have been admitted, as it were, into the secrets of a larger universe that asked his approbation of her works and her variety. Firm set on the broad shoulders that had won him many a battle in the ring, his well-poised head looked out upon the world without dismay, and saw that it was good. His eyes, dark, deep, and brilliant, wondrously kind in their expression, shone not with reflected radiance, but as though some strong light were aglow behind them. Thick set, with the wide-wrapped rolling gait of the seafaring man, that cheery figure moved

along the High, or made incursions into London streets, or stamped, alight with plangent happiness, across the sand-hills of his favourite seaport. To walk with him through Town was to be at adventure with Haroun al Raschid through enchanted cities questing for treasure, tracking down strange sights and outland memories. To the tune of "Reuben Ranzo," rumbled lustily without a note in tune, we would swing from door to door; for he loved a chantey above all other songs, and never shall the day be forgotten when "The Ballad of Bolivar," just published in an evening paper, was read out by that strong, musical voice in a carriage of the Underground, while the tunnels thundered past us like the seas of the Atlantic that battered on her breaking decks.

All this flavour of the brine was no luxurious yachtsman's affectation. It was the nature of the man, who lived in dusty streets, and brought to them the scent and sound of all the open seas he loved as well as any Viking. To stay the night with him in College was a revelation. Your bed itself would probably be full of books, the bath be brimming with Icelandic chronicles and Saxon treatises, the wardrobe choked with weapons, walking-sticks, and maps. His servant, happy in that historic chaos, would hastily appear at every moment, bringing up fresh forms of food and drink, hunting for cap and gown, waiting interminably for a delayed reply, struggling to be decorous in his rough affection. That strange figure, too, has gone these many years. Upon the mantelpiece was the first Rodin that ever came—with one for Henley—across the Channel—the man with the broken nose. Beside it was Williamson's picture of the young Valkyrie, her long hair glowing in the dappled sunshine beneath a leafy branch. Just round the corner were some mystic fantasies by Blake; beyond them an engraving by Legros. That the central figure of this affectionate and scholarly disorder has himself for ever

vanished—this is the incredible to all who wander past the ancient elms that shaded his corner windows on the great walk that looks down upon the Thames.

But Frederick York Powell was not only the Rugby boy, the boxer, the lover of good swordmanship, who befriended the young undergraduate, the struggling journalist, the hard-worked Londoner. He was student of Christ Church, Fellow of Oriel, and Regius Professor of Modern History at Oxford for ten years. He held a great part in his university and he held it worthily. To know him was to bow to all the great ones of the centuries he knew. To hear him speak of them was little less than listening to their measured phrases, as they communed, those mighty masters of the past, with the kindred soul they recognised above the dust and squalor of our lesser day. Himself a rock amid the changing tides of circumstance and storm, he held fast to the truths he knew, to the loyalty and generous trust that was his breath of life. Yet he was never conscious of that high endeavour ; never asserted that himself was worthy. Though he was ready to speak with any man, there was never one but learnt something from him, never one returned without giving of his best, without a braver hope, a nobler sense of possible achievement.

10

At a recent Wadham Gaudy at which I had the honour to be placed at High Table, I sat between Frederic Harrison and Sir Thomas Jackson. Like other friends I have tried in this chapter to commemorate, they, too, have passed away, and they were worthy and venerable representatives of a great association. At the last of these formal and delightful gatherings I had to speak in Hall after Sir John Simon, one of the most difficult things I ever had to do ; and it happens that during the years I was at Oxford (and I stayed there some little time after my degree, lecturing

with Morris of Jesus, and taking private pupils of my own), there was a vintage crop of famous men who are still with us. Among them are Lord Birkenhead, Sir John Simon, Judge Roche, Judge Acton, H. M. Giveen, and C. B. Fry. I need say nothing of them here for they are telling their own story in the world to-day. But I shall be forgiven by the first, and perhaps the most brilliant of them all, if I record here one characteristic feat which should not be omitted by the more serious biographer of the future. This was Lord Birkenhead's race round Tom Quad one fine May evening in 1920 when he and W. R. Milligan (still fit and fast and one of the best runners of his day) were dining with a Don at Christ Church.

The Lord Chancellor remarked during dessert that he was still fairly active, and, for example, would be willing to wager 3 to 1 in fivers that he would run four times round Tom Quad (which must be quite a mile in all) before Milligan could run eight. Despite Milligan's unselfish financial advice both his host and another Don took the bet. The competitors ran as they were, in short dinner-jackets and light dancing-pumps, and the Lord Chancellor carried the extra weight of a large red buttonhole. The Senior Common Room came out as one man to see the sport. Lord Birkenhead evidently took it seriously, for he had a man to pace him as he ran on the long stretches of stone above the gravel path. They started at half-past ten. Milligan strode out, like the thoroughbred he is, but just as he was finishing his sixth lap he was told not to hurry as the elder guest had won. He was probably quite glad to stop, for his pumps had repeatedly come off and his feet must have hurt him considerably. But he had the consolation of knowing that he had done 1½ miles to his opponent's mile, and that no other undergraduate is likely to be beaten in a fairly long foot race by the Lord Chancellor of England.

The victory was well deserved, and the astonished

interest of the students who came into Tom Quad while the race was in progress may be easily imagined. To make certain of winning Milligan would have had to get to a yard beyond a quarter of a mile in the first lap (if we take each circuit to be 440 yd.), while Lord Birkenhead only did 220 yd., and the younger man would have had to keep at least that proportion of superiority over twice the distance which his elder had to complete. It reminds me of the famous dilemma of Achilles and the tortoise ; and very likely that ancient problem was not absent from the precedents in the Lord Chancellor's fertile brain when the bet was made. But it does not diminish the excellence of his performance even for those who remember that he had been in the first flight across-country ever since he began hunting in Lancashire and Cheshire in his first years at the Bar ; and he is still a better lawn-tennis player than most men of fifty-four. Nothing seems ever to break the strength of mind or body in that tall commanding figure, with the dark and powerful features of a face framed by nature to excel. He has himself left his impressions of his first days when he tried for those same scholarships at Trinity and Wadham for which I had entered a few years before him, and in which we each were allotted the last place on the list in our respective years.

" I saw Trinity first," he writes, " and then I passed along the Broad to that grey and perfect façade which has remained unaltered since the enlightened and splendid bounty of Nicholas and Dorothy Wadham dedicated a noble building for the education of students from the West of England. I passed into that quadrangle which has undergone no change, save where time has mellowed it, since a divine architect gave expression to his genius in terms of stone ; and advancing through the quadrangle towards the chapel, I turned, left-handed, into the most beautiful garden in Oxford, walked to the old cedar tree,

which alas ! has since perished, then turned round and saw, radiant in the moonlight, the grey, almost white, outlines of the chapel and the long line of ancient gables which make, whether you see it by day or whether you see it by night, the most enchanting spectacle which Oxford can afford. The haunting beauty of that winter scene determined my choice in one swift moment. . . . I shall all my life rejoice that I chose Wadham. . . ." And so shall I.

II

It is not always good to rake up the ashes of one's youth. But a man who puts off taking his M.A. till late and yet makes up his mind to take it after all, is not too far gone in years or ignorance to be likely to falsify a reasonable expectation of amusement. So in the summer of 1901 (it must have been) I ventured to return to Wadham on the evening before Degree Day ; and proceedings, of course, began with dinner in Hall, where I fared sumptuously at High Table. Well-remembered loving-cups graced the centre of the board. Faces, no less memorable, smiled at the same old kindly jests. Below, the Eight fed uproariously upon every forbidden thing which the fertile fancy of the College cook could discover ; for the training of three weary weeks was over, and the last night of the May races had arrived. At length the Dons filed out, each carrying his napkin—the old hands waving it openly as the signal for triumphant onslaught on dessert ; the guests holding it with a milder gesture, as of some flag of truce on entering a hostile country ; yet confidently too—for Fate is surely powerless against the dining Don.

We discussed the port with decorous appreciation upstairs, till a succession of shrill plaudits were wafted upwards from the Quad. It was the Eight toasting itself separately and individually, assisted by the rest of College. The guest

grew restive in his chair. Those cheers stirred his blood even deeper than the '72. I rose stealthily from the mahogany and crept downstairs to see the old ceremony once more. The Cup alone was worth a visit. For it is of massive silver fashioned in the likeness of a water-lily, and upon its ample sides are written the names of those eight heroes who won the only "Grand" that ever Wadham won at Henley.

As I looked on, the vanity of literary and political ambitions struck me with a force unknown before. Almost unconsciously I was on the steps before Hall in another moment, and shouting with the rest. Without waiting for the direction of my will, my legs then moved instinctively in the path the crowd had taken; and it seemed quite natural to find the Sub-Warden at my side.

The rowing men gathered, with some ceremonious politeness to their elder visitors, in a ground-floor room, the same old Junior Common Room. Two faultlessly attired and admirably behaved young gentlemen sat to right and left of the Sub-warden. I was conducted to the nearest chair, and the captain of the boats began to carve the pine-apple. Slightly discordant sounds arose at this moment from the corner in which a piano had deftly been inserted, with a view to future harmony; and it appeared that the coxswain had been anxious to see that "all her stretchers were sound" before the performer sat down. He was swiftly conducted to his apartment by Number Five, and the Sub-warden once more rose, amid appreciative rapping on the tables, to propose the health of the College.

They might not have much to boast about (cries of "Question!"), but he was sure the Eight had done their best (Loud cheers, "For they are jolly good fell . . ." "Order, order." "Let him get on . . ." "Good old Plato!" "ORDER".) The Eight had made a Bump.

(Great applause.) Casuists might argue that they had gone down two places. But mathematics had no charm for him. He left that to Cambridge. He was content to think that the Eight had made a Bump—("For they are jol . . ." "*Silence!*")—and when he remembered the scholars who might have been in the Eight and were now in South Africa (loud cries of "Down with Kruger. . . . Britons never nev . . ." "ORDER!") he felt that the College was doing its duty as it always did. ("Socrates for ever!" . . . "Turn him out." "Pour it down his back. . . . Don't let him sit on the pieces"—and much uproar.) He should like to add that though General Roberts had not yet mentioned any of the eleven Wadham men by name, eleven out of ninety-nine undergraduates was not bad; and he felt sure that at least one of them was being reserved for one of those high posts about which the public were, of course, told nothing. He, therefore, came there that night with the greatest pleasure and . . . (Great cheering amid which the Sub-warden sat down smiling).

Without an instant's pause the piano then began an interlude, unknown to me, but accepted with great hilarity as "something out of the 'Rose of Persia'" by the rest of the company. Towards the close of the solo, a gentleman, who had hitherto been supposed to be assisting the pianist in the more pathetic portions of the chorus, suddenly sat down on the nearest plate of preserved ginger, and groaned aloud. Pressed to explain, he asserted that he had brought a guest from another College to join in these convivial proceedings, and, in spite of every effort, had been entirely unable to find him since the last time the port had gone round. Order was happily restored when the guest was picked out of the fragments of the decanter, hastily brushed, and placed in an upright position near the window.

The Captain of the Boat then rose. The Eight had done

TOM TIMS, O.U.B.C. BOATMAN. 1889

their best. (Great applause.) This he would say—(" Keep it long, old man! . . . don't bucket. . . . Now, then, give him a chance . . .")—a better crew he never wished a captain to have. (Cheers.) They need not think he meant they were such good oars. (" No! No! ") He believed they knew that was not his opinion, expressed in such language as he had, but a more willing crew—this he would say—he never wished a captain to have. They had made a Bump. (Prolonged applause.) That was more than some crews had done. (" Well rowed, Five! ") He was told they had been bumped ; well, at all events, they were not bumped six times, as some crews were with Blues in them. (Loud cheers.) This he would say—(" Swing it out, Five! ")—if he had had some of the men in the boat who were now engaged in chasing Kruger—(" Good old Bobs! . . . Stick to it, Five! . . . Now, Five! ")—he would have made six bumps instead of one. Those gallant men—(hear, hear)—had preferred to bump the Boers. (" Gawd Save our Gra . . . Three cheers for the Oxfordshire Mounted Marines! . . . Keep it long, Five! . . .") The College had a distinguished guest that night. This he would say. . . . He then proposed my very good health.

The guest arose and thanked them for the very kind way in which they had drunk his health. (" For he's a jol . . . Give him air, there . . . hold his head up. . . . I tell you he's sitting on it. . . . Outside! ") He was proud to spend the last night on which he was amenable to the authority of the proctors—(" Cheers for the Proggins! . . . Here's how! . . . Name and college! ")—in the society of his dear old College. He remembered it all. He wished he had never left it. When he thought that they would be going to lecture next term with men who had been under fire, he wished he was back again. He feared he must go now. He would only, therefore, thank them for the very kind

way in which they had received the toast. Prolonged cheers, during which the coxswain was extracted from the bowels of the pianoforte, into which he had once more clandestinely introduced himself under a mistaken sense of duty.

CHAPTER IV

THE OUTSIDE WORLD

"Let's then some voyage take in hand
To get us means by sea or land;
Come follow me, my boys, come follow me,
And if thou die, I'll die with thee."—OLD SONG.

LIFE at Oxford is the very curious mixture of a cloistered but extremely pleasant microcosm and sudden glimpses of a bigger world outside. In duration these arbitrary divisions of existence must always be very nearly of the same length; but, in fact, the glimpses of "Outside" increase in size and in importance so rapidly, towards the end of the fourth year, that I was perfectly ready to do anything and go anywhere by the summer of 1890. I grew up very slowly. I am not sure that I am "grown up" yet. Life lay before us like a pleasant new acquaintance. We had not even begun to hope, like Goldsmith, that it might be an old friend as we advanced in years. It seemed too short, already, to waste any of it in idle deliberations on how it should be spent. "*Labitur et labetur.*" We were happy in what was near our slender stream. The echoes of the greater rivers moved us very little. So far as I can recall the incidents of general interest which most impressed us up to that date, they were the accession of Kaiser Wilhelm; the Jubilee Procession of 1887 in London; the Parnell Commission—as to which we all thought, with deep wisdom, that *The Times* had originally gone much too far with Pigott; the Whitechapel Murders, concerning which a mathematical friend determined to apply the Wheatstone or Babbage system of probabilities,

as to the mean centre of common radii converging on a certain spot—but he seems to have been quite useless to Scotland Yard.

Lastly, I remember, for some reason, our excitement when General Boulanger was struck off the Roll of the French Army. There is an interesting thing about his famous duel with Floquet, an elderly gentleman who knew very little about fencing, but was firmly determined to face the famous fire-eater with swords. It was impossible to learn much in twenty-four hours, and it was equally dangerous to practice very long, or he would have been too stiff to fight the next morning. So his *maître d'armes*, being as sensible as he was clever, determined to make sure of one thing only. "The moment the General moves his sword—he is sure to attack at once—straighten your right arm and let your sword point come straight out in front of you. If you have time, look at the apple of his throat just above your thumb ; but stand firm, and *do not move your point*." It needed some nerve to obey these orders. But Floquet stood firm and did exactly as he had been told. The General attacked and ran his own throat upon the immovable point of the civilian's blade ; he was very lucky to recover.

I do not think that any of us "meditated with anxiety on our future careers," or "sat down to have a look into ourselves and ask questions of our own souls," as I understand is recommended by business men who have made their fortunes since 1914 without troubling either Oxford or Cambridge in their previous years. This is not the place to discuss the use of these old Universities. But I can say that in my time we had such models at Milner, Curzon, George Wyndham, and Harry Cust, within reasonable enough distance to admire, and even to watch with interest.

It is difficult to realise that all four of them are dead. Of Milner I shall have something more to say when I come to my time on the *St. James's Gazette*. I knew enough of

him to realise how much and how rightly he must have been beloved by those who worked with him in the early days of South Africa, and I had enough to do with him to understand the kindly courtesy and breadth of sympathetic insight which lay beneath his scrupulous and urbane reserve. George Wyndham, as handsome and debonair as he was brilliant, seemed to me to have broken his heart over Ireland and never quite recovered. He had only just come into the inheritance of that " small slice of England " which he had so affectionately anticipated ruling, when he died.

Of Harry Cust I was far more deeply fond. His was one of the most attractive personalities I ever encountered ; and our work together during the Great War, on the Central Committee and in other directions, only confirmed an affection which had begun when he was editing the *Pall Mall Gazette*. To such men as these, and them almost alone, was our attention directed when it glanced upon the outside world. For most of us the rumours of our own little State were all-sufficient, and with its present possibilities of sport and comradeship we were content.

1

During a Christmas vacation, before my Degree, I went to stay with my Australian friends, the Robertsons, at Eastbourne, and tried to show off—before indulgent hosts who knew infinitely more about a horse than I did, how much (or possibly how little) I had learnt on my last driving trip with the Luptons. At any rate we had a smart wagonette and pair—they wisely refused to trust me yet with anything more complicated—and I drove them safely to Hurstmonceaux, and Alfriston. I rode them races on the Downs. I finally persuaded them to let me take their cousin, Jack Robertson, the brother of the latest Wadham Blue in the Oxford boat, abroad with me next summer. That would be about 1888. It was the first time, I think,

that I had ever crossed the Channel, and I wondered whether —like the Bishop in the story—I should be too ill to care what was on the other side. His Lordship you will remember was a good scholar, but a bad sailor, and when his chaplain showed him Ostend on the horizon he murmured: *Quodcunque ostendis mihi sic incredulus odi*, which is to my mind one of the best Latin puns ever made.[1]

Jack and I set sail (in the usual steamer) from Southampton, and I was not only very excited, but also very hungry when we saw St. Malo the next morning. We passed on to Dinard, then to Dinan, then through Pontorson and across the long dyke to Mont St. Michel.

It is fortunate that while we are young—if ever—we are not afraid to be romantic. To-day my chief memory of my approach to one of the most wonderful places in the world is the bulging back of a stolid driver in a blue blouse, who carted us and our belongings along the causeway at low tide to the foot of the strange pyramid which rose out of the sand on a lovely summer evening. Night was just falling, and we were greeted by a swarm of young persons waving lighted Chinese lanterns and calling aloud various unknown names. For one moment I wondered if, like one of my friends at Athens, I was suspected of being the President of the United States. But it was not so. We were guided with courtesy but firmness to the front door of Madame Poulard Ainé. Whether she still lives I know not. But I am still grateful to her, for she was by far the best hotel-keeper I ever knew, certainly the most handsome, and better than her omelettes I have never tasted in all France. One must have been cooking when our driver hove in sight; for, instead of the usual officious preliminaries,

[1] I think Lord North should have the second prize. When his son was about to sell off one of the most valuable studs of the eighteenth century, he wrote to the boy, with one letter less than Horace's own line: *Equam memento rebus in arduis servare.* "Don't sell the mare when you are hard up."

we were instantly seated at table, and a long oval of golden succulence, flecked with the green of garden herbs, was placed before us, flanked by a decanter of admirable red *Ordinaire*. None of your Normandy cider, yet awhile. And when more had followed, and still more, and the *demi-tasses* were on the table, Madame made her entry at the precise moment when any argument as to prices would have been equally uncivil and impossible. We solemnly agreed to everything. If such terms were mentioned to me to-morrow—anywhere in this wicked world—I should be—like Clive—astounded at their moderation. Madame had heard of us. The editor of the *Revue* (was it the *Deux Mondes* or another ? Ingratitude, thy name is Dinner) had mentioned the possibility of our arrival. She rejoiced to welcome such distinguished additions from across the Channel to a house which, she might perhaps venture to observe, was not without its literary and artistic associations. She waved a comely arm, from which the bell-shaped sleeve drooped with a graceful revelation, round an apartment which at once assumed an air of intellectual luxury. Its walls were covered with tributes, portraits, sketches, odes, quotations, famous signatures. We realised our good fortune. We beamed at her over a *demi-Londres* (I could smoke them then !) and hinted that fatigue and food between them had made it impossible, just for this once, to think of anything but Bed.

2

" Fetch me Alphonse," said her Majesty to any retainer who might be within earshot, without removing the battery of her liquid eyes from their sympathetic gaze upon my fortunate companion. " It is completely understood how devastated must these gentlemen be by the journey which has at last reached so auspicious a conclusion. Alphonse will lead you to your apartments." The retainer bore

three lighted Chinese lanterns upon little bamboo poles. We each took one. Evidently this was to be no ordinary going-to-bed-upstairs. No, no. We marched in single file into the street. Nobody paid any attention. We strode up a hill of cobblestones. "The hotel," said Jack morosely, "seems a very big one." "Is there no room in the hotel for us?" I asked Alphonse, panting. "There is always room," said he reprovingly, "for everybody. These gentlemen have apartments in the *Maison Rouge*." We continued our ascent and reached the battlements. The great grey wall with its bastions and its broad paved walk wound slowly up and round the truncated sugar loaf that is Mont St. Michel. At last, much nearer the stars than we had left Madame Poulard Ainé, we turned off to the right. A plaster house, washed with red and roofed with good red tiles, stood in front of us. We entered a small green door between two green balconies. Our bedrooms were on either side. It cannot have been more than five minutes before we were asleep.

When we awoke the sea was splashing on the rocks far beneath us. There were leagues of myriad-twinkling laughter between us and the solid coast of France. We seemed ourselves upon some

> ". . . Starvaned belvedere
> Builded against the chambers of the North,
> That outpost of the infinite! And behold!
> Questing therefrom you knew not what wild tide
> Might overtake you; for one fringe,
> One suburb's stablished on firm earth; but one
> Floats founded vague . . ."

The next night I out-stayed my pupil down below, and with a high moon riding in a cloudless sky, I was slowly climbing up to bed again close upon midnight, when I observed that on the seat in the next hollow of the ramparts a couple were sitting, looking out to sea. They were

so still; they seemed, in so happy an absorption, to be silently protected from alarms; and I stood fast a little way before I reached them, and looked out over the expanse of shining sand beneath us. The faintest whisper of the coming tide came to me from the far horizon, as if the sea were waiting for the dawn. It was the semblance not of Aurora, but of Aphrodite that, all unaware, I was to see.

She turned suddenly from her seat beside her companion and saw me and said at once, "But my friend, there is a gentleman who waits to ascend and cannot pass." "Does he want to pass? Can there be anybody who would want to pass?" answered a deeper voice; and he too turned towards me. It was Alexandre Dumas *fils*. I had never met him before and I was never to see him again, for by some doubtlessly miraculous means of transport he had vanished from that enchanted scene when I came down again to earth next morning, and he died less than seven years afterwards.

I did not pass them for the very simple reason that neither of them moved. "Monsieur comprehends me when I draw his attention to the beauty of the night?" said he. I replied in very much better French than I could ever talk to-day, and he at once rose, waved his hat gracefully to the regardant Moon and said: "With Madame's permission we will talk at large." I made gestures of courteous and very youthful gallantry to Aphrodite, and then leant my back against a solid piece of thirteenth-century masonry and listened. Most of that talk went up into the golden moonlight of that summer's night. But one tale I must try to tell, partly because whenever I have heard it since it has been ruined, and it is too good to lose the truth that comes from the fountain-head.

"My father," he began, "was a greater dramatist, I mean a better playwright, than he has often been given

credit for. And he would sometimes test a new drama in the theatre at Rouen before he tried its merits on the stage of Paris. The play I have in mind was one of his latest, and Déjazet was acting in it. Ah! what charm! As flat as—what shall I say?—as a board on both sides, but of a seductiveness without parallel and a brain that thought of everything. . . ."

"Pouf!" said Aphrodite with considerable decision. "The night is of a heat incredible"; and she flung open the cloak of silks and laces that formed—it seemed—her only garment. The battlement was, as I have said, of sufficiently solid stone or I should have fallen straightway into the sea—for it was only a few months before that I had reached twenty-one and the spell of sudden Aphrodites had been hitherto unknown. She laughed in high good humour, and laughed again when Alexandre turned round to her with some quaint observation that escaped me. He continued his story, with all the good temper in the world:

"The play was a success. It was so great, so unexpected a success, that my dear father celebrated it forthwith behind the scenes. He celebrated it again at his hotel upon the Quai. He celebrated it once more at the hotel beneath the Grosse Horloge, to which he had insisted on escorting the greater part of his company. He was celebrating it yet a fourth time in the great square in front of the cathedral, when the guardians of the peace of Rouen descended on him, and with all the courtesy of their race proceeded to arrest him and as many ladies and gentlemen of his company as they could secure at the same time. There was no resistance. It is probable that the gendarmes intended to take my father to the cells. But I have no doubt that it was my father who carried off the gendarmes to his hotel, and in yet further carouses celebrated the triumphs of his art. In any case, they all appeared before the magistrate next morning—gentlemen first and ladies afterwards, as is

the ungallant custom of our law. Then it was 'Nom, Prénom, Domicile, etc.'

"'Dumas,' said my father, 'Alexandre,' *et d'un geste noble et fier il ajoutait :*—'If I were not in the town in which Corneille was born, I should call myself a Dramatic Author.' And thereafter, in a little while, the ladies: 'Déjazet,' said our heroine, 'Félicie Celestine,' *et d'un geste également noble et fier elle ajoutait :*—'If I were not in the town in which Joan of Arc was burnt, I should call myself a virgin' (*Je me dirais Pucelle*)."

Soon afterwards we departed for Dinard.

3

The next summer vacation I was with the Luptons. Before we went South, my mother joined me, and drove over to see the Turner pictures at Farnley Hall, seven miles from Harrogate, above the Wharfe. Here Turner, in the years just before Waterloo, was the friend of Walter Fawkes, and from his kindly host imbibed that love of Yorkshire scenery which gave us the "Kirkstall Abbey," the magnificent "Scarborough" and "Whitby" and "The Humber." All these are in the collection of water-colours, called the Rivers of England and France, preserved in cabinets in one of the lower rooms of the National Gallery. It was owing to my visit to Farnley that I wrote, long afterwards, the book about these water-colours which was illustrated by fifty-eight beautiful reproductions (in the comparatively early days of colour-printing), published by Messrs. Cassell in 1904. It has long been out of print, but it gave me the most exquisite pleasure to prepare, and I owed the chance of doing it (as I owed many another opportunity) to Samuel Jeyes, of the old *Standard*, whose father-in-law was a distinguished artist in his way.

Turner could never bear to go back to Farnley after the death of the Squire. The family loved him, and it was with

the boy Hawkesworth that he made the first sketch " to show the *size* of a ship of the line " which was elaborated into the impressive " Portsmouth." It was the only time they had ever seen the artist actually at work. One day he was looking at the hill in front of Farnley Hall overshadowed by a thundercloud ; and turning, " You will see that again," he told them, " and it will be called ' Hannibal crossing the Alps.' " The finished picture was exhibited in 1812.

From my study windows as I write these lines, I can almost see the house in Chelsea where Turner died, in December, 1851. From the little attic near old Cremorne Pier, where he painted " Æneas and Dido " and " The Visit to the Tomb," he was borne to burial by the side of Sir Joshua Reynolds in St. Paul's. The spirit of Carlyle still broods over that same reach of the river. On one side of it are memories of William Ernest Henley ; on the other those of Whistler, Henry James, and now, alas, of John Sargent.

Never have I had time to see enough of my own country. But such private tutorships as I have been describing did at least give me a good beginning. Only two more need I commemorate before I come to the last and the most important of them all. At Onslow, near Shrewsbury, I spent one pleasant summer with the son of Colonel Wingfield, and there I saw perhaps the best shooting I shall ever see. But we are agreed that this is a subject not here to be enlarged. Another year I went with Mr. George Robertson's two young sons to the Loire Valley, and spent some months there with them, which resulted in my first book, written in 1890, and now in its seventh edition ; but I can hardly expect it to go on much longer. We lived in a very charming house called Trianon, kept by Madame Pascal, a white-haired and most respectable old lady who gave us excellent food and wine. The garden was a joy, and it had a terrace, looking out across the river towards the town of Tours,

where we did most of our work. We used either to take horses or to hire a carriage and drive all up and down the valley, visiting various châteaux, and only using a railway when the distances were too big. I say nothing of it now because I have written so much about it elsewhere, but it was the foundation of my love of France, of her history, her language, her fencing, her buildings, and her Ecole des Chartes. To be a kind of unattached student at the Sorbonne, as I was for a time, and to enjoy not only the friendship but the instruction of such men as André Réville, Paul Meyer, James Darmesteter, or—later on—Salomon Reinach, was an inestimable education. To-day the whole atmosphere of Paris—nay, of all France—seems completely altered; and I have not yet the heart to write more of those early days when I was so happy there, and learnt so much. At least, in "Touraine," "Provence," and "Rouen" I strove to repay part of my debt.

4

During all my undergraduate life at Oxford and the years I stayed on after my Degree, the man who was most active in securing tutorships and other posts for such men as he thought deserved them was Raper of Trinity, who had been Arthur Taliacarne's tutor years before. To Raper, one year, came the summons that three candidates were to be picked out from his entire bouquet and sent up for the selection of a tutor to H.R.H. Prince Arthur of Connaught. A famous Rugby Blue from Queen's was one candidate. I had a terrifying interview, and was rejected. Returning to Oxford with the desperate consciousness that I should never be fit for anything in life again, and doubly depressed by failure in the only fellowship for which I ever entered, I was greeted by a note from Raper on my breakfast-table. It enclosed the following cable: "Send me the man who was second for the Connaught tutorship. Joseph Pulitzer."

It is, of course, unbelievable to-day that in those years of youth and innocence that celebrated signature meant nothing to me. But you may be sure I hurried off to Raper's rooms at Trinity. Within five minutes of my arrival he was walking up and down the avenue of pleached lime trees, just outside his windows, which ended in the lovely wrought-iron gate opposite Wadham, his black ringlets waving in the breeze, his arm emphatically clenched in mine, as he described the opportunity which lay before me.

"You must give your eyes a rest," I hear him saying still. "You must go abroad with this young son of Pulitzer's; you must get him well enough to take him to the United States, he must then go to Harvard, after that he will own the biggest newspaper in the United States. . . ." I suppose I did not quite realise all that was involved. But I went down at once to see my mother, and within a week I was in Paris in the Rue la Perouse, near the Arc de Triomphe. It would be useless to describe my future experiences without saying something of the *Deus ex machina* himself, who, however far he was away, however rarely in those first years we actually saw him, was always the mainspring of our movements.

Sargent's portrait shows the lines which pain and passion had dug into the white sensitive face of Joseph Pulitzer, with its stiff plentiful black hair, its pointed reddish beard and moustache, its masterful nose curved like a scimitar, its darkened eyes. He was a tall man, and nearly blind when I first saw him, but retained enough sight to weary himself and discomfort other people until a few years after I had left his son. No one who did not know would have imagined he was blind if they could have watched one of the great rooms in Europe or America where he was at work. In one corner a Hungarian played the piano. In another a secretary was reading, in a quiet but penetrating voice, a column from some daily newspaper. In a third

a reporter would be taking down swift spasmodic sentences of instruction for the leading article that was to be cabled to the *New York World*. An argument on some entirely different subject, in which the Chief would constantly intervene, was in progress between two other men of the suite. And all the time he was playing chess with me, occasionally touching the top of one of the large pieces I had had carved for him, and finally mating me without troubling to announce it, except by a slight movement of one long thin white hand.

He was born in the Hungarian town of Mako, on 10th of April, 1847, and almost to the end of his life he retained a curious superstition about the number ten, choosing, for instance, one of his houses because it was ten East Fifty-fifth Street. He was refused in 1864 by the Austrian Army and even by the French Foreign Legion, for he had weak eyes and must have shown an unpromising physique. He then tried in London to enter one of the English regiments for service in India. At last, in Hamburg, he was recruited by an agent for the Union Army and shipped to Boston, U.S.A. He swam ashore, and by October, 1864, was in the First New York Cavalry (Lincoln's). His love of a horse lasted all his life, and even when quite blind he rode well and was absolutely fearless. He fought at Antioch, Waynesborough and other places, and in July, 1865, he was paid off.

All this time he seems never to have learnt English properly, and he was hard put to it to get enough to eat. The hall porter of French's Hotel in Park Row told him once that his patrons did not like old soldiers. He must have remembered that, when he bought the hotel in later years and built the enormous office of the *World* upon its site. He had a terrible struggle to reach St. Louis that October, where he hoped to have better luck than in New York, and for some time even here he could get

nothing but odd jobs. At last, owing to omnivorous reading in the Mercantile Library and to some kindred spirits he met there over the chess table, he became known to a society formed by Carl Schurz and Emil Preetorius to assist newly arrived Germans. Whatever he was given to do he did with all his might. At last he was made a reporter on the *Westliche Post*. His life's work had begun.

Joseph Pulitzer was one of those men who, whether they realise it at once or not, are born journalists. In one sense, he was the greatest journalist I have ever known, and there is no doubt that the atmosphere which surrounded him inevitably turned my mind to journalism when I returned to England. But Pulitzer would not have made the success he did if he had not been something more than a journalist, and if he had not found scope for his intense activity of mind and driving-power amid surroundings which were very different from anything known at the time in England. It was his wish, and I am sure it was sincere, not to be remembered merely as the proprietor of his newspaper. It was with politics he began his success.

In Washington he met Kate Davis, a distant cousin of Jefferson Davis, a very beautiful young woman, well connected, and by no means ready to capitulate to the first comer. I can well imagine that his wooing was as tempestuous as everything else about him, and in June, 1878, they were married. Before the end of the year he had bought the *St. Louis Despatch* and in a month he had amalgamated it with its rival the *Post*. In May, 1883, he went to New York, in order to take a trip abroad, leaving John Dillon in charge in St. Louis. It may have been in his mind that his brother Albert, who began on the staff of the *New York Herald*, had just established the *Morning Journal* as a one-cent paper and made a success of it. At any rate, as soon as he heard that Jay Gould was selling the *New York World* he decided that the possibility of

forging a big Democratic force in Journalism was not to be neglected, in view of the situation of the Presidential campaign for 1884. The *World* had been founded by Alexander Cummings, a Philadelphian, in 1860, and in 1876 was edited by William Hurlbert, a distinguished and polished writer. It was not without a reputation of its own, and by no means a bad one. But it was not a financial success, and on the last day of January, 1882, its offices were burnt down.

5

Jay Gould only happened to own the *World* as part payment of a railroad settlement with its proprietor, and found little difficulty in coming to an agreement with Pulitzer, who had lost no time in approaching him, in spite of the fact that his brother Albert was naturally opposed to the whole proceeding. But his wife warmly encouraged him, and Joseph Pulitzer bought the *World* for $346,000 in instalments. The *St. Louis Post Despatch* reserves provided the first. The *World* made the rest itself, and never for a moment ceased to make money from the day Pulitzer purchased it. In 1911 he wrote to St. Clair McKelway: "If there is anything in my melancholy life's work which I hope and wish may do good, it is that it should give encouragement to thousands of hardworking journalists who honestly believe that they have no chance of ever becoming owners or part-owners of newspapers because they have no capital. . . . Napoleon said that every private carried a marshal's baton in his knapsack. I hope that every reporter, copy-reader, city editor or editorial writer will believe he can carry his capital in his head if he will only work hard enough and stick to his convictions and sound principles."

Unfortunately very few of the gentlemen here mentioned have the kind of head which Pulitzer possessed; and that

is an indispensable preliminary ; for his brain was bottled lightning and he lived in a tornado.

" Performance is better than promise," wrote the new proprietor in his new paper. " Exuberant assurances are cheap. I make none. I simply refer the public to the new *World* itself, which henceforth shall be the daily evidence of its own growing improvement, with forty-eight daily witnesses in its forty-eight columns." On this policy he trebled the circulation in three months. In the Presidential campaign of 1884 he picked Cleveland as Democratic candidate with unerring prescience, and the President himself fully recognised the value of that support, which for the first time emphasised the vital importance of what we in England call the " Leading Article." Pulitzer was as sincere as he was capable in the management of this part of the editorial pages. The way the paper treated news and personalities was not so much his own idea as the demand of New York readers. People have the newspapers they deserve. Pulitzer was elected to Congress, as a consequence of his political fight, and took his seat in December, 1885 ; but it was impossible to undertake two such tasks, and he resigned from the House of Representatives in April, 1886.

Another opportunity was soon to arrive. Auguste Bartholdi, the sculptor, had been commissioned to make a gigantic figure of Liberty, costing a million francs, raised by public subscription in France. It was to stand on " Bedloe's Island " in New York Harbour, and the American committee, though the wise and witty William Evarts was its chairman, could not raise enough funds for the 100-ft. pedestal it required. Pulitzer instantly appealed to the American people to recognise the gift made to them by the people of France by providing the pedestal. In four months he raised the $100,000 needed, and the statue was dedicated in October, 1886, amid great popular enthusiasm.

The *World* made a profit of half a million dollars and passed 100,000 in circulation that year, whereupon every employee was given a silk top-hat. The chief medium of Pulitzer's few wagers was one or more hats. Myself, in a moment of unexpected good fortune, I won from him a priceless Panama, which has sheltered me from the sun on the few hot Henleys of the last five-and-twenty years. By 1887 his health began to show unmistakable traces of overstrain, and he went to Monterey, in California, that winter. But he could not keep for long out of the fight. On his forty-first birthday, the next year, he bought the site of French's Hotel for $630,000 cash and erected on it the biggest building seen up to that time in New York, to house both the morning and evening editions, and the *Sunday World*.

But he was finally compelled to go to Europe and consult the best specialists, as the trouble in his eyes increased, and there was every prospect of a nervous breakdown. In London he chose Claude Ponsonby as the first of a long, line of English secretaries. He consulted Charcot in Paris and Pagenstecher in Wiesbaden. At Constantinople the blow fell. The retina of one eye had become detached. He passed back to Naples, then to St. Moritz, then back to New York in the autumn of 1890, where he formally resigned the direct editorial control of the paper—though even then (and afterwards) this was more a form of words than a reality, rather a change in the processes of government than a personal abdication.

On the tenth of that December the Pulitzer Building was opened. It had been built and equipped for two and a half million dollars, every dollar taken out of the earnings of the paper ; and every brick and rivet and inch of ground was paid for. But all this, and the upheavals which followed it, did his health no good. In 1891 he bought a yacht which had been owned by the Duke of Sutherland and renamed

her *Romola*. After making Colonel Harvey (afterwards Ambassador) his managing editor, he went by steamer to Europe and met the yacht at Leghorn, stayed one night on board, and sent her back in disgrace to New York.

By May 10th, 1893, he went home to give a dinner celebrating the tenth anniversary of his ownership of the paper, on the production of which he had by that time spent over seventeen and a half million dollars. It was shortly after this time that I first met him in Paris, where he had a brief interview and confirmed my appointment as tutor to his son Ralph. The next night Mrs. Pulitzer took me and others of her house party to the Opera. There, in the *entre-colonnes* box, I saw the diamond necklace of Marie Antoinette shining like a constellation in a summer night. Her husband, I was told, had purchased it from the French Government, and brought it up to her room one morning, throwing it on her bed without a word. He was devoted to her all his life ; but even he could never have given her another present so amazing, and her Southern beauty was a fine foil to those priceless gems, still in their old silver setting, every stone in every row exactly similar, about the size of my little finger-nail, and flawlessly perfect. " Lambent zodiacal or Aurora-Borealis fire . . . a glorious ornament fit only for the Sultana of the world," wrote enthusiastic Carlyle of that lost original of which " the mud volcano," Cardinal de Rohan, was so deftly cheated. " Lost," I say, because its pendants, " simple pear-shaped, multiple star-shaped, or clustering amorphous " have indeed vanished as parts of one glorious whole. But the " doubly inexpressible sixfold row " was sold to Joseph Pulitzer ; and so I saw it.

6

From Paris I first went with Ralph Pulitzer to Mont Dore, where we lived at the Hotel Sarciron-Rainaldi, and had the ponies of the country to ride in the intervals of

"treatment." The woollen material of which the bath gowns were made is the best and softest I ever found anywhere, and the surrounding country has a peculiar rugged charm of its own. Yet I cannot say that it was anything but dull. From there we went to Territet and Glion on Lake Geneva; and for a time the Castle of Chillon, and the Dent du Midi, and the lateen sails on the lake—like the crossed wings of doves at play—did indeed leave a sensation of beauty and of space which was a new experience, for I had never been so near the Alps before. But we did not settle down to real enjoyment till we took up our quarters in the Engadine, where we stayed, with short intervals, for two years; and I believe that a constant residence some six thousand feet above the sea eventually eradicated some slight weakness in the chest of which my pupil had been in his early years suspected. My lessons in History, French, and Latin were not of an exhausting description, for not only was he quick to learn and easy to teach, but my chief responsibility was his health, and we consequently did everything in the way of sport the place afforded, which was a good deal, though I am speaking of 1892 or 1893, days long before the craze for the ski had come from Scandinavia and also long before St. Moritz had become a mere fashionable resort where people could dance and drink cocktails just as they did in London, and pay even more for their hotel bills.

Whatever may be the advantage of progress to the Swiss, I cheerfully assert that the little English community in the Engadine in those days had a very much better time than any of their successors who went right up to St. Moritz in a train. Chur was then our last railway station and the drive from there, which we did at least six times a year, was one of the most wonderful two or three days of adventure you can imagine. We used to sleep at Chur, wake up on a bright morning and hire what was called an Extra Post,

a large and comfortable private carriage with four horses. We could either go over the Julier Pass by way of Mühlen, or take the prettier way (as I always thought it) by Tiefenkasten, where we always celebrated our arrival with a bottle of the rose-coloured Sforzato, one of the best of the native Valtellina vintages, which we met again in the spring at Promontogno, a little village on the way down the Maloja Pass into Italy ; the long drive through magnificent scenery along a good post road gradually rising all the way was a continual joy.

I have tried skating in a good many parts of the world, including Holland, but nowhere else has it the charm and fascination of St. Moritz. Early in November, perhaps, there would come news that one of the smaller lakes, higher up among the fir trees than our own valley, had frozen over. Within a day or two Silvaplana would be a sheet of ice. Greyish-white near the banks, it invited even the untravelled Englishman to be bold and strike out cheerfully for the centre. Quite suddenly, the ice seemed to cease altogether, and with a queer shrinking of the heart you felt you would be going under to be frozen stiff among the remains of the prehistoric lake-villages beneath. But with a curious ringing sound your skates still bore you forward, upon black ice, transparent as glass, that swayed gently like a perfect dancing-floor and sometimes echoed with a crack like a pistol shot that sent us hurrying (in the first days of frost) back to the banks. But in less than a month the ice would be very nearly eighteen inches thick, and if the snow had held off till then, the speed-skating was something better than you could get anywhere in the world.

Adventurous spirits like Harold Topham used to fashion oblong sails on bamboo frames, and set them cunningly to the light breeze, and scud along like animated ice-yachts. If only the lakes had been free from snow for longer we should have tried ice-yachts as well ; but there was only

Photo by Mrs. Aubrey Le Blond

SKATING WITH SAILS, SILVAPLANA LAKE, 1894

one winter when that added thrill was possible, and for the feeling of sheer pace it beats most forms of motion I ever tried.

When the snow came, we swept a hockey-rink on St. Moritz lake for a swift and perilous game played six a side with a flat bung, and our own private rinks near the hotel came into active life. On them we practised figure-skating in that fine, reticent, sweeping manner known as the English style, for which regular " Tests " were instituted and severely carried out by experts like Dr. Holland or General Coleridge Grove. To see four really fine performers skating to an orange with the splendid curves of controlled strength that were practised, heads erect, shoulders square, arms down the sides, and the change of edge effected with a sudden but decisive click that never seemed to check the pace—that was a good sight. We used to consider the " Foreign Style," now almost universal, as a kind of circus-performance, in which marvellous acrobatic feats could indeed be exhibited, but which we left alone as scarcely worth while for a dignified Anglo-Saxon. Nowadays a congress of the International Skating Union is held at Davos, with General Sir Viktor Balck, of Stockholm, as its Honorary President, and Captain H. J. Clarke, representing Great Britain, on the Executive Committee. The figure-skating is always, I think, the more important part of the Union's activities ; but in speed skating they have now passed a new rule that if no competitor should win a majority of the races constituting the championship event, the decision will be based on marks for all the distances skated.

I was very little good at either style, so I preserved an open mind ; but speed skating on the St. Moritz lakes I really could enjoy and sometimes do respectably. Then there was curling, generally led by a Scotsman who taught us all the proper slang about " opening a port " or " souping her up " or " cracking an egg on the winner." I once

actually won a cup (in February, 1895) with three patient gentlemen called Buhlmann, Bowes Lyon, and Puckle. I was given the two heaviest stones of granite and my job was to lay them just below the "hog," or to cast out the previous efforts of our opposing No. 1, in order to make the later shots more difficult for the real experts when I held the broom for No. 3 and the skipper.

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But at that time, I suppose, tobogganing on the Cresta Run was about the best thing to which all the best of us looked forward, and luckily Ralph Pulitzer was as fond of it as I was. We had our dogs: Nero, a big St. Bernard, and May Duke, a fascinatingly ugly bulldog who ploughed untiringly after us, grinning through the snow; we each of us had a horse for riding in the summer; and in winter we harnessed either Patrick, my own big Irishman, or the fiery little Minka, a Hungarian mare Ralph bought in the Engadine, to sleighs, and used them to bring us and our toboggans back by road from the finish of the toboggan run to the top again. At that time I was so interested in the game that I wrote a whole book about it, though what there was to say—at that length—it is now difficult to divine.

Yet the Cresta was certainly worth all our admiration, and, though I feel that the *laudator temporis acti* makes too frequent an appearance, I must still uphold that as Captain W. H. Bulpett perfected its banks, it was better than it is now, in spite of our not being able to do quite such fast times over the distance. It is so different from anything else of its kind in the world that it deserves some mention here, for neither on the straight "chutes" of Canada, nor on curved runs in any other part of Europe, is it possible to get just that combination of skill and pace which Bulpett produced by his early designs along the valley from

St. Moritz down to Cresta. The lines had been first roughly staked out in the winter of 1884, before the snow fell, by George Robertson (with whose sons, it will be remembered, I had lived in Touraine soon after taking my degree at Oxford) and Digby Jones, and the subsequent work was supervised by Peter Badrutt, proprietor of the Kulm Hotel, where Ralph and I lived all the time we were at St. Moritz. Some of the banks, hitherto of merely beaten snow, were iced for the race of 1885. By 1887 a club was organised and Captain Bulpett was in full charge with a staff of labourers under him.

While we were there, undoubtedly the best course was that of 1894, when the snowfall was both heavy and continuous. Johann Hosang was Captain Bulpett's foreman. By November they had already made certain improvements in the lines, blown up a few dangerous rocks, built up a few earthworks, and laid on water in a deep pipe to the top of "Church Leap." By four men (who worked in changing shifts) the course was trampled down by the simple process of walking arm-in-arm from start to finish many times. Then the trampled snow was beaten into a still firmer consistency with great wooden shovels, more to the exact shape of the final design. The banks at every corner, previously thrown up in the rough, were carefully curved out to the proper angle, care being taken to make them rather too small and flat than too large, for it is easier to add to the surface of an iced bank than to reduce it. After this, Bulpett himself, on his own toboggan, tried various corners at various rates of speed, and altered their surface in accordance with his theories and experience. One place known as "Bulpett's Corner" commemorated the endurance of its creator in suffering one fall after another until he got its curves and angles right.

Do not imagine that his idea was to let the rider swing round in safety like a pea in a teacup. By no means. He

tried to build and he succeeded in building such banks that a good rider was not asked to take too dangerous risks, while a bad one was punished for his clumsiness. Some of the smallest and most innocent-looking corners were often the most difficult, because the pace at which you reached them made careful steering essential. The big banks, like the three on Church Leap, had perils of their own as well. If you took them too fast you went clean over the top of the ice-curve into the pine trees ; if you went too slow, you either fell over ignominiously into the trough, or else your machine " skidded," and Heaven alone knew what would happen then. But our Cresta is not quite finished.

After the shovel-beating process, the whole run (I speak still of 1894, of course) was thoroughly watered throughout its length and breadth ; the pasty snow thus produced was again beaten hard and level with the wooden shovels, after Bulpett's last finishing touches had been given, and the whole was left ready for the frost to harden. The result was an even surface of hard, solid ice, further improved by being sprayed all over occasionally with a hose.

The total length of that Run along the actual course taken by a toboggan was measured by Colonel Dwyer in February, 1895, and was finished at exactly three-quarters of a mile. The average time taken by the best performers of that year was 74 sec., equivalent to an average of about 19 yd. a second from start to finish, or a mile in 1 min. 33 sec. The fastest part of the Run comprised the 200 yd. from " Stream Corner " to the beginning of " Bulpetts." This was done by Ralph Pulitzer and another rider in $7\frac{1}{5}$ sec. for the 200 yd., or a speed of 56·82 miles an hour. In the Grand National Race that season, against Davos, Bird and Gibson did the splendid time of $71\frac{4}{5}$ sec. for St. Moritz over the whole course, and without doubt this implied a greater speed over the 200 yd. than Ralph had

attained in practice ; so that there is little doubt we reached a speed of between sixty and seventy miles at our fastest point, and this in spite of having to negotiate such difficulties as " Church Leap " or " Battledore and Shuttlecock " before it, and " Bulpett's Corner " afterwards.

Our toboggan, called a " steel skeleton," had a length over all on the top, including centre-board and 2 in. of counter-board at the back, of 4 ft. 1 in. The length of the runner on the ground was 3 ft. 6 in., with a spring of about 10 millimetres. The breadth of the runners, between which was placed the padded centre-board on which we lay, was 12 in. The height of the machine, without the padding on the centre-board was only 5 in. The runners had a diameter of 18 millimetres. These measurements suited a man of about 5 ft. 11 in. You lie down flat on your chest, with your chin just above the bar that joins the two front curves of the runners. On a bank we got the weight a bit further back, which not only assisted steering (by making the front swing across more lightly) but also made braking easier. The toes of our thick boots were armed with strong steel spikes, screwed into the soles with a strong plate and toecap. By putting down both feet firmly you checked the speed. By flinging out one foot and touching the ice with its spikes, you steered to one side or the other. You were so near the ice that the sensation of speed was terrific, and as you watched along the top of your runner for the right place to take a bank at the beginning and the right spot to leave it, you got as keen a sense of skill and steering as I have ever felt in any form of motion.

It sounds, perhaps, more dangerous than it really is. I only had one bad fall, and that served me right for trying to show off, just before a Race, by taking first bank of Church Leap much faster than my weight (about 13 st. then) allowed. I hit the rough snow at the top at a fair pace, was just able to throw my toboggan forward and

away from me, and fell straight down 20 ft. on to the hard ice at the bottom. But it was only my right collar-bone that got broken, because I had guarded my head with a crooked arm as I fell. As far as I know there have not been more than three fatal accidents since the first year the Run was built, and the most conspicuous of these, the lamented death of Count Jules von Bylandt, was caused in 1907 by the carelessness of a workman who neglected to move in the morning a heavy barrier that had been placed across the Run overnight. The Count crashed into the timbers at full pace and was instantaneously killed.

With a sleigh, to which one or both of our horses could be harnessed, we used sometimes to make excursions further afield, to Celerina and Samaden in one direction, to Maloja in the other. But I was always glad St. Moritz itself had been chosen as our headquarters, for it seemed to unite the advantages of all the rest and to have none of their failings. To add to our possibilities of exercise I persuaded Peter Badrutt to build what was then the highest squash racquet court in Europe, on the slope between the Kulm and the Lake. It has long since vanished, to make way for the enlargement of the hotel. But we used to play in it nearly every day in winter, and keep it clear of snow, for it was open above, and capital games we used to have all the year round. It was blasted out of the granite rock and I suppose its floor, its front wall and the triangular side walls (sloping down to a back wall of about 6 ft. of cement, with wire above) were about the most solid erections ever seen in a court of this kind. The game is much faster now than it was then, but I do not think that the absolutely perfect ball has yet been invented.

At intervals my pupil and I ventured farther afield, while the snows were melting in the heights, and returned to St. Moritz for the summer. We had a delightful visit to the Baur au Lac in Zurich, where there were excellent operas

(by Mozart and others) produced every week at the theatre. We were inspected by our redoubtable Chief, Joseph Pulitzer, at the Stephanie in Baden-Baden, where we were both held in hospitable durance till we could recite aloud, without an error, the Declaration of Independence of the United States. We spent a week or so at Promontogno, below the Maloja, and then moved to Chiavenna and to Como. One lovely spring we spent at Wartenstein just above Ragatz, whence there were delectable excursions to Lichtenstein, or to the Tamina Gorge near Pfeffers.

8

On two occasions I went away alone. The first trip was to Beaulieu, where Joseph Pulitzer had just come over for a holiday with Arthur Brisbane, and a large retinue of secretaries, editors and correspondents, and musicians. Mrs. Blank happened to be staying in Beaulieu and one day she gave a lunch. I was not there, but I hope my informant, who certainly was present, has not exaggerated what occurred, for it is too good to be forgotten, and as it only shows how much Mrs. Blank was valued by her many friends I think I may without offence relate it.

There were oysters at that lunch, and about a quarter of an hour after they had vanished a young woman at one end of the table stood up suddenly and fainted. While she was being picked up, another guest collapsed upon the carpet; and when one of those who had rushed to her assistance himself was overcome, the servants sent hurriedly for the nearest doctor. Mrs. Blank, after satisfying herself that he was on his way, counted the survivors and swiftly called a cab in order to race off to Monte Carlo and put her whole available worldly wealth upon the number indicated. The luncheon party was gradually resuscitated, though one of the first victims remained unconscious and very "dead-looking" for nearly half an hour; and while its stronger

members were completing their repast somebody suggested that Mrs. Blank might have been attacked later than the rest, and would, in that case, be in urgent need of assistance at the Casino. Her conscience-stricken guests galloped off in another cab to Monte Carlo, where their hostess was, of course, well known. To their first agitated question, the huge commissionaire at the door of the Rooms, replied with dignified solemnity: "*Madame Blank est morte.*" The poor lady had actually been placed upon the marble slab, in a discreetly hidden little building, where the suicides are left till they are "moved on" for the last time. But the luncheon party had luckily arrived before it was too late. Rude methods of resuscitation were by experienced hands applied, and Madame was soon sufficiently recovered to be claiming her winnings from a friendly croupier.

The friend who told me all this was also most emphatic about the extreme importance of my own first efforts to pick a winner at roulette. "It is an opportunity," he pointed out with some sententiousness, "which can never occur again. Consider what happened to me on a similar occasion. I was playing polo, just as you might be now, at Beaulieu. For some reason I have forgotten I trotted over with one of my side to Monte Carlo on our ponies, and while my companion was engaged about his own affairs there I thought I would fill up the time by looking—for the first time—at the Tables.

"You remember the large EntranceHall? I was wandering across it, wondering which way to go, when a very charming little voice at my elbow said "*Monsieur est nouveau?*" I replied that monsieur certainly was. "Why that is perfect," went on the voice; "if *Monsieur* would give himself the trouble to consult with me and *Mademoiselle* in that corner by the window, we have an interesting proposition for Monsieur's kind consideration." I went. It sounded very simple. I was to take all their ready money, add it to my

own, put it all on where and how I liked, and then divide the proceeds between the three of us.

"In those days I was sufficiently young to be carrying a thousand-franc note in a casual pocket, and I exhibited this not without modest pride, as my contribution. The ladies at once and together asserted with what seemed to me unnecessary vehemence that however little I possessed they recognised my good faith and were perfectly content.

"They then began producing notes from every portion, as it seemed, of their attire, until, in the quiet little recess where we were talking the wealth we quietly stacked up was unbelievable. We then proceeded to divide it up in 'maximums.' We made up four of various totals; and there was still some over, which they kept. The simple art and science of Roulette were then rapidly explained to me, and it was decided, after I had signified my choice, that I should place a 'maximum *en plein*' on thirteen, the maximum on black, the maximum on *impair*, and the maximum on the middle dozen. I marched in. I won them all. Attendants were requisitioned to escort us safely across to the Hotel de Paris, where we all went up together to my friend's room and he was considerably astonished to see the amount we poured out upon his bed. Half was immediately taken by the two ladies (with a faithful escort) to their bank. The other half was divided into three parts, and though I did my best to be paymaster for everything I rode back to Beaulieu next morning on another pony with over 20,000 francs in my pocket."

9

The whole of that first taste of the sophisticated enchantments of the Riviera was full of surprises which I thoroughly enjoyed, and though I often went there again, it was rather like going to a well-known theatre, and the only mystery left was the uncertainty of the weather. My next visit to

Italy had a rather serious sequel, but was delightful while it lasted. For I was sent to Milan to report the first night of Verdi's "Falstaff" at the Scala, and I travelled with a friend who knew his northern Italy well and was a very pleasant and efficient guide.

Things began well, for our stalls cost over ten guineas each, and there seemed every prospect that the triumphs of "Otello" six years before would be repeated. However much his friends might have hoped that Verdi would survive till 1893, they none of them could have expected the effervescent vitality, the audacious merriment, the sparkling youth which filled the score of "Falstaff" from one end to the other.

Inside the house the scene was enthusiastic and brilliant. Princess Lutetia, in her box, shone resplendent in light blue with all her pearls and diamonds. Near her sat the young Mascagni, privileged possessor of a copy of the score which he was eagerly perusing with a companion. With diplomatists, soldiers, sailors, politicians, with everyone of note in Italy, and all the generous aristocracy of Milan which had built their own seats in one of the finest opera-houses of the world, that splendid auditorium was filled to overflowing.

There was a great scene of enthusiasm at the finish. Amid shouts of "Viva Verdi" (which once meant so much more than they sound) the composer was triumphantly escorted to his hotel. All Milan seemed determined to stay up all night. I have never heard "Falstaff" again, and I have often been laughed at by more instructed musicians for my fondness of Verdi and his works; but it would interest me to know whether the features I picked out more than thirty years ago are those which have stood the test, and lasted as the best portions of the whole. They were at any rate tremendously effective at the time.

A few of the lovely north Italian towns we visited and

then departed for Chiavenna. It happened that we were rather late in reaching the Maloja Pass, which was deep in snow. Our sleigh upset, and it was dark before we had made all right again and started with a fresh pair of horses along the valley for St. Moritz. I felt nothing wrong whatever at the time. But next morning I had rheumatic fever. There were various complications, and unless my mother and my brother Arthur had come out from England and cheered me up, I verily believe I should have died from sheer fatigue of taking medicine and never getting out of bed. To Dr. Holland's devoted skill I owed it that I recovered at all, after some months of weakness, at Ragatz. By our next summer at St. Moritz I was as well and strong as ever. But the whole experience left me with the memory of a strange unnatural time, when day was black and passionless as night, night restless with the fever of the day, and all things suffered change.

It was fortunate that I had recovered in time to go over to the United States with Ralph Pulitzer, who was to complete upon the spot his preparations for the Harvard Entrance Examinations. I was there about two years in all from 1895, and though much has been changed—both there and here—since that time, some facts and considerations remain of sufficient permanent value to be stated here, for they will explain the biggest thing Joseph Pulitzer ever did while I knew him, and they have a direct bearing on those relations between two great nations which are of deeper importance to-day than they ever were before.

10

To-day we have well-nigh forgotten how Mr. Cleveland and Mr. Olney, who were as staunch admirers of England as any two politicians in the States, suddenly launched the Venezuela Message like a bolt from the blue.

Let me recall the very curious events of the winter of

1895. President Cleveland suddenly announced that the United States would send a Commission of its own citizens to find out the boundary line between Venezuela and British Guiana, and that England must be forced to respect that finding, because the Monroe Doctrine forbade the aggrandisement on the American continent of any European Power likely to be detrimental to the U.S.A. This is a reading of the Monroe Doctrine which is open to much criticism, but by December 19th, 1895, popular sentiment in the United States was in a state of wild excitement, fanned by all the great morning papers except one, by all the evening papers save the *Post*. I was at the late Joseph Pulitzer's luncheon table in his cottage at Lakewood, New Jersey (where President Cleveland had lived for several months with his family in former years), when the first news came by telegraph from Washington that "Cleveland had sent a red-hot Jingo Message to Congress." There was only time for the evening papers to copy the Message, which was in print and in the members' hands before the actual words were officially read to them by the Speaker. The *Evening Post* alone ventured to doubt the wisdom of the step. The others had scarcely any comment, except in explosively bellicose headlines. The next morning the great papers were all yelling for war. The *World* alone came out with a serious editorial, telephoned by Pulitzer from Lakewood, calling Cleveland's Message "a grave blunder." Pulitzer pointed out that after such language there seemed but two alternatives—war or peace, defeat or humiliation; for war America was not ready; peace implied a humiliating withdrawal. It was a general opinion that, however certainly the enormous resources, inventiveness, and energy of the States might bring victory in the end, yet the first shock of conflict must prove disastrous.

When the Venezuelan Message came before Congress, it was addressed to a Republican assembly, an assembly

opposed to the whole Democratic Party of which Cleveland was the head. Amid the murmur of national excitement which was already echoing in Washington itself, that Congress could do but one thing—gamble a little better than the President: "see his hand, and go one better," make an even bolder "bluff." They did it. They unanimously voted to send the Commission to Venezuela, which Cleveland recommended, to investigate the boundary line. This *did not commit them to a Declaration of War*, while it was a sop to a momentary popular excitement as great even as the original stimulus of the Presidential Message. A day or two later the Senate actually agreed—also unanimously—to the vote of 100,000 dollars for the expenses of the appointed Commission, the members of which would be chosen by the President.

It will now be realised that Joseph Pulitzer, after having firmly defined his position on the President's Message, and called it "a grave blunder!" was in a few hours confronted with this unanimous vote of Congress. But he perceived in a flash that the Commission, being wholly composed of the tools of the President's wishes, might be instructed to say that they found the boundary line as claimed by England was the correct one; and foreign relations would remain unchanged, while the political results of his Message would have produced a successful election *before the Commission could show any fruits of their labour at all.* I consider this a very remarkable instance of the political foresight of the late Joseph Pulitzer, more especially when one remembers that, owing to being almost blind, he was unable to read or write a single word, that the contents of every American and European newspaper had to be read aloud to him, and the result formulated, without any notes, in his head, and that he had to dictate every syllable of the difficult and delicate editorial leaders published in the *World*.

The danger, entailed by the politicians' unscrupulous

playing with fire, remained real and constant all the time. Serious rupture might actually have occurred, in spite of the fact that England did not care, and thinking Americans did not wish it; and the week following the Message was an extraordinary one. Panics in Wall Street on the Stock Exchange followed one another fast. In three days stocks (and especially those American securities held by European investors) depreciated to the extent of £100,000,000. On the fourth day nearly a million sterling in gold was shipped to the country with which war was threatened, simply because English investors were redeeming their securities in cash. A vote of £20,000,000 for preliminary expenses in improving the army and navy had been proposed. People began to realise that even the shadow of war was an expensive thing.

Yet the morning papers continued to scream bellicose adjurations and defiance. The *World* alone steadily progressed in its demonstration of the mistakenness of Mr. Olney's Message. Word by word and line by line it was mercilessly criticised and exposed. The Monroe Doctrine in its original entirety and truth was word by word enunciated. Letters to Joseph Pulitzer began to pour in from every side, from business men and serious thinkers, thanking him for his stand. Then he filled the paper with cables not only from prominent Americans, but from every Bishop and Archbishop in Great Britain, from Gladstone, from Lord Rosebery; last and greatest achievement of all, from the Prince of Wales (afterwards Edward the Seventh). Even Rudyard Kipling, then in Vermont, was judiciously bombarded. I was sent up to those lonely forests, "where they suck gum off the trees in summer and in winter they go mad," with a blank cheque. I was given a wonderful lunch and a still better talk afterwards. The subject of my visit was continuously postponed. At last we got within easily measurable distance of the time when I must catch

my train. I waved the cheque and my host went to the side table. I filled it up for about half a million dollars, and as it was never presented it probably remains among other and more celebrated scalps now in a Sussex wigwam. In two minutes Kipling handed me in exchange a small piece of notepaper scarcely covered by a very few lines of minute handwriting. He thanked the paper for its record offer for a thousand words on the question, "Why America can never conquer England." He regretted that this was a matter on which no British subject had information for sale. I shall not easily forget my anxiety when this was all I had to give Pulitzer on my return. But, like the Swedish Foreign Minister on a similarly critical occasion, he put it in his pocket without a word of comment; and in a tremendously enlarged facsimile it appeared on the front page of next day's *World*. That little phrase about the British subject went all round the world.

But apart, of course, from Lord Salisbury's cautious diplomacy on our side of the Atlantic, the real thing which finally stopped the war fever among the population of New York was one of those unrelated incidents which no one could have foreseen. It was the Jameson Raid, which took place on the 29th of that December; and the reason was significant. Feeling in America had risen much higher than Englishmen in London ever realised. Men stopped talking when I entered the sitting-rooms of the University Club or the Manhattan, because their previous conversation would have hurt the feelings of a British guest. They were very much in earnest too; all the more so because London persisted in taking no notice. Suddenly came the Kaiser's offensive telegram to Kruger, and the outburst of resentment against Germany which showed that London could get roused when it was worth while. In less than forty-eight hours afterwards the Americans had given up their war scare altogether.

On the last day of that year I was present at a big dinner party in New York. There was not much real talk till the ladies left the room. There were judges, and politicians, and "writing men," and a polo player, and Chauncey Depew, who for some time did most of the talking, and led the chorus of congratulation which went up from all the men on the strength and rectitude of Joseph Pulitzer's comments on the war scare. Pulitzer said nothing, and I was interested to observe that they outvied one another in praising his policy of dignified peace and national self-restraint. They were most of them public men and they spoke well. Suddenly Pulitzer rose from his chair, banged the table with his fist till all the glasses rang, and shouted, "Damn it all, gentlemen, this is very well, and thank you all, but why was there never a word of this in public?"

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I was at different times in Washington, where I once copied the original correspondence between Monroe, Jefferson, and Adams concerning what was afterwards to be known as the Monroe Doctrine (this I published later on in the *Fortnightly Review*). I went to Niagara where Willy Grenfell twice swam the rapids, once to show it could be done, and the second time with Milburn (father of the great polo player) as his witness, to prove that he had done it. I also went to Philadelphia and elsewhere. I suppose that some of my best friends have been Americans; and it is certainly true that in no country in the world is such lavish hospitality showered upon the English visitor. It is impossible to return it in kind. I enjoyed the membership of at least half a dozen of the best clubs in New York, one after another; and I suppose I must have lived in half a dozen others elsewhere. It is quite impossible, according to the antiquated rules of most similar institutions in London to do the same for Americans who visit us. On the whole I

suspect they prefer private hospitality. But there is always a difficulty in " getting level " which I can only trust they all appreciate.

It was at the Manhattan Club that we once had a merry dinner to cheer up Albert Chevalier who had just arrived in New York to sing at Koster and Bialls. Arthur Brisbane, Rudyard Kipling, even Joseph Pulitzer himself, were there. Chevalier was afraid his cockney songs would not go down at all with an American audience. We told him he was wrong, and Kipling cheered him up by telling him cockney stories of his own invention, to which Chevalier replied in style with tales of India and the British Army. In the end we all went to the music-hall to see him start. There was no need for us to lead the cheering. They nearly roared the house down when he had finished " My Old Dutch."

12

It was after Ralph Pulitzer had gone for his entrance examination at Harvard that I knew the Somerset Club. Luckily for me Rudie Lehmann happened at the moment to be coaching the Harvard Eight of 1897. At his kindly suggestion their captain of boats was good enough to let me take out a pair of his oarsmen in a gig and show them what they called (and I fondly imagined to be) " the English stroke." When I was in the States, and to a large extent even to-day, every University had its own patent " stroke," a method of propelling the boat which was the deadly secret of their professional coach, and no one else was allowed to see it till the day of the race. I shall never forget the excitement of the first Americans I took to Putney when they saw Oxford calmly go out to row over the course with the Cambridge crew looking on, and the Cambridge coach (Proh Pudor !) watching the last mile in his own launch. Secrecy, however, is a comparatively small matter. What

did affect American rowing, and other forms of sport as well, was the necessity for a professional coach, under whose orders these clean young gentlemen put themselves with unquestioning obedience. He was usually nothing like so good a man as our first-rate golf professionals. He did not know how to be courteous to strangers. He made his crew do things they would never have dreamt of doing under other circumstances.

It was while I was on the other side, for instance, that the fiasco occurred at Henley in 1895, when Willan was umpiring a heat for the Grand Challenge and Leander got left at the post. He had his eyes wholly on our visitors in his determination to see they got fair play, and when he saw they were ready and said " Go ! " he did not hear the Leander coxswain shouting " No ! " Leander never moved, and the Cornell crew were so far ahead when Willan noticed what had happened that I suppose he took it for granted they would stop. But they could do nothing without orders from their coach, who was, I believe, Charles Courtney, the professional sculler. Though worthy citizens of a free Republic they were completely slaves to him. So they finished the course alone and claimed the race, with the result that instead of being beaten by a first-rate club like Leander, with a large membership of the best oars from both Oxford and Cambridge Universities, they lost the next day, amid scenes of terrific enthusiasm, to Trinity Hall, a small college with about thirty wetbobs. This was not the fault of the crew, and it certainly was not the wish of their best friends. It was entirely due to their professional coach, who did not even know enough of first-rate rowing to teach them a style that would last out when they were tired ; for he stopped nearly all bodyswing, though the bodyweight is the one thing that must remain the same from start to finish.

One other instance I can give of my own knowledge when

Ellis Ward (as I think his name was) was coaching Pennsylvania for Henley a few years later than my visit to the States. Ward could not ride on horseback, wouldn't ride a bicycle from the towpath with a megaphone, and evidently imagined that the very proper rule preventing launches on the course just before the regatta was framed especially for his immediate ruin. I explained this to the authorities, and they were good enough to allow me to hire a special launch—which I did with some difficulty—and to go with Ward and show him where he could coach his boys from it without interfering with any other crews or regulations. I must say I was rather pleased when we started. But to my surprise Ward scarcely said a word, and the only time I heard anything like tuition was when I went back to the stern to talk to some American friends who had come with us, and he whispered hoarsely through his megaphone. I found out afterwards that he thought I had been specially delegated to find out what he said, and to impart to Leander or some other English crew the secrets of the " Pennsylvania stroke."

The American system of professional coaching had only been necessitated, I understand, because so few Americans, after taking their Degree at Yale, Harvard, or elsewhere, could afford to give the time from business which the full charge of an Eight required. But apart from any of the obvious disabilities mentioned, which must have been as galling to the men who rowed as to their seniors, I cannot believe the system can outlast a period of prosperity in the United States which is, they tell me, unparalleled even in that plutocratic country. They may not have at once such masters of their art as Lehmann, Fletcher, Bourne, or Harcourt Gold, yet they have surely time now to develop them. And when they do, they will find that rowing is one of the finest sports in the world.

13

It was under very odd circumstances that the first large photographs of myself (naturally exemplifying once again the "English stroke") were published on a whole page of an American newspaper.

I had been down in Jekyll Island with Joseph Pulitzer and several members of the family and "suite." Albert Pulitzer had sold the *New York Journal* to John K. McLean early in 1895. The rise in price to two cents dropped the circulation by no less than 80 per cent. This opportunity appealed to William Randolph Hearst, owner of the *San Francisco Examiner*, whose father had made an enormous fortune out of mining; and Hearst's New York office was on the eleventh floor of the Pulitzer Building. In September, 1895, he bought the *Journal*, restored its price to one cent, copied the general features of the *World*, and began his historic fight with Joseph Pulitzer by making piratical raids upon the staff in the next January. We were all very happy, at the time, down in Jekyll Island, which is off the coast of Georgia. Round the island was a beach of very tiny shells which made the best galloping ground for our morning ride I ever saw in America, where the climate is all against such turf as is our natural right in England. There was also a very comfortable Club, where I slept. Its members owned the shooting and kindly allowed me to go out now and then with a rook rifle and see what I could pick up. At five one fine morning I was out with a big black nigger after Florida buck, the small deer of the district, walking through grass and pampas that made a noise like crackling sheets of newspaper until I learnt how to get through it quietly. After an hour or so my guide stopped and whispered, "Thar he is!" I looked and saw nothing. "George Washington. Thar he is!" I still saw nothing. "Abraham Lincoln. THAR he is!" I suppose I should

have had all the Presidents down to Cleveland, later on, but fortunately I did then detect a patch of sunlight that seemed a little different from the reddish brown of the leaves round it, and as I raised my rifle the little brute moved slightly. I saw his shoulder and fired. He leaped into the air, my nigger bounded forward, shouting "I've got a buck! I've got a buck!" and so we had.

That evening I recorded, as the custom was, my prowess in the Club's gamebook. The next day one of the members, in inscribing his own record, added details about his ducks "quacking quite quickly" just before he shot them, which were evidently meant as a criticism of my previous entry. So, being young and thoughtless, I wrote four lines under his name as follows:

> "To shoot, instead of buck, a doe
> Is something nearer miss than hit.
> But better be mistaken so
> Than think impertinence is wit."

We soon made it up, however; and that night I went down to the house where Pulitzer was staying.

Everything was in confusion. A cable had just come to the following effect: "Hearst has bought *Sunday World* from editor to office boy cable instructions." I never knew what the "instructions" were, but before six the next morning we were all aboard the steamer on our way to Georgetown. It was a hectic journey. Every one of us had to provide one or two pages of original material for the orphaned paper. We had our special car on the north-bound train and I found we should have over two hours to wait at one junction to change into the New York Express. I telegraphed ahead for a photographer to meet our car, and on the platform, very early one morning, I might have been seen stripped, seated on an old copy of the *Century Dictionary*, and holding the station broom—"Picture of English University man showing details of his college stroke.

No relation of Bob Cook of Yale. Says our boys will Never Beat it." It filled quite two-thirds of my allotted space, and I went fast asleep, with the negative in the rack above me, while my comrades were writing columns of the wittiest literature until the train actually pulled in to New York City. That *Sunday World* had a bigger circulation than any of its predecessors and more advertisements as well.

14

In speaking of Lehmann and the Harvard crew, I ought to have mentioned the hospitality shown me by such Undergraduate clubs as the Porcellian and the Hasty Pudding. There I met not only rowing men, but also football players who interested me almost as much. What struck me most about them all was the intense seriousness with which they took their sport. The pair of boys I had coached in a gig never stopped arguing about it all the way from the river to my rooms, and went on till we were half through dinner and I called a halt in self-defence. In that case it was not so difficult to get into a boat and show them what was meant, and why one way seemed better than another. Without the least realisation of how different were the consequences involved, I light-heartedly accepted the suggestion that I should do the same with football. I ought to have known better, for I had seen, during my previous visit, the Yale-Princeton game ; and it had certainly made me think.

Twenty-two well-trained young giants, fourteen of them over 6 ft. tall, marched into the field, with hair long, mop-like, and clotted, which was but a small part of a defensive armoury consisting among other things, of chin bandages, nose-guards—so fashioned that they ended in a piece of rubber clenched between the teeth—shoulder-straps, leg-guards, thigh-pads, ankle-braces, and other gadgets. But even these were not so astonishing as the play itself. I had

seen Vassall's fifteen when I was at Radley, and it had sent eight Internationals up from Oxford alone, so I knew something of the Rugby game as those days knew it at its best.

But it was absolutely different from what I saw in Manhattan, as one of a crowd of thirty thousand people as well dressed as any crowd at Ascot, and with quite as many ladies. The American love of systematisation has—to my mind—ruined a fine game. Even the partisans of each University are not allowed to cheer independently and as they like. A leader of the applause stands up to give the time, and tell them how often to shout " siss " or " boom " or " rah " and when to do it. In exactly the same way the coaches of each side (again professional of course) did not study the rules with the object of learning how to play the game ; they studied the game with the object of learning how to beat the rules.

The transatlantic changes in our regulations about offside, scrimmages, and what they call " interference," resulted, I think, in a most lamentable development. A new player was invented called a " snap back." With the ball between his feet, and his head to the foe, he would suddenly chant three or four numbers, such as " 19, 27, 54," and rapidly slip the ball behind him. In accordance with those numbers everyone on his side knew what they were to do. To take an instance. The ball was passed out rapidly to the left, and everyone on the left side except three men behind the front line began to hammer his immediately opposite opponent. But the ball itself seemed suddenly to change its mind. With lightning rapidity it passed across towards the right, where two men on the wings had started running as hard as they could pelt. A mighty kick, exactly calculated, just fell in front of them. But the defence was ready. Nothing happened except a gain of about 20 yd. on a field marked out all over like a gridiron. For half an

hour afterwards nothing so open ever occurred again. The " flying wedge," having produced a murderous variant of the old problem of the irresistible force meeting an immovable obstacle, had just been given up before my visit. But it appeared to have been easily replaced by the conflicts all over the field between pairs of players whose ferocity seemed in inverse proportion to the nearness of the ball; by " fake kicks," " fake runs," and a general pugnacity which resulted in one spare-man after another being used up in the fiery furnace, until an eleven was lucky to finish up with as many as half of its original players.

None of these things, however, seemed to me so fatal as the military precision of the orders implied by the " signals," and the misplaced industry involved beforehand in learning what these strings of shouted numbers meant. They are not necessitated by the reduction of the players from fifteen to eleven a side, and the consequent abolition of the " scrimmage " in the form we know it. But they were designed to get the utmost out of the smaller formation. Behind the snap-back is a quarter-back with a full-back behind him, and two half-backs on each side of the quarter. On the right of the snap-back is his right tackle, with the right end-rusher on the wing. The left of the forward line is, of course, the same. The whole of the strategy consists in getting as many men as possible to converge (with or without the ball) upon one point in the enemy's line. The fiercest fighting is the inevitable result. Rugby Union, as we know it, is far from being a ladies' parlour game. But it is at least a game of independent units, even in the scrimmages, and the new formation of half-backs and three-quarters seems to me to prove that our developments will always be for more and more open play, with a premium on personal brilliancy that need never degenerate into a selfish exhibition and will always prefer the excellence of the game itself to any fetish of results alone.

All these things I had argued lengthily at the Porcellian or the Hasty Pudding, till one day I was dressed, armed, and taken out to Soldiers Field—well named. I will not lengthen out the hideous details. In half an hour I had been deposited upon a hurdle and carried to the nearest amateur hospital. Two gleeful young sons of Anak, profiting by my interest in the ball over 50 yards away, had jumped from some distance upon my head and stomach. Luckily the ground was soft.

15

One year I happened to be at Lakewood with Joseph Pulitzer—for I stayed on with him for some months after Ralph had entered Harvard—towards the middle of March, and he must have heard from somebody that my birthday was to happen before the end of the month. At the moment he was full of generous kindliness. I never knew what he was going to feel like from one morning to another. His temperament was quite extraordinary and I have never met another like it. If he could have originated as brilliantly as he could either drive or criticise the ideas of others, he would certainly have been what is called a genius. But without the creative quality he missed it, though in journalism I never met his equal. He was not spoilt in character by the great wealth his paper brought him, for his principles remained the same, but he undoubtedly found life made much more difficult by the suspicions wealth engendered as to the real motives of everybody about him. My own I may quite safely analyse, for they were perfectly simple. Those motives were partly youthful admiration of a quick brain power and devouring energy, and partly genuine pity for a blind man who was always searching for the happiness he could not find. Eventually he must have terrified even his own children by the sudden frenzy in his breast, at any moment, roused by the thought

that possibly even their affection may not have been wholly disinterested. Yet he loved them with the hungry jealous passion of a tigress.

For several months he seemed to be devoted to me. My birthday at Lakewood occurred during that brief period. He offered me twenty rooms in the big hotel in which to entertain my guests for the occasion. I asked for only one, and said that all I wanted was to bring him to dinner with Pulitzer himself. For the whole of the next week he tried, quite courteously and quite persistently, to get the name out of me. I always managed to put him off. At last the great night arrived. My birthday cake had twenty-six electric lights on it, to signify the years of my age. My buttonhole was wrapped up in a five-hundred-dollar note. I led in my guest. "This," said I, "is Mr. Joseph Pulitzer" —my guest gave a visible jump, having been equally carefully kept in the dark—"and this," I went on, "is Mr. Rudyard Kipling." "Another of Cook's —— —— jokes!" shouted our host somewhat disconcertingly. But we moved to the dining table, and my guest and I were placed on either side of him. We had barely finished the fish, when Pulitzer crashed his fist down on the table-cloth, a favourite and dangerous gesture of his, and said to me: "You —— —— —— it *is* Rudyard Kipling!" He always used fairly lurid language when excited either by pleasure or by annoyance, and apparently he was delighted with a conversation which he rightly recognised no one else could have given him. I hope after all these years Kipling has forgiven me what he may well have by this time forgotten. But we had a splendid evening.

It was either then or on some later occasion of similar conviviality that I asked Kipling how he selected his metres, and learnt that he always found a tune of some kind came into his head when his subject had been chosen, and wrote his lines to fit. He played me the "inspiring-

tune" of his "Last Chantey," in which I have always admired the metre almost as much as the glorious words. And in after years (with help from Villiers-Stanford and one other) I set it to a version of the notes he had hammered out for me with one finger on Pulitzer's piano. It was sung to my intense delight by that fine American-Irish baritone, Denis O'Sullivan, who completed my rapture by telling me that it would be one of the items of his next concert in the Albert Hall. To the grief of all his friends he was killed in the earthquake at San Francisco.

At his Bar Harbour house that year Pulitzer had a catboat sailed by a Swede, in which he took pleasant trips among the islands off the coast. Sometimes he did not realise that what was good sailing weather was not entirely suitable for bringing out a small boat from the shore. But I had taught little Joseph Pulitzer (his second son) to swim when he was with his brother Ralph at Zurich; and with us was Harry Macdona, then one of our numerous secretarial staff, who had been with Peary on expeditions to the North Pole and was thoroughly capable in every form of craft; but I found afterwards that his hardships in high latitudes had left some permanent weakness in his internal organs which resented cold. Now it happens that the sea round Bar Harbour, being out of the Gulf Stream, is quite cold even in summer, though it is remarkably deep and buoyant. I had put little Joey in the bows, sculling myself in the middle of the boat, and I told Macdona that as I should not see much of where we were going, and the waves were fairly high, I should take his orders entirely, and he would take the tiller.

I had not been sculling more than twenty minutes when the catboat was apparently caught in a sudden squall and went right over us. No one was hurt by the actual impact. When I came up I saw little Joey bravely swimming straight across the Atlantic towards England, but was soon able to

turn him back and get him across the boat which lay bottom upwards. Macdona was helping when he got cramp, and I had some difficulty in keeping him up. But the catboat came round again near enough for a sailor to throw a rope, and I got a noose over Macdona's head and shoulders and he was safely hauled aboard. The next time she came round I just managed to get little Joey high enough up to be caught by a sailor who leant over. By that time I had had quite enough myself and was very glad to be picked up on the catboat's third visit and to be landed at the house as soon as possible. I was put into a hot bath with two bottles of Rye Whisky in it, and was very jovial over dinner that evening. My companions in misfortune recovered equally completely. The one thing that remained with me, afterwards, was the sight of Joseph Pulitzer standing on the deck as the boat stood away in the breeze, blind, with his hands above his head, shouting " Where is my son ? "

Another of his American secretaries had been stranded in San Francisco, owing to some sudden quarrel with the Chief, and had to make enough money somehow not only to return to New York but to go on to Europe. He told me afterwards how he did it. News of the discovery of the X-rays (the scientific reader will forgive any inaccuracies he may detect) by Röntgen had just been cabled over, with a description of their powers and possibilities, suitable to American newspapers. The next day came a further cable saying that the discovery was claimed by his assistant. Do not let me be made responsible for what happened then. Let it be charitably put down to my friend's unexpected necessities, to the eagerness for romance on the Pacific Slope, and to the lure of ready money for a journalistic " beat." The story appeared the next morning in the best and wealthiest of the newspapers. They asserted that the aged Professor Röntgen had a young and charming wife whom he neglected for his scientific researches, and that the lady

was occasionally consoled by that same young and handsome assistant who now it appeared, was claiming the credit of his master's great discovery. "Well," said my wicked friend, who seems to have invented every detail of his story, "the Professor knew nothing of the intrigue going on beneath his own roof in the squalid old university town in which he laboured at his science. So quite innocently he placed the fluorescent screen on the wall between his laboratory and his wife's room and turned on the X-rays. He saw two skeletons in one another's arms. The moment when he had proved the success of the greatest discovery of his generation was also the moment when he saw his own home life laid in ruins —— Well, what do you think of that? Five hundred dollars down, and another five hundred when I get back to little old New York."

We may almost call this *Splendide Mendax* or Lying in State.

16

There were many men who did well afterwards among those secretaries of Joseph Pulitzer, though he had the strange habit of imagining, in every case, that if he had not rescued them and paid them salaries they would all have starved. Yet he insisted, when engaging them, on the possession of qualification, experience, and brains which would certainly have enabled them to get a living almost anywhere; and it was not by any means all of them who went into journalism as I did. They became almost as famous—in a smaller way, of course—as Lord Milner's "Kindergarten," but I do not propose either to give their names and achievements here or to say much more about the environment of their daily duties, which I only experienced in a kind of confidential way because Joseph Pulitzer was of the opinion that when my immediate occupation in teaching his son Ralph was gone, I should have been

destitute unless he had taken me, for a time, under his wing, in spite of my own very rash and premature disclosure that I hoped some day to try and make my own living on my own feet. He had certainly done more than he knew to make that possible. For in the few free months that were left me in the States before I definitely sailed for home again, I had experiences and made acquaintances which were of the utmost value when I began to seek work for myself.

William C. Whitney was one of the most interesting of the men I met, and his life, which had always fascinated me in New York, was to have a very curious link with mine soon afterwards, for he married Mrs. Randolph, the step-mother of my old and valued Radley friend. She was one of the beautiful Miss Mays, and I had met her when I was scarcely eighteen, at Bude. Her death was particularly tragic. She was out riding one morning, trying a new mare, I think somewhere in Long Island; and she galloped quite safely and happily under a railway bridge. She was a splendid horsewoman and hounds met next day. By a fatal coincidence they took much the same line, and went full cry under the same bridge. She was riding a much bigger horse, and struck her head upon the steel girders as she rode beneath. Her neck was broken, but she was kept alive for several months before she died.

Another famous lady, whom I often met in Mrs. Pulitzer's house, was her distant relation, Varina Anne Jefferson Davis, known as "the Daughter of the Confederacy." As the daughter of Jefferson Davis, who led the Southern States in the Civil War, she was especially beloved by every Southerner all her life, but by her own character and charm she roused something better than sectional patriotism in the personal devotion and affectionate loyalty which she inspired in every race and creed. From her mother she inherited a gift of literary expression that might alone have

given her distinction. She died in September, 1898, from the effects of a Parade of Veterans, held in the pouring rain, because she insisted on remaining to shake hands with every one of them. Her end was typical of the high ideals of chivalry and honour which her life exemplified.

I think it was with William C. Whitney that Colonel Harvey had his first chance of success when he left Pulitzer and the *World* office behind him. Neither of them can have suspected that the Colonel would eventually be the real force that secured the election of President Wilson. He subsequently became Ambassador to Great Britain.

Certainly American ambassadors have nearly always been the most engaging representatives of that country. Choate, one of the best of them, I had met in the States, with his former partner, William Evarts, who had the reputation in those days of being the wittiest man in the country. He was once asked how he managed to stand so many different drinks. "Oh," he said, "that's nothing. It's only the indifferent drinks that bother me." He was with a party of Englishmen who were being shown the Potomac by a garrulous darkie, and when they got to the shore the nigger said: "At this spot, ladies and gentlemen, George Washington threw a silver dollar right across the river." Someone produced the ancient chestnut that this feat was quite possible because "money went further in those days." But Evarts said: "That was nothing to what George Washington did on another occasion. He threw a Sovereign across the Atlantic." At a large dinner Chauncey Depew was once very much annoyed to find that he was expected to make his oration before Evarts instead of speaking later on. So he went and sat down at the end of the room with the idea of chaffing his rival when opportunity should serve. Evarts, whose eloquence was as easy as his wit, began his speech with a bird's-eye view of American history from Noah to Naragansett Pier, without a single semicolon. Depew sprang

up, at the first pause, and cried out: "Mr. Chairman, I ask whether we are supposed to sit here and listen to such sentences all night." "I am sorry," replied Evarts instantly, "that my friend Chauncey Depew has now joined the criminal classes in deploring long sentences."

Choate's sayings are perhaps better known, so I now only mention those which reflected the gallantry to all women that was one of his most attractive attributes. Glancing up one evening at Delmonico's, when the gallery had just been filled with ladies, "Now I understand," he said, "the meaning of the Scriptural phrase 'Thou madest man a little lower than the angels.'" His famous toast to American women has been often quoted. It closed with the words: "The Pilgrim Mothers were more devoted martyrs than were the Pilgrim Fathers, because they had not only to bear the same hardships that the Pilgrim Fathers suffered, but they had to bear the Pilgrim Fathers too." Yet more widely recognised has been his affection for his wife. When he was asked who he would prefer to be if he were not himself, he at once replied: "Mrs. Choate's second husband." Stories like these are not told about a man who does not deserve them.

I had several opportunities in later years of seeing both Choate and his successors at the Sunday dinners of the Kinsmen, a little society which was always attended at least twice by every American ambassador in turn. There I met first both Mr. Page and Mr. Davis, the former of whom I had occasion, during the War, to see again several times at the Embassy. Our members at these meetings were as varied as our guests. There were Squire Bancroft, Martin Conway, Bryan Donkin, Luke Fildes, Forbes Robertson, George Frampton, Henry Arthur Jones, Ray Lankester, Henry McMahon, Edwin Lutyens, William Orpen, Arthur Pinero, Owen Seaman, John Tweed, and many more. At one of my earliest visits, as a guest, I saw Mark Twain.

James Beck and Admiral Sims were among the American members. The list of those deceased has far more distinction than any to which the surviving members can lay claim. Our rules are few, if any, our good fellowship astonishing, and there are no set speeches—apart from an occasionally humorous outburst. The club has helped me very much in my judgment of those Americans I had met or known. It has helped me to understand what such men as Otto Kahn can really do for international goodwill and peace when they use their knowledge and their great power for good, or what such men as James Loeb (his partner) is at this moment doing for the scholarship of the whole world by the publication of the Loeb Library—that complete translation of the classics which he so generously finances.

And when I think that America gave us "John Oliver Hobbes," Henry James, and John Sargent—for Sargent was as English as he was anything, whatever forms of naturalisation he had omitted, I begin to realise that our general debt to the United States is, after all, and in spite of every obvious drawback, something which no amount of actual currency can ever repay. Sargent lived within a few hundred yards of the house in which I am writing now. He dined with us one night to see a painting of my mother's soon after we had lunched with him to see the wonderful series of sketches he had made of the Generals in the Great War, and I made casual visits to his studio from time to time. He was much more than one of the greatest artists I have ever known. Tall, bearded, burly, with dark hair and brows, and the sanguine face that often goes with a free and optimistic comment on affairs in general, he was actually as sensitive as he was strong, usually as shy and silent as he could be decisive and unswerving when he thought the occasion warranted a firm opinion. He lived as he painted, without the slightest affectation, and with a far deeper knowledge than appeared upon the surface. I had seen most of his

great frescoes in Boston, and I was amazed to find, in Chelsea, the amount of research and erudition which had gone to the perfection of their detail. It was typical of the man that the book he was reading when he died with such merciful suddenness was Voltaire—that most lucid writer of a lucid literature. A great factor, at his death, disappeared from the art of the whole world. His "Duchess of Portland," his "Lord Ribblesdale," his "Ellen Terry as Lady Macbeth," his "Henry James" are to my mind portraits that will stand among the highest achievements of their kind produced by any age or nation. After Henry James, he was the American I admired most in his lifetime; and I am bound to add that anything less like the accepted type of the average American than either of them we are never likely in our generation to behold.

17

I have spoken of the difference between English and American clubs; and one club on this side, which literary Americans were always glad to visit, partly I suppose because the difference I have mentioned was clearly accentuated, has always been the Savile, where such permanent members as John Balderston, Mark Barr, George Haven Putnam, the veteran publisher, or Alfred Harcourt, his brilliant young competitor, have always had the warmest welcome. I dined there first with my old French master from Radley, J. M. Horsburgh, in the summer of 1888; and I was elected in 1893 in the same list with Harold Parsons, Gerald Duckworth, A. D. Godley, of Magdalen, F. H. Maugham, and Owen Seaman. It was described in the *Spectator* as long ago as April 9th, 1711. "The club of which I am a member is very luckily composed of such persons as are engaged in different ways of life, and deputed, as it were, out of the most conspicuous classes of mankind: by this means I am furnished with the greatest variety of

hints and materials, and know everything that passes in the different quarters and divisions, not only of this great city but of the whole Kingdom . . . there is no rank or degree . . . who have not their representative in this club."

Addison, of course, was not speaking of the Savile, though he might have been ; for the Savile (under a different name for its first four years) was only founded in 1868, by the initiative of Auberon Herbert, whose brother, Lord Carnarvon, was also an original member. He was a man of impressive appearance, great ability, and the same chivalrous courage which shone so brightly in the life and the heroic death of his son, Lord Lucas. To him was due not merely the care bestowed on every subsequent election, but the domestic simplicity of the house itself, which succeeded more than anything else in bringing together that mixture of men of different opinions and professions which has been its characteristic ever since. Among its earliest members were James Bryce, Ingram Bywater, Rowland Blennerhassett, James Hunt, R. C. Jebb, Llewellyn Davies, Lord Lorne, G. C. Brodrick, and Julian Goldsmid, an indication of the " mixture " that was to follow. The club was named after the house it had taken in Savile Row ; but in June, 1882, its present charming little home in Piccadilly was bought from Lord Rosebery, with its bow windows looking out over the Green Park. Membership was raised to six hundred, with a subscription as high as five guineas.

In those early days William Brodrick Cloete was probably better known to the British public than any other of the members ; for he owned Paradox, by Sterling out of Casuistry, who won the Two Thousand with Fred Archer up, and only just missed the Derby by a short head against Lord Hastings' Melton. Brodrick Cloete, with whom I had often stayed, near Newmarket, was drowned on the *Lusitania*. The only other time the club had all its money

on a member's horse was in 1914, when Sir John Thursby's Kennymore also won the Two Thousand. Sir John was a steward of the Jockey Club during the most difficult years of the war, and the Turf suffered even more than the Savile by his premature death in 1920.

Some of my best friends were of this membership, and among those it was my privilege to know, of very different ages, are Sidney Colvin, who had been elected in 1869, with Mandell Creighton, Ray Lankester, T. L. Papillon, Frederick Pollock, R. W. Raper (of Trinity, as aforesaid), and J. E. Thorley, Warden of Wadham. A little later came in Thiselton Dyer, Arthur Balfour, Andrew Lang, Henry Pelham, and Walter Pollock of the *Saturday Review*. Robert Bridges—Poet Laureate—having mistakenly receded, was re-elected in 1915. George Prothero, of the *Quarterly*, left in 1908. George Saintsbury, Coventry Patmore, Bryan Donkin, W. J. Loftie, and Robert Louis Stevenson came in the same year (1874), with Edmund Gosse soon afterwards, Spring Rice, Arnold Forster, Thomas Hardy, Herbert Stephen, Martin Conway, Adam Sedgwick, William Ernest Henley (1883), Herbert Spencer, Henry James, Villiers-Stanford, Rider Haggard, Egerton Castle, D. G. Hogarth, Reginald Blomfield, Rudyard Kipling, Horace Hutchinson, S. H. Jeyes, and Walter Leaf. These were members elected before I was, and you may imagine with what happiness any young man joined a circle that contained so many he admired.

It would be difficult to exaggerate the value of the education received by every " freshman " in such company, which was recruited every year by many another it was good to know. The system of dining together at two long tables and talking to your next-door neighbour was one which soon made a new-comer feel at home. Sometimes the results were unexpected. I once heard a young man, who was very sure of himself, laying down the law about

comets and eclipses to a quiet and courteous gentleman, who finally had to excuse himself for a direct contradiction by explaining that he was the Astronomer Royal ; whereupon our novice, unabashed, turned to his left and began a dissertation on the speed and trajectory of shells and bullets to Greenhill from Woolwich. To be given a dinner " by the Club " was, after serving on the Committee, the greatest honour it could bestow. Both privileges have been granted to me, little as I deserved them. But they at least afforded an opportunity to " return thanks " to an institution which was, I suppose, absolutely the best possible to set a young and hopeful journalist on his legs, after a preliminary course of criticism which was admirably fitted to eliminate any superfluous self-esteem. " *Sodalitas Convivium.*" It was the spirit of the Public School in Letters, or of the University in Life. And to the immediate means of earning something like a livelihood I was compelled to turn almost directly after my election.

CHAPTER V

OF KINGS AND QUEENS

(*The "St. James's Gazette"*)

"Nobiles tyrannosque et principes, omres filios Assyriorum, juvenes forma egregia, duces et magistratus universos, principes principum, et nominatos ascensores equorum."—*Vulgate.*

AS far as I can now recall, though I had begun writing for the weekly and monthly Reviews while at Oxford, my first article in an English daily newspaper was about Leander beating Yale at Henley in July, 1896 ; and it appeared in the *Daily Chronicle*, then jointly edited by H. W. Massingham and Henry Norman. It is interesting (to myself) to observe that it was to members of the Liberal Party, with which I have never had the slightest political sympathy all my life, that some of the greatest kindnesses I have ever received have been due, from that day to this. Though I was brought more directly into touch with Henry Norman, who rose as fast in journalism as he was afterwards to soar outside it, the recent and unexpected death of H. W. Massingham has naturally turned my thoughts more particularly to him to-day. As was precisely the case with J. A. Spender later on, I could not help admiring warmly both the man and his style of writing, while I retained, as passionately as ever, my dislike of his political doctrines. Fortunately I was never to have much to do with politics, after leaving the *St. James's Gazette*, an abstention which cannot, I imagine, have resulted in any serious loss to either side. But Massingham was far from being absorbed in politics alone. His love and

knowledge of the best music was the first thing that attracted me ; and his championship of Ibsen was so ruthless that it makes me wonder whether I have been hopelessly old-fashioned in my dislike of "The Doll's House" ; and later on of dramas less skilful and more startling.

1

Massingham was always an artist, as his friend Vaughan Nash has pointed out, however hard he wrestled with practical affairs. He was not afraid of admitting that he was constantly swayed by the desire for interest and amusement. If his inborn moralities inclined him to Puritanism, his brains were invariably in revolt against it. Voltaire and Swift would not have been alien to one side of him, nor Sterne and Horace Walpole to another. What I remember chiefly of him is the joy and the rapidity with which he worked, his zest in fighting, his application of all his varied armoury of vital experience to the argument of the moment, his contempt for slovenliness in thought or action, his pride in giving the best of his own craftsmanship to the work in hand. Combined, as these qualities most unusually were, with unaffected sensitiveness for the opinions of others, whom he generously credited with all the delicacy of his own fine spirit, they produced a subtle fire of personal interpretation in his descriptive work which was unequalled, at its best, in any of his contemporaries on the press. In a totally different way has the especial talent of J. A. Spender always impressed me. As a boy on horseback tilting at the world in general I received no such lessons in impersonal courtesy, in suavity of logical expression, in clear-cut impartiality of statement, as I did from Spender's "Opposition" articles in the *Westminster Gazette* when I was editing the *St. James's Gazette* in more or less sympathy with "the Government."

I was never quite able to share in Willoughby de Broke's

somewhat naïve surprise, first that there should be any Opposition at all, and, secondly, that some of those he saw there were old friends of his, of the most undoubted sportsmanship and honesty. He recognised that some men seemed fortunately able to keep their practice of politics entirely outside their private lives. And so I have no hesitation in mentioning a fourth Liberal in this connection, Rudie Lehmann; for he gave me valuable and constant work in the literary columns of the *Daily News* while he owned it. But Lehmann, though a charming writer both of verse and prose—particularly the former, in which he has made himself the Poet Laureate of rowing—has never been in reality a true journalist at heart. I could imagine him as the owner of *Punch*, where he has been so long a valued contributor; but why he became a proprietor of the *Daily News* I could never quite understand, unless it was from the desire loyally to aid his Party by every means within his power. In any case it was quite delightful to find his unexpected and most attractive figure in his office, and from the time he printed something of mine about George Borrow—which I trust he has not quite forgotten—he gave me all the work I wanted.

Henry Norman's sound instincts for good journalism, which possibly resulted from the successful blend of German and American education with English surroundings and proclivities, will be sufficiently evident from the incident which first brought me into touch with his newspaper. I was on a visit to England from the United States, and, of course, went to the regatta which I had missed for several years. There I took Henry Norman out in a Canadian canoe, and waited for the race between Fawley Court and the White House. As they flashed by very nearly level. I said to my companion, "Yale is done. Leander wins." He asked why. Something vivid, or possibly something unfamiliar to him, in my explanation made him ask for an

immediate article "for the paper." I wrote it on sheets of notepaper in the Club, while he waited, and he took it up to London by the next train. I had seen no good rowing for about three years, and I was glad to think my love of the game had given me my first chance in a daily paper. But this could not be followed up for a while. I had six months more of the United States; and almost as soon as I got home again it was for the *New York World* that I wrote my first "interview."

2

It arose out of a dinner with Sir Charles Dilke (another Liberal) in Sloane Street. Through Lady Dilke I knew her husband well enough to fence with him in Sloane Street now and then, and sometimes to stay down at his delightful river bungalow at Dockett Eddy, where he used to scull or row a pair with Bill East, and we all had the most delightful of week-ends in the summer. But it was his dinners "for Stags only" which most attracted me when I first came to London, and the conversation there was always as first-rate as the food, which is saying a good deal.

There I heard the two best stories of Labouchere of *Truth*. He apologised for coming in late one evening by saying he had been at a big Liberal meeting. "And what did you do?"—"We made an honest woman of Campbell-Bannerman." The other referred to a mistaken identity, which resulted in his being warmly greeted by a perfect stranger in the lobby between the House of Lords and the House of Commons. Labouchere asked why the stranger was congratulating him. "Your father's speech, of course; magnificent, superb!" Labouchere's father had been dead for a long time; but, polite as ever, he enquired, "And where did you hear him?" "In the Lords, of course," replied the stranger. "Dear me," said Labouchere, "we often wondered where he had gone to."

recommended to me at the Grand Hotel, where I took a bedroom looking out across wide open spaces towards the Palace, and hired a very fascinating sleigh with a pair of black horses. My tutor took me through most of His Majesty's speeches preserved in the Library, translated them into French (which every Swede can talk as well as German), and made me laboriously learn by heart certain passages I selected. Nowadays the American, I gather, merely waits for some public function, walks up to his victim, and says, "King, put it there!" But these gay young gentlemen will perhaps remember that I speak of nearly thirty years ago, and that it was my first Real Job for Solid Money.

After working through the speeches I began writing an article on the position of Scandinavia in the world-politics of the time, and more particularly on Swedish immigrants in the United States, and sent the whole manuscript, with considerable trepidation, to Count Douglas, the Minister for Foreign Affairs. My only hope was that as he had had a letter from Charles Dilke—then accepted by the rest of Europe as the only English politician who knew anything about Foreign Affairs—he would at least read it before ordering my arrest.

3

One of the most pleasant incidents in this preliminary period was a dinner given in my honour in the Mäster Samuelsgatan by Häradshöfding Gustaf Fahlkrantz.

Feeling greatly fortified and encouraged for my task, after this hospitable greeting, I was still further helped in my endeavours by receiving next morning an autograph letter from Count Douglas, saying: "It has been with great interest that I have read your article, and I beg to express my compliments for the ability with which you have known in such a short time to make yourself familiar with our country, as well as my best thanks for the friendly way of

thinking you make appear against the Scandinavian peoples. The alterations I should like to propose are not many nor very extensive. . . . I think that the King would be pleased to comply with your wish to be received in audience, and I beg to advise you to address yourself to your Minister, in order to have the demand for audience made in the regular way."

This sounds simple enough. But there were the usual difficulties to surmount. I called upon the British Minister (who had then not long been appointed) and felt at first somewhat embarrassed by the knowledge that I had never yet been presented at Court, a ceremony which was in those days considered an essential preliminary to such adventures as I proposed. But the question, to my great relief, never arose. H.M. Minister flattered me by taking the higher line that any conversation of the kind suggested might, in its results, endanger a diplomatic position already sufficiently delicate. He, therefore, suggested a course which seemed to my inexperience to be fatal to my every hope, and I regretfully explained that I could not charge my memory—untrained as I was—with so important a message to the Swedish Foreign Office as he had implied. Would Sir Francis write it out for me ? Apparently my request was unprecedented. I sat there in miserable silence. H.M. Minister then slowly wrote, on a half sheet of notepaper, the following *aide-memoire*, still treasured in my possession : " Would Mr. Cook kindly ask Count Douglas whether the Swedish Min^{r} in London could not be instructed to see Ld Salisbury in the matter, to prevent possible misapprehension."

I read it, and said, " I shall tell Count Douglas that I saw Your Excellency write this, and that you wished him to read it."

" I have not heard a word you say," said H.M. Minister, rising with quiet but final cordiality.

I went through the exact proceeding described, and Count Douglas took the *aide-memoire*, folded it carefully, put it in his breast pocket as if it had been a hundred-pound note, and said, " You play Lawn Tennis, I have heard."

" Sir," I replied, ready to play anything that might be necessary, " I do."

" Carl Anckarsvärd will take you out at once and give you a good game, I think ; certainly an interesting one. *Au revoir*."

Anckarsvärd, a very charming young attaché who lived in the Kungsgatan, and whose courtesy and kindness I shall never forget, appeared as if by magic in the doorway. He climbed into my sleigh, took the reins, while we put the coachman in the back seat, and drove me to the Ydrotts-park, a kind of huge sporting club, with very large and well-built covered courts for lawn tennis. My flannels and racquet (or rather a spare set of Carl's) were all ready in a dressing-room. In ten minutes we were on the courts, and Lady Pakenham most kindly presented me at once to the Crown Prince (the present King). He played with Anckarsvärd, and my first partner was Clarence von Rosen, one of the finest examples of the young sporting aristocracy of Sweden, an owner of several famous horses—he became well known later on at the big Show at Olympia—and a lover of every form of amusement his hospitable country can provide. He and General Sir Viktor Balck, whom I also met for the first time on this occasion, have, I suppose, done more for sport in their own country than any two other Swedes. We had—if memory serves—an excellent game, in which the Crown Prince's height and activity proved superior to anything we could accomplish until one of the English attachés, Evelyn Grant Duff, was good enough to come to my rescue and take von Rosen's place, when England just managed to hold her own.

As soon as it was over, Anckarsvärd, superintending my

ablutions and my general toilet, remarked guilelessly that he heard I was fond of pictures. I was too innocent to say more than that Lady Dilke had advised me to see the examples of Fragonard, Watteau, and Chardin, for which Stockholm was famous.

"Ah!" said Anckarsvärd, "that is good advice; but you must not miss the Franz Hals."

Persistently inexperienced, I replied that the artistic gem he mentioned was invisible to me because, as I was informed, it was in the Private Apartments of the Palace.

"Never mind," said the young attaché with great gaiety, "we have certain privileges at the Foreign Office, and if you will call for me at a quarter to eleven to-morrow morning I may be able to show you what you wish to see."

At last it dawned upon me. But, observing I was about to speak, the artful Anckarsvärd immediately disappeared, and I drove home alone just before dark. There was time to call upon my own Authorities, and I did so, under the very proper convention of those days that no unofficial Englishmen should see the King of any country without previously informing the English Minister. This time there was no embarrassing hesitation whatever.

"You tell me you are invited," said Authority, "to see the Franz Hals? It is, indeed, a masterpiece. We have, of course, no official knowledge of the Private Apartments. But I have no doubt you will use every discretion in describing their contents. Good evening."

4

So the next morning Anckarsvärd and I stood in front of the Franz Hals, and we were both unequivocally admiring it when a tall man came in behind us and said in perfect English: "Who is this looking at the pictures, Anckarsvärd? Not Mr. Cook by any fortunate chance?"

It was the King. All through our conversation he retained

the natural, breezy kindliness of that sailor's profession which, like our own King George V, he had embraced wholeheartedly without a dream of ever reaching the throne, for he was a third son. I have often thought since that in both instances the lack of specialised education had been providential. By his death was broken one more link with the leaders of the great Napoleon's legions who shook well-nigh every throne in Europe and kept not a few themselves.[1]

King Oscar's activity of manner, both on this first occasion of my meeting him, in Stockholm, and later on, in London, was no less remarkable than his vigour of thought and freedom of expression. He wore, to the end of his life, the moustache and short trimmed beard that recalled his favourite naval occupations. His eyes were somewhat wide apart beneath the broad brows and massive forehead that were balanced so well upon the splendid shoulders of his tall and well-built frame. The tone of his voice was resonant and well modulated, and he could be as fluent in English as in German or French, in Norwegian as in Swedish—a rare accomplishment this last, and one that he early recognised to be absolutely necessary owing to the difficulties of the Union. I need not enlarge upon that part of our conversation in 1897 which was subsequently published elsewhere ; for the King was, of course, able to say very little beyond a general expression of good will to all concerned, and the safe platitude : " To speak of these things

[1] King Oscar's son is on the throne of Sweden, as I write, and his dark face recalls his mother, Princess Sophia of Nassau. But his marriage has proved of even greater interest than his birth to all who care (as I confess myself to care) for genealogies. Through his wife, Princess Victoria of Baden, his heir, the present Crown Prince, combines the blood of the Bernadottes with that of the old Swedish family of Vasa, which lost its regal honours for more than a century when Napoleon's greatest Marshal succeeded to the dignity and throne of Charles XIII in 1818. The present Crown Prince married the beautiful Princess of Connaught, who was still alive when I visited Stockholm again in the summer of 1912, and he is already almost as well known in England as his father.

does little good, to write of them still less. I prefer that men should judge me from my actions, not my words."

It was, no doubt, due to his tact and skill in arranging the constant domestic difficulties of his double Kingdom that his office as arbitrator in many international questions was as warmly welcomed by the rest of the world as it was evidently agreeable to himself. The fact which had directly sent me to Stockholm was the document—signed at Washington that year—which allotted him the position of decisive umpire in the Anglo-American Arbitration Treaty. As has unfortunately happened both before and since, this Treaty did not secure a sufficient majority of votes in the American Senate, though the King had signified to his own Parliament his willingness to undertake the onerous duties involved.

5

My journey home from Stockholm was more eventful than the journey out. The cold had increased, and when I reached Malmö, the southern port of Sweden, the harbour was filled with floating ice. The steamer started without any hesitation ; but about two miles out the Baltic seemed to have frozen solid. A trip usually timed at ninety minutes was prolonged to five and a half hours. We were at one time within sight of seven icebound ships, and to one of them—a friend of our captain's—we took bags of badly needed bread and beer. Finally, after banging the floes all round her, we managed to release her ; and the green ice, which must have been 8 or 9 in. thick in the open, was twice that thickness near her timbers, for the heavy snow of the last two days had congealed upon its surface in the bitter frost of the last night. This was hardly the form of "winter sports" I had anticipated, and I thoroughly appreciated the cheers that greeted us as we slowly reached the quay at Copenhagen.

In the railway station I discovered that the usual route from Korsör to Kiel (by which I had arrived) was no longer practicable. But I had to get home somehow for my orders were to put nothing on the cables till I had delivered up my manuscript to Ballard-Smith in London. So in the train across the Isle of Zealand from Copenhagen to Korsör I took counsel with a gay little commercial traveller of uncertain nationality who had the heart of a lion beneath his bulging woollen waistcoat, and was determined to take any risks to get to Hamburg without the loss of any possible hour on business for his firm. So from Korsör we determined to make straight to the West by the shortest passage to Nyborg. At last we found a captain, with a Tug by name—if memory serves—the "Bull-roarer," who was sufficiently hard up to come to terms. At first he could only raise three men as a crew. But when I offered everyone an extra bonus of a pound apiece, and insured all their lives at a mysterious office to which they took me on the quay, he got three more. By that time steam was up, and we started.

That little bagman turned out a perfect treasure. He seemed to know any language that might at any moment be necessary. He cracked jokes with everybody. He sang boisterous chanties when we all (except the stokers) had to jump up and down in the snow on her bows to break through one ice-floe after another. When one green-ribbed sheet was more recalcitrant than any, he triumphantly brought up an aged blunderbuss from the recesses of the captain's cabin and fired a mixed assortment of ironmongery at the edge of the ice which promptly gave up the struggle and let us through. As soon as our bows had made the slightest crack we always got through somehow. On one occasion even the crack was not enough, and we had to back out, tie a man with a signal flag on the bowsprit, and rush at the floe again, the man at the wheel (on her little bridge)

steering by the flag in the last few yards and being encouraged by terrific shouts from all the rest of us.

It took a long time and hard work from everyone on board to get across the Great Belt, but we reached Nyborg at last, without my having noticed anything wrong ; for though it had certainly been freezing, we were so constantly running about and jumping up and down that I never felt cold for very long, and we fortunately had an hour or so to spare before the next train started that was to take us across the island of Funen to face the lesser terrors of the Little Belt ; so we ate and drank all the hot things we could commandeer, haled our captain and crew into our dining-room to feed with us, and said good-bye with great enthusiasm all round. They came to the train to see us off and the few passengers must have thought we were the survivors of a polar expedition.

The short sea-crossing from the railway terminus to Fredericia was a very mild experience after what we had gone through earlier ; but it was dark and much colder, and if it had not been for the wily bagman I should never have got through the last little bit of Danish railway which took us to the German frontier of Schleswig at Vandrup. There I blessed for the first and last time the official red tape of the German Empire ; for there was the express lined up with warmed and lighted carriages, though every official must have known that there could be hardly any of the usual traffic, and even that little must be late. I laid myself thankfully all along one side of a compartment. The bagman piled footwarmers and cushions on the top of me, and lay down on the other, after we had both taken a final stirrup-cup out of his capacious flask. I slept like a log till we got into Hamburg eight hours late.

It must have been little past midday, but it seemed very dark as the train pulled slowly into the splendid railway station. I found it would be another four hours

before there was any train for Flushing ; so my commercial friend, helpful and cheery to the last, took me to the hotel, commended me to the good offices of the manager—which was very necessary, for by that time I must have looked as if I had fallen down a chimney filled with frozen soot—and left me with many protestations of affection. I hope that long ago he made his fortune No one deserved it better. I felt that nothing further was possible till I had had a prolonged and comprehensive bath. When I came to take off my left boot I found the foot was frost-bitten. Of the drastic remedies immediately and most efficiently applied, I will say nothing. I was bandaged up and limping when I was helped into the train for Flushing ; and I was still limping when I met my mother in the rooms she had been furnishing for me in Jermyn Street. She helped me finish my article, feeding me at intervals all the time. It was only just done when Ballard-Smith's messenger came up to fetch it.

6

I was to see King Oscar II again, under circumstances of unexpected kindness, in London in 1900. From Grove House, Roehampton, his private secretary asked me to attend at the Swedish and Norwegian Legation. I had no idea of the reason for this invitation. To my surprise and delight, he bade me sit down at once and take notes of the message he desired to give the British people, on his visit to this country at a time when we were at war. It may be remembered that European opinion at the moment was almost universally against us, so that the courage with which his message was uttered was only less admired than the evident sincerity of which it was so graceful an expression.

" I am entirely on the British side," he began, " in this war in South Africa. You may make it quite clear that

I believe your cause is just. . . . You Britons have proved yourselves better fitted to colonise and to govern the savage and uncivilised territories of the world than almost any of your rivals; and as the Boers have, to my mind, proved themselves to be exactly the opposite in these respects, my sympathies and my hopes are with you. But you find it a harder task than you imagined, do you not? . . . However, the British Empire will eventually get good out of evil, and reap her benefit after an unexpectedly severe and serious lesson. Already you are finding one good thing that has sprung from those very reverses which were inevitable because you were inevitably unprepared. That good thing is the magnificent support and the splendid fighting of your Colonies. . . ."

For this interview I was very generously paid by Arthur Pearson, and it appeared in the ninth number of his *Daily Express*, which had celebrated its birth, the week before, with a message from another Royalty. It was quoted in *The Times* of the same day (May 3rd, 1900), and it had two amusing results. The first was a torrent of repudiation from one section of the Scandinavian Press, which refused to believe a word of it was genuine until the Swedish Minister in London himself confirmed it; and the second was the scene at the Royal Academy Banquet soon afterwards.

I had passed Sir Edward Poynter on my way upstairs at the Legation, and the King had told me he would probably speak at the dinner. But I doubt very much whether he realised what a tempestuous welcome would be given, not merely to our Royal guest, but to the man who had not been afraid to say that justice was on our side in a struggle that had given almost as much disappointment at home as it had unpopularity abroad. It was suggested, indeed, that the possibility of that reception, during the only speech he made in public, was the real reason for his granting me so unprecedented a "message." But I sought no such motive.

One other proof he did look over, with as much interest as amusement, which must be equally unprecedented, and this was his own Obituary Notice, which I had been commissioned by Moberly Bell to write for *The Times*. A curious little journalistic incident is connected with that Obituary, and I am sure I shall be acquitted of all ill-feeling towards a manager who has now passed away if I relate it, and if I confess that I did not invariably see eye to eye with him—for I was very young. The commission was of value to me ; and I worked as hard as I could to make the article as good as possible in the space allotted. Eventually proofs were sent me to correct. I returned them, enriched with the additions to which I have referred. For six more weary months I waited to be paid. At last I wrote and asked to see Mr. Bell. The great man answered by return that he would be charmed to see me the next morning. I advanced on Printing House Square with a canvas bag (purloined from my astonished banker) in one pocket ; for those were the days when contributors were paid in gold. Mr. Bell listened to my request with admirable patience and suavely pointed out that no such articles were paid for till the subject of them had expired. I asked whether the suggestion was that I should forthwith assassinate His Gracious Majesty, as it was urgent I should obtain a payment in which I had never anticipated so long a delay. Mr. Bell terminated our conversation with as much courtesy as firmness ; but, of course, I was eventually " gratified with the usual emoluments " and the incident led to a revision of practice in these matters which is much fairer to both sides.

But let me return to Sir Charles Dilke's dinners (which took me so far away to Sweden) and to those evenings at the Savile Club which, after a year's hard work, resulted in my first " permanent appointment." People who have probably never tried it, talk lightly about " ten hours' work

a day." I did it for nearly the whole of 1897, and I suppose there was hardly a respectable newspaper in London I did not bombard, during that period, with articles on every subject from horse-racing to architecture, from fencing to French history, from art-criticism to the University Boat Race. In the four years since my election to the Savile Club, it had been joined by Charles Cornish, one of the best field naturalists of his day ; Henry Higgs of the Treasury ; Charles Furse, the young Gainsborough of too brief a life ; Chalmers Mitchell, now in command at the Zoo ; Gilbert Parker ; George Robertson of Chitral ; Lord St. Cyres, whom I had known at Oxford where we dined with him at a Merton Club called the "Septem contra Somnum" ; George Street, now in the Lord Chamberlain's office for the censorship of Plays ; Gilbert Bourne, whose theories and discoveries are now revolutionising the building of a racing eight ; Robert Legge, musical critic of *The Times* and then of the *Daily Telegraph ;* Sir William McCormick and Henry Norman. If I add Harry Plunkett Greene, Henry Ford, and George Frampton, you will see what good company I kept up to the end of 1898, even if I omit all the other distinguished people to whom I gaily talked—as is our friendly custom in this place—without knowing who they were. It was Samuel Jeyes, the power behind the throne at the old *Standard,* who eventually gave me my first chance, by sending me, that December, to the *St. James's Gazette,* where Hugh Chisholm had just succeeded Sidney Low in the editorial chair.

7

It had been a crowded year. At the first opportunity after my return from Stockholm, I was presented at "the Queen's Levée" by A. K. Loyd, then member for one of the divisions of Berkshire. But, of course, the most magnificent royal function of that glorious summer was the Diamond

Jubilee Procession on Tuesday, June 22nd. I mention it here not merely because of the impression it must have left on all who saw it, but because recent events have given a tragic significance to so many of its historic details.

As the date approached it seemed that London could not get any fuller than it was already ; yet more and more distinguished visitors constantly arrived ; and more and more travellers from all over the world packed themselves into every house. The Queen came up from Windsor on the Monday by the Great Western, and perhaps she remembered that the first time she had used this method of transport, in its infancy, her Master of the Horse had insisted on travelling on the engine, in full riding kit, with boots and spurs complete. The 2nd Life Guards escorted her to Buckingham Palace. The whole of her afternoon was taken up with the reception of Ambassadors and Envoys. In the evening she presided at an enormous State dinner to the Royal Highnesses (no Crowned Heads were among her guests) and the Ambassadors, followed by a Reception of the Colonial Premiers. Such was the preparation, on the part of a lady well beyond the allotted span of human life, for a morrow which would have taxed the endurance of a strong man in his prime.

By a quarter to eight on that beautiful June morning in 1897, the door into Buckingham Palace Gardens had been opened to me, and I was suddenly shut out from all the crowded streets in a quiet oasis of green trees and turf. Behind me in Hobart Place and Eaton Square the Colonial and Regular troops were gathering, and the dull sound of tramping feet came faintly across the lawns towards the lake. In good time I had moved to the courtyard of the Palace, beneath a hazy sky that gave warning already of the heat to come. The grey spaces here were still and strangely quiet ; but the air was charged with the electricity of the vast concourse just outside, compressed and multiplied by the low clouds on the quivering horizon, flashing now and

then with lightning bursts of handclapping and cheers. From every window in the long façade blinds were going up by slow degrees. Suddenly two small Royalties appeared at their bedroom balcony in white frocks and blue sashes, and surveyed the scene with much interest and animation, while a diminutive Scotchman, in kilt and sporran, seemed to be pointing out to them the meaning of the uniforms to be seen here and there. Apart from these little figures the Palace itself was almost void of decoration save for a small strip of crimson and gold velvet over the main entrance, the significance of which I was to realise much later in the day.

A louder cheer than any that had sounded yet proclaimed the instant satisfaction of an English crowd at the sight of a good man on a good horse. It was Lord Roberts, riding the magnificent white Arab which Charles Furse so nobly rendered in his picture, the only horse that ever wore the Kabul medal with four clasps and the Star of Candahar. And now the sound of that great multitude beyond the Palace walls came booming across the trees towards us, subdued but unutterably moving, like the rumble and the thunder of the drums of marching hosts. The cannon in Hyde Park roared their first salute as a burst of sunlight flashed upon the royal carriage which the Queen had entered beneath the awning of the Marble Hall.

Her Majesty's procession was led by Captain Ames, 2nd Life Guards, who was, I believe, the tallest man in the army and certainly one of its most commanding figures. The most striking feature of the glittering throng that followed him was the assembly, all on horseback, of the Princes of the Blood and royal representatives riding in threes, led by Major H. C. Legge, with the Duke of Fife and the Marquis of Lorne in the first rank. Among them were the Prince Amir Khan of Persia, Prince Mohammed Ali of Egypt, Prince Christian, Prince Danilo of Montenegro, the Grand Duke Cyril, Prince Arisugawa of Japan,

the Duke of Oporto, Prince Rupert of Bavaria, the Duke of York, the Crown Prince of Siam, Prince Henry of Prussia, the Grand Duke Serge, the Prince of Naples, the Archduke Francis Ferdinand.

How many ghosts of history, how many tragic figures, overwhelmed by fate or vanished in oblivion do the very names of that brilliant cavalcade evoke! "Shadows of dominion, splendour, and catastrophe." They are written here, not as a mere catalogue, but as the record of the last I saw with my own eyes of a proud and ancient stateliness that will be seen again no more. Our whole world has changed in the seven-and-twenty years since they rode out into the sunlight of that Imperial pageantry. It was a setting worthy of its greatest Queen. By her side rode the Prince of Wales (afterwards Edward VII), the Duke of Connaught, and the Duke of Cambridge. Behind her came the Royal Standard, guarded by Major Cuninghame and Lord Dundonald of the 2nd Life Guards. She sat with the Princess of Wales and Princess Helena in her open carriage, drawn by the eight Hanoverian cream horses, those legendary steeds that have passed on—with the Knight's charger in Dürer's dream of ancient chivalry—into the valley of the shadow. The only breed I can compare with them is the famous Lippiza stud of white horses used in the Hungarian royal stables, and preserved as long as possible after the downfall of 1918 by Count Franz Esterhazy. He has been obliged to sell some. But there are more than a hundred left, ready for the Hapsburgs to return.

The great quadrangle of the Palace glittered in the sunlight as I waited in the Balcony of the Household Corridor; and just before one o'clock the strains of military music from without announced that the first part of the procession was returning. Then the gold and scarlet of the royal liveries lined up across the centre of the court.

The tiny Scotchman whom I had seen before so blithe and happy at his window came back in a dead faint, utterly tired out with the bowing and saluting he had loyally performed, and was carried by a footman into shade and comfort. His mother followed him quickly from her carriage. The Royal Princes rode in and took up their line all along one wall to greet the returning Queen, and servants in livery stood before their horses to keep a space clear for her carriage.

The tears were pouring down the Queen's face, as she first came in sight. She remained sitting upright in the sunlight, with the Princess of Wales holding her hand. As the first bar of shadow from the entrance slanted across her head, she fell forward into her daughter's arms. She had lasted that long course to the very end. As she passed out of sight into the Palace, the trumpeter sounded the long call that proclaimed the advent of the Sovereign.

One of the most touching incidents of the day in London was yet to come. I had moved into the forecourt of the Palace among the crowd outside when a cheer from the people just beyond the railings warned me to look back. Above the gold and crimson of the centre balcony the nurses of the Duchess of York were seen opening the window. Two of her children came out into the sunlight, in plain white frocks with blue sashes; behind them was the slight form of a tinier still. As the eldest boy heard the cheering from the crowd he raised his little arm above his eyes and saluted. The people's enthusiasm burst all bounds. They broke past the policemen, they rushed beneath the horses' heads, they clambered on the railings of the Palace Gate. The child seemed to recognise that something more was required of him. And while his small brother stamped with glee and waved his arms, the latest heir of Queen Victoria saluted with both hands at once.[1]

[1] This was David, who is now the Prince of Wales.

8

The next morning I was away in the quiet folded vales of the green Weald of Kent, where the wide horizon of the Eynsford Range, circling above the waves of grass and seedling hops, gave an appropriate arena for the trial of the new machine guns. Again I felt that no other Empire and no other reign could have produced the sight before me, which had been staged without the slightest proclamation or advertisement beforehand. Remember, it was not only before Armageddon, it was before South Africa, that I saw these mounted troopers and infantry from the furthest frontiers of the Empire, meeting our own officers and men from home in the proper background of a rolling English country-side that was like the hills and valleys they were all guarding for the English flag in every corner of the earth. "Men of their hands and feet, with their teeth set firm in their sockets," men of the same speech and thoughts and interests as ours, men of our own good blood—here they were, it seemed to me, in a better setting than any mere organised ceremonials could promise. Here we had that curious mixture of "strictly business," of sportsman-like precision, of quietly hilarious content, that is so characteristic of the English race, so alien to wellnigh every other. I have always contrasted this lighthearted acceptance of any honest job that must be done, with that sickening seriousness in sin which was to be opposed to us, in all its horror, only sixteen summers later.

Six wicked-looking little guns were drawn up on the small plateau of turf outside the luncheon tent. When we went out, a ·303 Maxim on our right began venomously spitting and was soon firing 420 bullets to the minute. Then came a ·45-in. gun, and all the black troops burst into applause as the ripple of hot death whistled over the grass towards its billet. The moment of the day came when old Hiram

Maxim himself walked up to fire the next round from a gun of 37 millimetres with 1-lb. shells. Though over seventy, he seemed to think nothing of firing 145 shells a minute, each of which would have knocked holes in a torpedo-boat. He explained to me that though born in Massachusetts his forefathers had come from Kent two hundred years ago ; and then, of course, I understood. He felt at home. Finally came the " big noise," a 75-millimetre 12½-pounder, firing 20-lb. shells with incendiary stars. The cordite left no smoke. But before each report a fan of primrose flame, edged with violet-green, flashed from the muzzle, and another flash heralded the dull thud of the shell upon a thoroughly disheartened target. We each had one more cigar, more loyal healths, more hearty welcomes, and I marched back to the station with a 6-lb. shell on my umbrella and felt I had contributed to the safety of the Empire.

That same evening, after dinner at Windsor, which the Archduke Francis Ferdinand had but just quitted, the Queen witnessed from the corridor the Torchlight Procession of the Eton boys in the Quadrangle, where Her Majesty had so thoughtfully and graciously invited the Winchester Cricket Eleven to meet them. It was a very beautiful and appropriate recognition of what sport, in its best expression, can mean, and will always mean, in this country.

Soon after midnight I just caught the train for Portsmouth, reaching Spithead and my hospitable quarters on a battleship in time for a swim in the sea before breakfast. Twenty-one line of battleships, fifty-three cruisers, and innumerable smaller craft of all classes were assembled to represent the British Fleet ; and there were units from Germany, Italy, the United States, Japan, Austria-Hungary, France, and Sweden. Little of visible romance or beauty was in those great ironclads that lay five miles long from the Ryde Middle to the Horse Fort. The chief impression was one of energy

and power, of limitless destructiveness, curbed with some difficulty into quiet, yet utterly unable to conceal its strength beneath the rows of bunting flying from the armoured tops. No submarines spouting death from beneath, no biplanes raining horror from above, were there to minimise our pride in what was on that day the mightiest assemblage of armed power the Seven Seas had ever seen.

The postponement of Henley Regatta till July 14th enabled me to see the Queen's Review of her Regular and Colonial Army on the first. Her Majesty, who had Princess Christian and Princess Henry of Battenberg in her carriage, reached Laffan's Plain about half-past four, with a Guard of Honour of the Native Cavalry Corps. Lord Roberts led the Colonial troops, the Duke of Cambridge took the Guards, and the Prince of Wales commanded his own Hussars (10th). The gallop past the Saluting Point of the cavalry and artillery was magnificent, and the Royal Salute, given by the whole Line in Review Order, led by the Duke of Connaught, was almost equally impressive. It was forty-one years since the seven existing battalions of the Brigade of Guards had been assembled at any one place and time. The last occasion was in Hyde Park after their return from the Crimea. To that extent the magnificent ceremony of the Trooping of the Colours on the King's Birthday on the Horse Guards Parade has an equally impressive effect; and when, as in 1925, Marshal Foch rode beside King George V, we had, I suppose, the two men present who between them could count on the loyalty of more soldiers in the field in 1918 than any King and General in all history.

9

But Royalty was far from monopolising all the hours of that extraordinary year in which my occupations and pursuits were probably more various than they can ever be again, now the War is over. Before it, we were under the

impression that such a year of peace as 1897 gave us about as much to do, to enjoy, or to endure as human powers could compass. At that crowded summer's Henley came the great race for the Grand Challenge when New College (with oars 12 ft. 6 in. long and 5½-in. blades), who had Crum and Whitworth at seven and stroke, conquered a fast Leander crew in the final by 2 ft. in 6·51, which has never been beaten. It was magnificent weather and fast performances were done all through the card. Leander had kept ahead at a faster stroke to within 200 yd. of the finish. Then Whitworth rushed at Gold, with one of the finest spurts since Kent, the famous Brasenose stroke, had won his races, and just managed to get home. In the Stewards Fours, Leander had their revenge, but only after an almost equally gruelling struggle, in which New College stopped before the post, and Leander were only too glad to imitate them, drifting past the finish two lengths ahead and 9 sec. better than record. Eton did another record for the Ladies, only 10 sec. behind the time for the Grand, in their final against Emmanuel. Ten Eyck, who must have been nearly a professional, carried off the Diamond Sculls to Massachusetts. Trinity Hall, one of New College's victims for the Grand, had a new boat built for them by Brewer of Putney in a week. The crowd was so big, and apparently so ignorant of watermanship, that in my article for the *Daily Chronicle* I remember advising boards between the piles, to keep them off the course. Mr. Herbert Steward had, of course, already thought of a much better plan, and the floating booms he introduced soon afterwards (1899) made Henley the best race-course in the world.

One of the most charming commissions I was given that summer was to describe the sale of Arabs on July 25th at Crabbet Park, where Mr. Wilfrid Scawen Blunt and Lady Anne entertained us all to lunch before Mr. Tattersall began the business of the day. This was all the more

interesting because Mr. Blunt had just bought the breeding stock of Ali Pasha, Sherif of Cairo, a famous stud which had existed for more than fifty years, and was admitted by all Bedouins to contain the best mares in the desert. Not only had they completed the process of making the Crabbet Stud the finest in the world, but the mares sold off to make room for the new acquisitions ought to have been most valuable property for anyone lucky enough to purchase at the relatively low prices which obtained that day. There is apparently so much uncertainty about what the best Arab blood really is, that I should be tempted to dilate upon the subject if I had not written at length about it elsewhere. Writing quite briefly, I cannot accept as true Arabs the number of various breeds of uncertain ancestry from all over Africa and India and the Near East. The true stock was born and bred in Nejd, in Arabia Petraea, and has been developed with the greatest care by the Bedouins. No doubt they formed a nucleus, soon to be debased, of the armies by which the faith of Mahomet was spread at the sword's point over so many vast spaces of the world ; and no doubt for many centuries they formed one of the best gifts one monarch could offer to another. But the true blood remained as rare as it was beautiful and restricted in its area. It remains so to this day. Mr. St. John Philby is probably the only living Englishman who has crossed Central Arabia from the Persian Gulf to the Red Sea, and he knows what the Wahhabis of Nejd, and their horses, are worth to the whole Arab race. It has been their invariable custom through the ages that large and long-legged animals should be weeded out. Pure blood in the mare and beauty in the sire were the chief objects aimed at, for from them all good qualities were sure to flow ; and the intelligence of the right breed is only equalled by its good looks, as anyone might have seen for himself that July day at Crabbet.

The bright dark eyes, full, lustrous, outlined in white, and broadly set in a slightly concave profile, glance round at you ; the quick, silky ears go up as you whisper a greeting into one of them, or run your hand over the glossy skin, which hides more bone than you would think. Whether this breed, kept to its primeval purity, but carefully selected, could be gradually developed for speed, I cannot tell. The fascinating experiment has never been tried, for the simple reason that no millionaire lover of horses has ever been able to live long enough to carry out the full process to perfection and to test it thoroughly. The permanent value and one of the most thrilling of the many romances of the Arab is to be found in our own General Studbook ; but I must refer the reader interested in such matters either to *The History of the English Turf* or to *Eclipse and O'Kelly*, for what I have to say on this very complicated subject.

The expression " English Thoroughbred " was originally a curious mistake, though nowadays it is accepted as being a horse whose name and pedigree has been officially recorded in the Stud-book. But the exact stock from which Herod or Eclipse or Matchem sprang can by no means be certainly determined. There had been " royal mares " for many years in this country, of more or less sound origin. There had been a few good stallions imported at haphazard from the East. But nothing which combined speed with endurance had ever previously been developed to so high a standard as was seen in Eclipse, bred by the Duke of Cumberland, in Windsor Great Park, without any idea on the part of the Prince, or, indeed, of his first owner, that anything remarkable had been accomplished. I have seen his chestnut hair, on a bit of skin preserved by Lord Rosebery. I can well imagine what he looked like in the sunlight of Epsom or Newmarket when he beat every opponent by a distance, and it was literally a case of " Eclipse first and the rest nowhere." But anything less like an Arab than

his head I cannot conceive. He was, in fact, one of those lucky accidents in which the unknown alchemy of Nature defeats all the calculations of mankind. And his blood is in every horse that has started for the Derby for a hundred years.

It was a pretty sight in the stableyard at Crabbet, that lovely afternoon in 1897, when the first mare was led out to take her place before the auctioneer. As Dijleh moved from her shadowy stall into the sunlight, and paced across the straw with ears erect carrying her tail like a flag, all her comrades turned round and looked out, neighing and stamping, to encourage her—it seemed—to look her best and do honour to the stud. After Dar-es-Salaam, Wild Columbine (a bay Kehilan Ajuz) made the finest showing among the mares. Meroe, another bay with black points, daughter of Kars, with the best blood in the stud in her veins, was the tallest shown. She could not have been under sixteen hands, quite an exceptional height. Of the stallions on the card Antonios, a dark chestnut son of the Queen of Sheba and Mesaoud, attracted everyone until Safran appeared, the finest animal seen throughout the day. His small delicate head and strong neck were well set on shoulders not too heavy ; the fine curve of his crest was a perfect combination of breed with beauty ; and his colour was a brilliant grey. Ahmar, a bright bay stallion, was withdrawn at his reserve of 300 guineas. It is a national benefit, not perhaps sufficiently appreciated, that this wonderful stud, improved as much by Lady Anne's knowledge as by her husband's travels, has been preserved after their death in its old home by their daughter, Lady Wentworth.

The Russian agents were particularly anxious to secure the mares. The French Government's envoys were also persuaded by a visit to the stock at Crabbet to buy thirty thoroughbred mares from the North Arabian desert, as the foundation for their latest *haras*. The soundness and good

temper of these animals proved to be as remarkable as their good looks. I am firmly convinced that the well-bred horse, resolute, not too big, handy under saddle or in harness, able to withstand temporary hardship, will never be out of date upon the battlefield. Unless really hard work is being done, the Arab needs no corn at all. In war he can endure privations, want of rations, water, or housing, better than any other breed. Nor is it in war alone that the best-bred horses will be always wanted.

The various strains of our best winners on the Turf to-day are showing signs that fresh vigour needs to be imported into the old families if we are to keep up to the level of the days of West Australian or Ormonde. The Duke of Portland, one of the most successful of all breeders, tried bringing back some of the old Carbine stock which had been strengthened and invigorated upon the limestone pastures of Australia ; and it did undoubted good ; but not enough. I cannot help thinking that it is time to try again some of those pure, bred Arab mares from which, in the beginning, our best racing stock undoubtedly drew its best qualities, and from which Eclipse inherited that wonderful combination of stamina and speed which he transmitted to so many generations of winners. If what I suggest is ever tried by one of our new millionaires, the present moment is without doubt propitious, and the blood is here, upon the spot, at Crabbet, where I have usually seen, somewhat to my disappointment, that the majority of buyers of late years have been foreigners. It is still a beautiful place to visit, for the stables alone. But combined with them to-day is the irresistible attraction of the best ball-game in the world in the most beautiful tennis-court in Europe, with the champion making boasts back-handed for the dedans against the finest lady-player now alive. I can do very few things nowadays, but a belated love of tennis makes up for all the rest. *Sero te amavi.*

10

My main athletic preoccupation in 1900 was the fencing in which Charles Dilke was an enthusiastic if somewhat unorthodox performer. He once hurled at me a black cat which was perfectly ready to assist its master and happened to pass in from the garden at a moment when he had failed to hit me in several brusque attacks. Before I left Oxford for good I had officiated as secretary, under the presidency of Sir Frederick Pollock, of the University Fencing Club which we founded. Our first formal "Assault-at-Arms," in February, 1892, had been chronicled, to our immense pride and pleasure, by Egerton Castle in the *Saturday Review*, then edited by another sympathetic fencer, Walter Pollock. My mother designed the programme of the evening, and Crackanthorpe of Merton was one of the performers. I do not suppose the audience in the Clarendon Rooms were wildly enthusiastic about an art which then was little known and less appreciated. But I believe the Fencing Club goes on, and Oxford now meets Cambridge in this as well as in so many other of their common forms of sport.

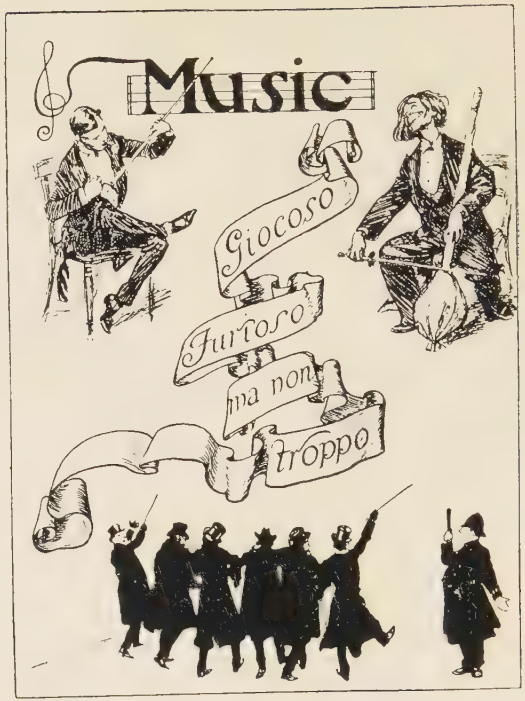
When I came up to London in 1897, I found that the rooms which had sheltered Angelo in St. James's Street were being dismantled. Originally a part of Colonel Redham's celebrated Riding School, they were taken by the grandson of the famous Angelo in 1830, to whom Captain Alfred Hutton, that Don Quixote of the nineteenth century, went as a pupil when a boy of thirteen.

Domenico Angelo Malevoltti Tremamondo—the very names resounds with chivalrous swordsmanship—was born of wealthy parents in 1716 at Leghorn, and learnt the best of his fencing and horsemanship under the elder Teillagory in Paris. By the invitation of his friend, the Duc de Nivernois, he appeared against all comers in a public fencing match in Paris, and one of the most enthusiastic of his spectators was Peg Woffington, who stepped out of the

crowd and gave him a bouquet of roses. "This," he cried, "will I protect against all opposers." Not one could ruffle leaf or flower. In England he became Master of the Horse to Henry Herbert, Earl of Pembroke, and taught many troopers from Elliot's Light Horse, among them Philip Astley. You may still see his beautiful seat on horseback in West's picture of the Battle of the Boyne. But in 1758 he definitely became a fencing-master, after completely discomfiting one Dr. Keys, reputed champion of Ireland. His first pupil, the Duke of Devonshire, was soon followed by every fashionable man in England, and his rooms were crowded with men like Sheridan, Reynolds, Garrick, Gainsborough, and Fox. His wonderful form with a foil has been immortalised by Rowlandson. To receive his clients properly he changed from Carlisle Street to Opera House Buildings in the Haymarket, and his "Academy" was only moved once more before the rooms in St. James's were secured by his grandson. Their place is worthily taken today by the London Fencing Club, which used to be in Lord Ellesmere's stables, and is now in the new block of splendid flats erected on the same site.

It was Angelo who started that rapid development of modern fencing, which was perfected in the riposte of Bertrand. But that crowning mercy came very late in the long story of the sword, and the reader who has not yet learnt to hold a foil would be amazed if he could realise how clumsily the "white arm" was used at these very times when life and reputation most depended on accomplishment in defence, and when every gentleman's library was filled with enormous volumes on the art of swordsmanship.

It is, perhaps, significant that the era which produced the perfection of fencing, the consummating masterpiece of the riposte, was also the age when duelling with the sword went out of fashion in those countries where the national skill had not rendered it practically innocuous. It was in danger



A FENCING MENU BY F. PEGRAM

of becoming a mere symbol, though always a brilliant symbol, for the martial poet . . .

> "Clanging imperious
> Forth from Time's battlements
> His ancient and triumphing song."

Perhaps this is why, both in France and England, the military authorities have shown a creditable anxiety to remove it from the vulgar sphere of practical utility, and the pistol has entirely replaced it in the United States ; but, meanwhile, the subtle perfection of foil-play steadily came more and more into favour. Emancipated from the bonds of too strenuous utilitarians, freed from the fetters of an encyclopædic scholasticism, yet glowing, still, with the romance of all its glorious past, the sublimated spirit of good swordsmanship throughout the ages seemed to float over the fencing-rooms of the last decade of the nineteenth century. But there was to be yet another step in this eventful history.

This new departure was necessary because foil-play, beautiful as it is, is full of conventions, and is never susceptible of a finally acceptable result. In these days of competition a result is invariably demanded. That may be unfortunate from the highest point of view ; but it is undeniable and inevitable. It has to be faced. You cannot place two weaponed men in front of one another without seeing that it is essential. Between the two figures there now floats no sinister shadow of the grave. Yet for the fencer in all other ways the rapture of the duel exists. The deeper note of irremediable, inexcusable tragedy is forever silenced ; but the whole gamut of the higher chords is left, and to their resonant harmony is set the lilting tone of modern fencing with the duelling-sword.

The weapons used and the rules of the game are precisely the rules drawn up for any modern duel in Paris by two pairs of modern seconds. A mask and glove, perhaps a

jacket or an apron, alone show that bloodshed may be happily avoided without spoiling any of the fun. There are no conventions. From the crown of his head to the sole of his foot, a man may attack an adversary, and must defend an equal area upon himself. One touch, anywhere, with the button on the point, and the bout is over. If the foil is the personification of conventional defence, the duelling-sword may be termed " strictly business."

A duel between two journalists which I saw in 1898 will serve as an excellent example of this truth. Laurent Tailhade and Maurice Barrès had arranged to fight one Monday morning of October in the Parc de St. Cloud. The weather had made the ground so muddy that by mutual consent they drove off, with Léon Daudet and Paul Marieton, to the riding school in the Avenue de la Grande Armée, where Déroulède had just been holding forth to the Patriotic League. They fought with ordinary duelling swords, wearing ordinary gloves, trousers, and unstarched shirts. Rounds of three minutes each. Every step gained by one of the combatants was retained, and each had 20 metres of ground in which to retire. The vigorous attacks of Barrès were composed chiefly of the beat or the beat and disengage, in both *quarte* and *sixte*. Very early in the duel, M. Dumonteil was obliged to stop the fight and satisfy himself that M. Tailhade had not been hurt. He was untouched and the fight proceeded. Parrying an attack, Barrès took the *contre de sixte* twice, riposted rapidly, and ran his adversary so strongly through the hand that his sword was bent by the force of the blow. People without practical knowledge often used to imagine that French duels were stopped unnecessarily by a mere scratch. But after only a few minutes' fencing the forearm gets in a condition of tension in which a very slight wound with the sword-point, drawing blood, has the effect of immediately paralysing the nerves, and the fingers fly off the swordhilt.

It would be almost murder to continue. The forearm is so often touched because it frequently prevents the adversary's blade from inflicting a mortal wound in the body. But the conditions I have stated result in the hand and forearm being often made the main object of an attack by an opponent whose very motto is "*toucher et ne pas l'être*"; and so it was with Barrès, whose fight was, of course, stopped as soon as he had wounded Tailhade.

I can warmly recommend to all my fellow-countrymen that enlargement of the possibilities of swordsmanship which has had so widespread a success in France, and which should appeal with even greater force to the intelligent and almost traditional physical development of the British race. In the Army, Navy, Marines, and Air Force the *épée* or duelling-sword is, I am glad to say, making great progress both in popularity and skill; and the fighting in the Royal Tournament at Olympia in 1925 was of the highest class all through. The success of Kershaw, at all weapons, has also shown that an International Rugby footballer of outstanding merit can be just as good at fencing too. And, indeed, it is the foundation of skill in many forms of exercise.

With very slight equipment, and with exactly the same weapon used in the French duel, two men who know the elements of foil-play can have a splendid time, and they can have it in the open air, for this form of fencing is always done out of doors whenever the weather will permit it. If seven men want to fight and determine which is the best, a "pool" is formed; and as each man fights every other, the order of the bouts will be:

(1) 1 v. 4	(6) 2 v. 3	(11) 5 v. 7	(16) 1 v. 6
(2) 2 v. 5	(7) 6 v. 7	(12) 1 v. 3	(17) 2 v. 4
(3) 3 v. 6	(8) 1 v. 5	(13) 4 v. 6	(18) 3 v. 7
(4) 1 v. 7	(9) 3 v. 4	(14) 2 v. 7	(19) 5 v. 6
(5) 4 v. 5	(10) 2 v. 6	(15) 3 v. 5	(20) 1 v. 2
			and (21) 4 v. 7

It will be found in practice that pools of more than nine[1] take rather too long time, and, therefore, it is as well, if possible, to have two smaller pools, when more than a dozen men wish to fight, and then to fight off a small final pool between two or three from each of the preliminaries. The winner is, of course, the fencer who is least touched; and, using a cross for a touch and a cipher for a victory, the scoring board will look as follows after a pool of seven has been contested.

Name	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	Totals
1. — . .		Xd	X	O	X	X	X	5
2. — . .	Xd		O	X	O	O	O	2
3. — . .	O	X		X	O	X	X	4
4. — . .	X	O	O		O	O	Xd	2
5. — . .	O	X	X	X		O	O	3
6. — . .	O	X	O	X	X		O	3
7. — . .	O	X	O	Xd	X	X		4

In this, number two and number four were each hit twice, and would have to fight off the tie. Taking the score sheet horizontally from left to right, you observe that in six bouts (i.e. seven minus himself) number one was hit five times; and though he was hit by number two, you find that number two was also hit by him. This is called a *coup double*, and means that the judges were unable to say that one man lodged his point before the other, and, therefore, gave the hit against both. The same thing, you notice, occurred in the bout between number four and

[1] The numbers of bouts necessary for a given total is always easily calculated:—

e.g. for seven, $\frac{7 \times 6}{2} = 21$, for nine, $\frac{9 \times 8}{2} = 36$

number seven, and in both cases the incident is marked by a special letter on the board. The scoring is managed by putting a cross for a defeat or a cipher for a win against the name of each fencer as each bout is finished.

The first Épée Pool in England, due to Charles Newton Robinson, was fought in May, 1900, in Steinway Hall, with three French and three English competitors. Sir George White (just home from Ladysmith) presided, and Egerton Castle directed the combats. I took part in it, and Willy Sulzbacher won. Edgar Seligman, who came to the front soon after his return from the South African War, is still (1925) the best man we have with foil, sabre, or duelling-sword, an astonishing record of continued skill and training. But we all welcome the new blood that is coming; and we all want to see France beaten before we die.

An even better competition than the individual pool is that between two teams of four or six. In most international competitions at Paris or Ostend, six is the number. For the Olympic Games of 1908 it was four, with four named substitutes. The principle is the same, and I will give as an example the last team-fight in which I took part as captain.

This was occasioned by the fact that in 1906 I had the honour to take out the fencing team which represented this country at the great games in Athens. It was the first team which ever fought France to a dead-heat in the final, but it lost the tie. It was composed as follows :

	Height ft.	Height in.	Age	Weight st.	Weight lb.
Lord Desborough	6	0	50	14	0
Sir Cosmo Duff-Gordon . . .	6	0	43	12	7
Edgar Seligman	5	8½	38	12	8
Charles Newton Robinson . .	5	7	52	10	7
Lord Howard de Walden (spare man)	5	11½	26	12	2
Theodore Cook (Captain) . .	5	11¼	39	13	4

In the following year " the Athens team " was challenged by the " Rest of England," and we met them on the open-air terrain of the Sword Club, near the Adelphi, on May 10th, 1907. Lord Desborough was, unfortunately, unable to be present, so we fought five aside with the following results :

	6	7	8	9	10	Hits received.
The Athens Team						
1. Cook	×	0	0	0	0	1
2. Duff-Gordon	0	0	0	0	×	1
3. Howard de Walden	×	×	0	0	×	3
4. Newton Robinson	×	×d	0	×	0	3
5. Seligman	×d	0	0	0	×	2
				Total hits recd.		10

	1	2	3	4	5	Hits received.
Rest of England						
6. Daniell	0	×	0	0	×d	2
7. Montgomerie	×	×	0	×d	×	4
8. Martineau	×	×	×	×	×	5
9. Davson	×	×	×	0	×	4
10. Evan James	×	0	0	×	0	2
				Total hits recd.		17

It will be noticed that though twenty-five bouts might be expected to produce only twenty-five hits, this score-sheet shows that a total of twenty-seven hits were received by the ten men engaged. This is because the fight between Seligman and Daniell (viz. our number five against their number six) resulted in a *coup double*, a hit being scored against each, and the same thing occurred between Montgomerie (their seven) and Newton Robinson (our four), so that two hits had to be added to the apparently possible twenty-five.

With three experienced fencers to judge, one on each side and a " president " in the middle, you can manage either an " individual " pool of eight or nine, or a fight

between two teams of five or six. The judging needs courage, tact, and knowledge; but with a little goodwill on the part of the fencers all is easily managed. The fighting is different with each pair, and there is constant variety both for the men engaged and for the spectators. It can be done at any hour of the day or night, indoors or out of doors, in any weather, and at almost any age; for I have had as good bouts with wily old gentlemen of sixty as with hot-headed youths of twenty-five; and if I begin to describe any more actual fighting I shall go on for another dozen

THE GODDESS OF CHANCE

From a drawing by F. H. Townsend for a Fencing Menu

pages, so I salute you in *carte* and *tierce* and wish you no better happiness than a bout at swords to-morrow.

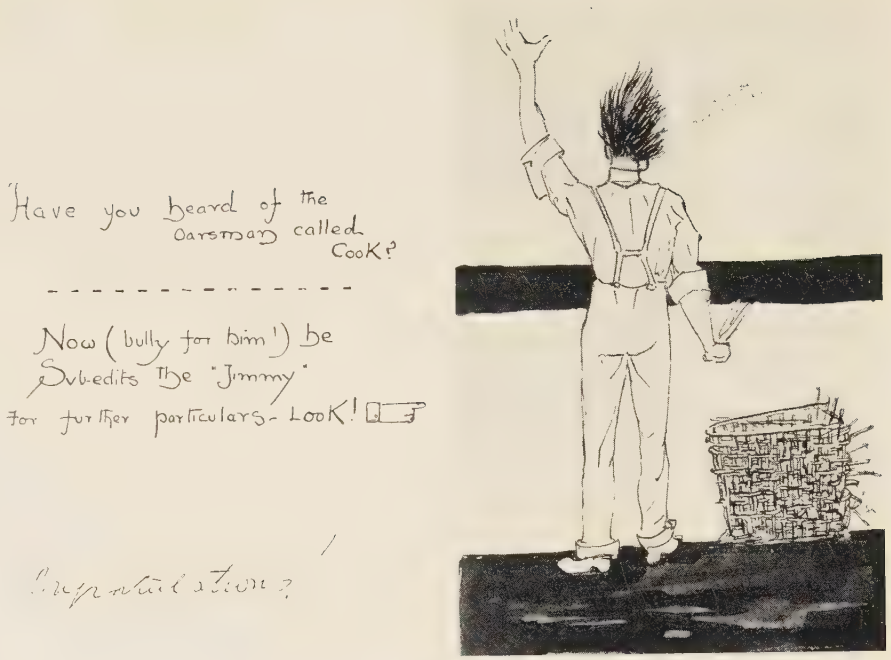
II

It was fencing of quite another sort I had to face when I went down to the *St. James's Gazette* for the first time under Hugh Chisholm; and for many weeks I strongly questioned the truth of the old proverb that the pen is mightier than the sword. Never shall I forget either the trepidation with which I wrote my first Editorial Note, about an outbreak of typhoid at Maidstone, or the horror with which I read it in print in the issue of December 1st, 1897. The next was a paragraph on the purchase by

President Kruger of four thousand Irish donkeys which were shipped at Waterford for Durban, insured at £10 each. It appears that 1200 of them refused to touch the shores of Africa at all, and of the remainder only an indignant minority were kept by the Transvaal Government.

I wrote my first leading article, "Are we Brutal in Our Sports?" on December 30th. The end of the first month's trial, which had been agreed on both sides, was over. I was much too anxious to say a word about it. Hugh Chisholm forgot it altogether. Well on in the middle of January he expressed approval of a review of mine about a book on France. I ventured to hope I might remain on his staff. He sat back in the editorial chair and laughed, and said he was writing to the Proprietor that afternoon. The man who owned the *St. James's* was Edward Steinkopff, who had made his fortune in Apollinaris Water, and was anxious to do something for the Conservative Party by running their best evening paper. I am not sure whether he fulfilled that ambition, but he certainly achieved his wishes in another direction when his daughter, a particularly kind-hearted young woman, married the late Mackenzie of Seaforth, a brother of Lady Jeune. He was sometimes a little difficult to get on with, though he usually left us to our own devices; and after about a year Chisholm became ill and I was left in charge.

Before that happened I had begun attending debates in the House of Commons. A clever sketch by Harry Furniss, showing Gerald Balfour overwhelmed with congratulations on the Irish Local Government Bill of February, 1898, had led to the suggestion that he should draw portrait-sketches of interesting personages in the House of Commons debates from day to day, and I frequently went to hear the speeches he was "illustrating." As I turn over the old files I find many a figure that has vanished, many a controversy that has been forgotten. Here I see "Mr. Curzon," very



A LETTER FROM RUDYARD KIPLING IN 1899

smart in a tailcoat and a high collar discoursing on the Far East; Mr. Faithful Begg objecting to the Government acquiring the property of the National Telephone Company; Mr. William Redmond being removed by the Sergeant-at-Arms because he would continue arguing about sailors wearing shamrocks, when he was clearly out of order; Lord Charles Beresford bringing smiles into a dull debate by announcing that "for the first time in our history we are brought face to face with facts which have never before arisen"; Mr. Rankin appalling a far from agricultural assembly by asserting that 124 different weights and measures were in use for three different kinds of grain, while a bushel which meant 80 lb. in Monmouth, was only 75 in Shropshire, 73 in Wenlock, and actually dwindled to 62 in Hereford; Mr. Swift MacNeill sweeping Mr. Vesey Knox's hat off in the fervour of his denunciations; Mr. T. G. Bowles pointing out that "in the earlier and better days of this Empire men drank beer for breakfast, and troubles only began when a few ambitious merchants discovered China and introduced that outrageous beverage called tea"; Sir Charles Dilke (who told me he felt he had failed if anybody cheered) describing the practical difficulties of the illiterate voter; and Mr. Arthur Balfour standing in an elegant attitude of patience under a cross fire from the Irish and the Opposition.

The public were far more interested in the outbreak of the Spanish-American War, or in the death of Mr. Gladstone, or in Russia's intrigues in China, which resulted in our getting Wei-Hai-Wei as "compensation" for Port Arthur. This reminds me of a conversation that happened in London a year or two later. A German officer was most anxious to hear what we were doing with our new possession, evidently expecting to hear of fortifications, gun-emplacements, garrisons, and the like. "Oh," said the sailor who was talking to him, "we are getting on famously. The

cricket pitch is nearly good enough for first-rate matches already, and my ship beat the whole fleet at football when we were last there." The German was aghast at the levity of the British Empire.

On May 17th, 1899, I saw the last public function Queen Victoria attended, the laying of the foundation-stone of the Victoria and Albert Museum in South Kensington. My wife and I had been allowed to sit among the Members of Parliament present, and watched with immense interest the splendid arrivals of the great; but at last the trumpeters began to get ready. The same electric feeling crept through the air which rustles every race card in the Grand Stand when the Derby horses get away, and the whole assembly fell into expectant silence. Then as Her Majesty appeared everyone stood up. Everyone wanted to cheer. Nobody could make a sound. That small figure of ancient Royalty dominated the central scene which everybody watched with strained attention. The Queen was shown everything in the interior of the casket for her personal approval; she added a paper of her own, locked it up, and kept the key. Mr. Aston Webb placed it in the cavity that was immediately covered with a slab of slate, and the Queen handed mallet and trowel to her son, by whose hands the stone was well and truly laid. She at once engaged in a conversation with him that was as spirited as it was evidently motherly, and he stood immovable at attention all the time, till the Queen sat back again in her carriage and drove out into the sunlight to the cheering of her people. I never saw her again alive. The next time I saw the Guards turn out in her honour, it was to salute the little coffin beneath the Union Jack which held so much of England's history.

12

Within a month of that last ceremony in South Kensington I was immersed in politics in earnest; for I was now in full charge of the *St. James's Gazette*, during Chisholm's continued absence.

It must have been about the 9th of June, 1899, when a message reached me from the Colonial Office to say that they regretted the *St. James's* was not in as close touch with the Department as could be wished, and suggesting that I should call. I replied—and throughout the episode I can only plead the self-assurance of the young—that I was unaware of any necessity for closer communication, but that as I was extremely busy perhaps they would send someone to see me the next day in my private house. To my surprise there was immediate assent, and I was informed that L. S. (it would be hardly fair to give his name to those who do not know it already) would be at Oakley Street, Chelsea, on the 10th at five o'clock. We were a modest establishment—as we have always been—but we could manage tea; and as soon as it was poured out my wife disappeared. The great man produced a paper from his pocket and asked me to read it. I saw at once that it was Sir Alfred Milner's despatch on the Bloemfontein Conference, and I asked why it had been shown to me.

"For you to express your opinions on the facts," replied my visitor, "without of course revealing the source of your exact information."

I asked whether any other journalist had seen it. They had: several of them. Clearly the other editors had either had no time to consider it, or did not wish to come too soon to a decision. I had no reputation to lose—in fact no journalistic reputation whatever; and I believed implicitly that Milner was right. If he was right, there was no alternative

between fighting Kruger and losing South Africa, which would obviously be followed by other colonies for precisely the same reasons as had given birth to the United States. So on Monday morning, June 12th, I wrote a leading article in the *St. James's* whole-heartedly commending Milner's policy, which created a very considerable hullabaloo when it appeared. Most of the Press treated it with stony silence, but the *Westminster Gazette* thought that only the most hot-headed jingo could disbelieve in the possibilities of satisfactory and continuous discussions, and deplored " rushing the situation and ignoring the quieter wisdoms of other days." Many of my friends, too, must have imagined that my sudden rise had given me a swollen head and that I should only fall the further.

With the help of a particularly well-informed sub-editor, F. R. Cana, I then began to publish day by day (and subsequently in a separate pamphlet) a succinct summary of the salient facts in the origin and history of the South African Republic from the time when the Cape came into our possession, in 1814, to the present day. It proved an immediate success, and brought out, more than anything else could have done, the singularly patient and unaggressive attitude which the British Government was displaying in the crisis of 1899.

By this time the *Daily Chronicle* had been doubly shocked, first by the outrageous truths so callously set forth in Milner's famous despatch, and secondly by the cynical disregard of Boer susceptibilities displayed by its publication by Mr. Chamberlain. But the country gradually made up its mind that we could not a third time surrender our countrymen abroad to party exigencies; there was a widespread approval of Mr. Chamberlain's speech in Birmingham on June 26th, in which he told President Kruger definitely that we " will expect and insist " upon reasonable concessions. There is no need to say more here upon the preliminaries

which resulted in the President's "ultimatum" and in war. It had been my first real fight on any paper, and it was full of the most educational surprises, for that first month of it, a lovely June, was in itself crammed with interests of every kind which sometimes inevitably conflicted with my work at my office, and I learnt the beginnings of organisation and of the use of a good staff. Ascot had been a splendid meeting. England were playing Australia at Lords, and how could I be anywhere else when Jessop was hitting boundaries, and on our side were C. B. Fry, Maclaren, Ranjitsinhji, and F. S. Jackson? At Henley, Leander, with another good crew stroked by Gold, won the Grand, after the Toronto Argonauts and a Dutch crew had been beaten; and Eton, with Nelson and Kelly at seven and stroke won the Ladies easily. Magdalen beat a German four for the Stewards, and Howell beat Blackstaffe for the Diamonds. At Commemoration in Oxford, Kitchener and Cecil Rhodes had received their Degrees with roars of applause in the Sheldonian. In France Captain Dreyfus had just landed in Brest on his way to Rennes. Those were busy days. As W. E. Henley had just written so we all felt:

"Life is worth living
Through every grain of it
From the foundations
To the last edge
Of the cornerstone, death."

13

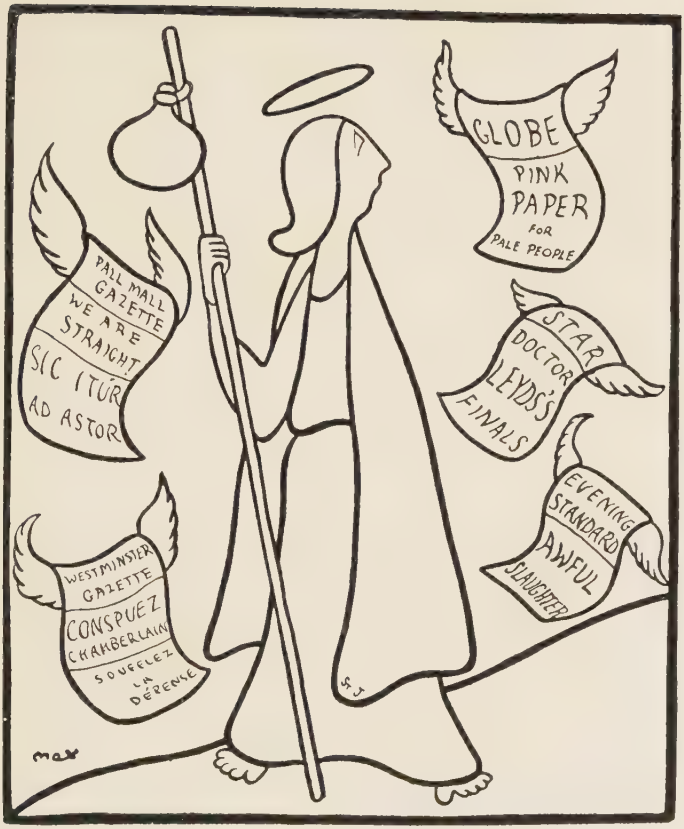
By December Hugh Chisholm resigned his editorship, and on the 30th a dinner was given to him at Limmer's Hotel with Edmund Gosse in the chair. Max Beerbohm drew a wonderful Saint James (with pilgrim's bottle and halo complete) for one side of the menu-card, and on the other was Jacomb-Hood's lively little newspaper-boy rushing round London with copies of the paper. My mother designed the cheerful interior, on which was set

forth the list of food and the names of those present.[1] It was a great evening ; and the next day I became Editor. It was only to be for a year but a good year while it lasted. I was fortunately able to secure the services of Ronald McNeill (now at the Foreign Office) as my assistant-editor, and in David Hannay I had a brilliant leader-writer. The backbone of all information, of every description, in the office was Penderel Brodhurst. In the sub-editors' room Cana and Farthing were the most trustworthy of journalists, each with special knowledge of which he made good use.

We had the usual adventures suitable to a small office, and if strikes in the Printing Trade could only be settled as we settled ours at the St. James's many a proprietor to-day would be grateful. Poached eggs and a barrel of stout, I remember, figured largely in our terms of peace. Ronald McNeill was for some time much taken up with a sinister-looking stranger who brought us terrific stories of Kruger's secret-service money. A bribe was actually offered to the Editor by one of the President's more influential, but invisible, supporters. I longed to follow the advice I once heard given by Tommy Case of Corpus for such cases of conscience ; to wit, that the bribe should be taken and placed in the pocket of the bribee as some solatium for his injured feelings, but that said bribee should immediately vote or act in the opposite direction to that expected in order to inflict a justifiable punishment upon the briber for his immorality.

About that time Sir Charles Darling had just been made

[1] They fairly represented that side of journalism and literature at the time, so I may add a few here : J. A. Spender, Douglas Straight, Ernest Parke, Sidney Low, Clement Shorter, John Walter, F. C. Gould, Malcolm Watson, David Hannay, Arthur Waugh, J. P. Brodhurst, Pett Ridge, Richardson Evans, Ronald McNeill, Eric Parker, Thomas Seccombe, Lewis Hind, Edmund Goulding, J. N. Fisher, Bertram Christian, A. Shadwell, Mostyn Pigott, Max Beerbohm, Gerald Duckworth, J. P. Jacomb Hood, G. S. Street, F. York Powell, Egerton Castle, Henry Arthur Jones, Charles Boyd, William Heinemann, Grant Richards, Alison Phillips, F. R. Cana, Harold Boulton, John Lane, and Norman MacColl.



MAX BEERBOHM'S DESIGN FOR THE MENU OF THE "ST. JAMES'S GAZETTE" DINNER

December, 1899

a judge, and a case came before him in which Constable & Co., the publishers, were sued by an indignant author for not procuring for his book sufficient reviews in the newspapers. I was called as a witness in order to give evidence as to the method of reviewing books on the *St. James's*, a task I did not relish facing for the first time. But it turned out astonishingly simple. I had scarcely begun my hesitating description, prefacing it with the explanation that several of our best reviewers were no longer working for us, when the Judge called a halt. Mr. Darling, it appeared, had reviewed a good deal for the paper a few years before, and Sir Charles now intervened with a smile.

"I do not think we need take up Mr. Cook's time. I am perfectly familiar with the process he has begun to describe."

I left the Court at once without a stain upon my character and very glad to get back to work.

Several good stories from members in South Africa in 1899 and 1900 reached the Savile Club where William Nicholson, Henry Newbolt, Gervase Elwes, Maurice Hewlett, and Max Beerbohm had just become members. I think it was Basil Williams who told us two of the best.

He had led his platoon to take a Boer position, and was talking to one of his wounded men in hospital afterwards. The soldier described what happened as they rushed the last rise. "I'd no sooner got over than I saw a Boer lying down and slipped my bayonet into 'im just as 'e fired at me. So there we BOTH was. After a bit I says to 'im, 'Ave you 'ad any breakfast,' I says, and passes 'im a biscuit. 'Allymakty,' he says, in 'is funny lingo, and 'ands me up 'is flask. So I drank it thankful, and there we was as comfortable as might be, couldn't *move*, you understand, but quite comfortable, when up comes the stretcher-bearers; and I'm blest if they didn't begin to carry 'im off one way and me the other. So I put out my 'and, the one I could move, you understand, and I says, 'Well,

Good-bye,' I says, ' and *Thank Gawd we met.*' " An incident equally typical of the British soldier was reported to me by an officer of the Devons. He was moving round the tents one evening, just before " Lights Out," when he heard a private talking to a circle of friends, and evidently just completing a catalogue of their commanding officers. " And then," said the soft West-country voice, " we come to Buller," which he pronounced to rhyme with colour. " You all know Buller. *But we'll pull him through.*"

It was my wife who was to pull through her husband during the hard work of that year, and the vicissitudes of many another. For as soon as I was given a place on the *St. James's* I was married. York Powell of Christ Church gave away the bride in the little parish church at Horsley ; and a gallant company of Savile members, who had travelled down in a " football saloon," filled up two public-houses at Nailsworth and gave me a dinner to fortify me for the coming ceremony. The wedding breakfast was at the Leith Hay Clarks ; and we spent our honeymoon in Devonshire. No man could ever have a more patient, capable, or devoted helpmeet. Her courage was very soon to be tested—for the first of many times.

It had become evident that the *St. James's Gazette* was going to be sold. It was clearly better to resign than to await uncertainties. Ronald McNeill took on the Editorship until the paper finally changed hands. It has now temporarily disappeared, but I do not think it will ever be forgotten, for it carried on the motto of Thackeray's *Pall Mall Gazette* —" the paper edited for gentlemen by gentlemen "—and it inherited through Greenwood a great and honourable tradition of the best days of evening journalism. The recent and unexpected death of Hugh Chisholm has not only deprived me of a loyal friend; it has left both journalism and finance the poorer for the loss of one so scholarly and chivalrous.

CHAPTER VI

FROM SHOE LANE TO VIENNA

(The "Daily Telegraph")

". . . non semel Ilios
Vexata: non pugnavit ingens
Idomeneus Sthenelusve solus
Dicenda Musis prœlia. . . ."—HORACE.

IN May, 1900, I felt a curious sense of truncated activity which might have lasted much longer had I not almost immediately found so much to do that the sense of loss was greatly diminished. The invaluable Sammy Jeyes, whom nothing could move from the unchanging good temper of self-assured prosperity, gave me leaders to write on that vanished morning daily, the *Standard*, the newspaper my father had always read, and at that time the most respectable supporter of the Conservative Party. It died, I have always thought, of sheer respectability, owing to an innate powerlessness to take any definite line and stick to it regardless of the temporary consequences. The offices in Shoe Lane were like a church, far more so than the *Field*, which was very naturally labelled (or perhaps I should say libelled) with ecclesiastical dullness by an astonished American visitor. At one of the staff dinners given after the war, the Editor of the *Field* alluded to this disrespectful exaggeration of the facts, whereupon the Proprietor asserted that he did not object at all to such an atmosphere, provided it was understood that his own chief interest was the Offertory.

I

Even in its leading articles the atmosphere of determined refusal to make up its mind distinguished everything published by the *Standard* of those days. You would begin to read a column with some four hundred words of excellently written exposition that seemed to point to only one conclusion. Somewhat to your dismay, the next four hundred words would set forth with equal ability the objections undoubtedly tenable against the previous argument. The last four hundred summed up the case with such frigidly inhuman impartiality that the subscriber—who had begun with every intention of being led as well as educated—found himself, after all his trouble, compelled to make up his own mind, which he bitterly resented.

I also found that my first sentence and my last were invariably altered or removed. For some time this cut me to my youthful heart. At last I devised the scheme of writing my article as usual and then tacking on one sentence to its head and another to its tail which might be amputated without fatal results to my own argument as a whole. The admirable Sammy never discovered this, as far as I am aware. Some time, however, after I had gone to my new work elsewhere, he said that if only I learnt how to begin and end my articles I might possibly consider myself a third-rate journalist; but he remained as kindly as ever till his death.

Very different, in every essential, was the office of the new *Daily Express*, where I often worked during the same year with Arthur Pearson, who allowed me to send up my manuscript in pencil, a great relief after the quill pens and blotting-paper of the dignified *Standard*. He was a man who just missed being first-rate, but was so full of energy, humanity, and determination to succeed, that he accomplished most of what he wanted, and set an example of

fortitude and adaptability which the whole of England admired in those last brave years of blindness which he devoted to the welfare of others similarly afflicted, and not so well able to help themselves. By the generosity of Otto Kahn he was able to leave, in St. Dunstan's, a memorial which may have been very different from what he originally expected, but was in fact a record of which any man in any position of life might well be proud. I could not help contrasting this with the very different results produced by a very different temperament in Joseph Pulitzer, or even in Alfred Harmsworth, who both suffered from the most serious eye-trouble and both had to endure the penalties which genius so often seems to inflict on its possessors. I had not then lost the use of my right eye, but I had already felt the first symptoms of a danger far more general than is suspected in those who follow my profession, and I can only be thankful that electric light had already become sufficiently common in my first days of hard work to save me from the perils of the gas and candles with which my predecessors had to work.

The first idea of raising a memorial to those who fell in the South African War originated with Arthur Pearson. But it soon grew far outside the limits of a single newspaper office and was accepted not only by the whole Press but by a representative committee of very distinguished men of all pursuits and every party. I worked as its Secretary with Sir Robert Herbert, who was invaluable in tact, in suggestions, and in wide experience of affairs. On August 2nd, *The Times* and other papers published my letter describing our broad general principle. The death of Queen Victoria naturally delayed everything for some time, but on August 12th, 1903, Lord Windsor, then First Commissioner of His Majesty's Works and Buildings, wrote to me to suggest the possibility of including our Memorial in the general scheme for the eastern end of the Mall at the opening

to be made in Trafalgar Square. There were difficulties about this ; but on June 17th, 1904, Lord Windsor wrote to me again announcing that the Government had given the Committee the site where the new Mall entered Trafalgar Square for the erection of arches that were to form the Imperial Peace Memorial on conditions which the Committee were quite prepared to fulfil. On the following August 3rd the Government withdrew their support, and the site they had originally promised. Lord Windsor most generously and courteously accepted full responsibility for this withdrawal, which remained final even after an appeal had been made by the Committee to the King, and the Prime Minister ; and in November, 1915, all subscriptions were returned from the Bank of England. I was always sorry the idea was given up, and I believe that the real reason was that by the winter of 1905 there was a feeling in official quarters that no further attention should be directed to the Boer War at all, even by keeping, in the heart of the Empire for whose cause they fell, the names of the dead from all our Colonies.

2

When I reached the office of the *Daily Telegraph* as a member of the staff, in Francis Lawley's place, I was indeed grateful for the relief provided from " free-lancing " by a permanent appointment, but I found that my duties were hardly less varied than when I had been writing for half a dozen different journals ; and I discovered too that I was making the acquaintance and gradually earning the friendship of one of the best men who ever owned a great paper—the late Lord Burnham. He was able almost immediately to rouse that unquestioning loyalty which leads to enthusiastic co-operation, and his arrival in the office was usually followed by the immediate and joyful occupation of every member of the staff upon the subject he personally

preferred. It is one of the most infallible marks of effective organisation that no square peg of industry is being forced into a round hole of routine.

Lord Burnham's right-hand man in those days, and for long after I am glad to say, was John le Sage, who could be as ruthless as he was genial, as rapid in decision as he was open-minded in his judgments. He had evidently made up his mind that I was to be tried all round, and technically sporting subjects by no means monopolised my time. I wrote descriptive articles on Leadenhall Market one day, Smithfield the next, and Billingsgate the day after, rising at five to be in time to see the trawlers at the quay and the beginning of the bidding by the dealers. I attended State functions and funerals. I visited Belgium to investigate new and luxurious models of bathing-machines. I spent a wintry week in Holland, long-distance skating on the canals. I pursued an elusive pair of duellists, in whom there was great international interest, all over the South of France and across the border into Italy. I wrote the first interview with Mr. Gordon Selfridge when he arrived to conquer Oxford Street. I tramped all over a haunted house in Lambeth, where rumours of the ghost of a parboiled prisoner had thrilled the respectable purlieus of the Archbishop's palace. And all these were merely the additions, so to speak, to a sufficiently full programme of sport, including rowing, fencing, boxing, racing, lacrosse, racquets, lawn tennis, athletics, hunting, shooting, and the rest. In all of these, except rowing and fencing, I was gradually given the help of various experts, and of course in racing (in which I only touched on historical questions) we had about the best writer on the Turf then in journalism. Greenwood, who signed as "Hotspur" (as his successors do to this day), could "read a race" better than anyone I ever heard.

He stood at the end of the Press box at Epsom on one side of a partition, and Leopold Rothschild stood on the

other side in the Jockey Club's seats. He would tell us what was happening at the start, which got away badly, and where the favourite was. He would give the first six at the Bushes, and before Tattenham Corner he could tell us which were out of it. As they came round, he began to concentrate on three or four, warning us to be careful of an outsider or two who were still going strong. After they had passed the tan road he picked the winner. In a close finish he placed the horses. No one doubted a syllable of what he said. Before the race was over most of his observations on the first mile were being read off the tape in London, and with two exceptions the journalists present invariably used his facts as the basis of their own descriptions. He was never hurried. The only time I ever heard him raise his voice was when Holocauste broke his leg. He had comfortable private means of his own and no event in either journalism or racing ever changed his habits, except his death. His son was one of the finest coxswains who ever steered an Eight for the Thames Rowing Club, and was gifted with a very fine flow of minatory language. We have had no one within two stone of " The Druid " for describing a fine race. But in the Rt. Hon. J. S. Sandars, formerly Arthur Balfour's private secretary, we have a writer who recalls the best of " Nimrod's " style, with a good deal more than " Nimrod's " knowledge, and if I mention his name in this connection he will forgive one of his sincerest admirers, because I have not divulged the *nom de guerre* with which he prefers to sign the far too few racing chapters he has published.

Sir Herbert Stephen is another " amateur," if a journalist may call him so, who ought to give the world a little more of the store of racing history, modern as well as ancient, with which he could enrich (let us say) the *Quarterly*. That most respectable periodical would, I am sure, welcome his contributions on the subject with instances which would contrast the modern winner with the best of the old stock.

I did very much the same thing when Henry Newbolt was editing the *Monthly Review;* but it needs bringing up to date, and the moral that could be drawn twenty years ago is even more important at the present day, when we seem in greater danger of sacrificing staying power to speed than ever before, and the result of the persistent French breeding for distance (and buying the best of our old blood to do it) is becoming more and more dangerous. I see little that would make a race with the best of Ormonde's year, and in this case I shall not for a moment accept the time test as a fair standard of comparison. New methods of riding may have knocked a few seconds off the record for a mile and even for the Derby course; but this does not mean that our Ascot Cup winners are as staunch or sound as once they were.

3

The mention of Turf Records reminds me of Sceptre's year, and of the Oaks she won, a race I never saw because I was unconscious in the paddock when she won it. It had been raining hard, and during an interval between the showers Mr. Rupert Tattersall and I took charge of Mr. Digby Collins, a determined gentleman who had broken his leg much too short a time before, but insisted on attending his thirtieth Derby meeting under any circumstances. This is as much as to say that we all three knew one end of a horse from the other; and we were slowly walking towards the thorn tree in the middle of the paddock when the little incident to which I have referred took place.

As we slowly progressed I drew Rupert Tattersall's attention to a mare being led towards us, Major Baird's St. Windeline; her ears were back, the whites of her eyes showed at a distance, and she stepped along as if gathering herself up at every stride for further and aggressive action.

Her lad turned her sharply behind our backs without a word of warning, and she lashed out at once. One foot caught Digby Collins's waterproof which hung over his arm, and swept him over without any damage ; the other caught me square in the back at just the right length of her leg, and knocked me down and out. Exactly as had once happened to me in boxing, under somewhat similar circumstances, I never felt the actual blow at all, and was considerably surprised to find myself on my back with no consciousness left except the most extraordinarily acute sense of hearing. I seemed to hear the grass grow ; and the rattle of the raindrops—which had just begun again—sounded like independent firing. Another loud rumble in the distance which mingled with the nearer noises must have been the sound of the fillies cantering down to the start, or perhaps the race itself. All this time my brain seemed working with astonishing activity trying to discover what had happened to me. After several minutes I made up my mind that a series of small explosions all round me was nothing worse than the hard breathing of a circle of spectators. What were they looking at ? I could neither see nor speak. There was no feeling of discomfort. I was unable to move and had no wish to do so. Quite suddenly I heard a voice : " Take your 'at off, the pore young beggar's dead."

That gave me something more to think about, if you like. The simple sentence I have just written in the last paragraph was in reality embroidered with the most lurid oaths, wholly inspired by the sympathy of the kind-hearted speaker with the tragedy he imagined himself to be beholding.

" But," I argued with my now thoroughly aroused intelligence, " this is surely not the kind of language I should hear if I were really dead ? " Now whether this doubt was presumptuous on my part, we shall never know. But my mind, which appeared to have become a separate and

feverishly inquisitive entity, at once replied: "Certainly not."

I must have continued this strange argument for some little time, for a learned man told me afterwards that it quite possibly saved me from the immediately fatal effects of shock; and I was further protected by the providentially natural kindness of an English crowd, as was described to me later on. One man after another took off his coat to shelter me from the pouring rain, until he was himself wet through and his neighbour performed the same kindly office. I was never able to thank them; but I do so now. The first change occurred when Dr. Fitzgerald got some girths and strapped a horse-blanket round me so tenderly and quickly that I never knew what he had done, and only felt that, by some mysterious process, the flow of vital energy out of my back had suddenly ceased, and was staying in my body, revivifying it. In a few moments I saw men as trees walking.

Three-quarters of an hour after the accident an ambulance came up, into the back of which I was to be lifted.

"Unscrew the doors," said Fitzgerald, "and give him room; it's the fine pair of shoulders he has."

"Well, sir," said the policeman, "it's quite a new ambulance."

The objection must have been overruled, for as I was being lifted in my shoulders passed quite easily, but a bit of metal by some misfortune hit my back in passing, and I became a sudden flame of agony from head to foot. Fitzgerald leant over me and smiled into my face. "Thank God for that, my boy. I thought you'd never feel anything again." Rupert Tattersall had never left me and now he came into the ambulance and held my hand with instructions that I was not to be allowed to faint. No one could have fainted during that horrible drive to the Cottage Hospital, but though every jolt was torture of a different kind, I still

suffered very much less than I expected ; for I had been told by now what had happened to me. In the hospital they got my clothes off very cleverly ; and then they found that my back had not been broken, but that several of the lower ribs on the right side were fractured and a good deal of muscle torn away. In those days I still had some rowing muscles left on each side of my spine, and I suppose they saved my life. In a few minutes I was tied up in bandages soaked in some mixture of plaster of Paris, which made them stiffen to the shape of my body, and put to bed.

It is always the women who have the worst of it in cases of accident or trouble, and so it happened this time, with my mother, who was much alarmed to read in one of the papers next morning that " the unfortunate gentleman's field-glasses had been driven into his body," and could then get no news as to whether I had survived. It was worse for my wife ; for Lord Falmouth had heard that I had been killed, and, anxious to be of what help he could, had telegraphed to my house a message which unluckily conveyed the worst impression. I had been talking to Leopold Rothschild in the paddock not long before St. Windeline appeared, and I suppose this suggested that I was one of Lord Rosebery's house party at the Durdans, which was very far from being the case ; and I feel sure that if any inquiries had been made there the butler would have disclaimed all knowledge of a corpse of the name of Cook. But my wife had a very natural difficulty in finding me outside the Durdans. The telegram had been handed to her at a garden party in Regent's Park. Luckily she was with one of her dearest friends. Together the two women rushed to the railway station. At Epsom every cab which had a driver was full of intoxicated race-goers. After trying several places, she reached the Cottage Hospital to find me plugged up with morphia and smiling happily.

She was first told that no one knew whether I should live

till morning, as some of the internal organs must have been lacerated ; she was then informed that she could not stay in the hospital. But they did not know my wife ; and they were much more surprised than I was to find that it was impossible to move her. The next morning a jockey, just recovering from a similar injury, inquired whether it was " one of Mr. Leo's horses " that kicked me.

" Ah ! " he said, when I denied it, " that's a pity. He sends me fruit and flowers every morning."

It was far from fruit and flowers I got from Major Douglas Baird, who never found time even to express regret for what had happened, an omission which I have always explained by his having misunderstood a short note I had scribbled as soon as I could hold a pencil. I suggested that if the lad had warned us he was going to turn a mare he knew to be dangerous, or if he had waited a yard further before turning her, no harm would have been done. This was putting the matter very moderately, for Rupert Tattersall told me afterwards that she stopped, backed, and deliberately kicked us. But I can quite understand Major Baird's annoyance at the fact that St. Windeline, having twisted one of her plates on my back, had to race for the Oaks without it, and he very possibly argued that this lost him the victory. My own opinion is that no mare on four feet, or even on fourteen, could have beaten Sceptre that day ; and Major Baird's attitude made me very angry at the time. I was about to consult solicitors concerning damages, and take other hotheaded measures, when a letter came from the late Lord Burnham, showing so much of that generous kind-heartedness which was his invariable characteristic in dealing with his staff, that I soon forgot my soreness, both physical and mental, and recovered so quickly that in a month I was taking the times at Henley again as usual, though I am bound to confess that the first hour or two on board the *Hibernia* steam launch were not free from discomfort.

Not long after I was able to suggest securing the services of Wallis Myers for our lawn tennis, Ray Lankester for that wonderful series of articles which he called "Science from an Easy Chair," and Robin Legge for our music. Many good men helped in sporting subjects from outside the office, without being actually members of the staff; and I still think that the amount of space we gave in the *Daily Telegraph* to first-rate writing by experts upon sporting subjects was the real beginning of a development that has now gone very much further in nearly every morning paper. Proprietors have begun to discover that sport can be described in just as good English as any other subject of widespread interest, and that it can rouse a keener sympathy and response than very many.

In those days it was often a matter of astonishment to me that the exquisite problems involved in painting the thoroughbred, for instance, had been so seldom faced by artists of the first rank. The debt which modern racing men owe to older artists like Stubbs, Sartorius, or Herring, and to painters who in any age have devoted themselves to the horse and nothing else, is not what I wish to emphasise, for this is only a special and extremely valuable section of art; what I looked for in vain, in modern painters great in other ways, great all round, and with the World as their choice of possibilities, was some such subject as the glorious effect of sunshine on a light chestnut colt at the start of a race, which Dégas so evidently enjoyed.

The combination of love and knowledge of horses with brilliant artistry in other directions remains rare. William Orpen has shown now and then what it might produce. But Alfred Munnings has triumphantly in many a canvas vindicated its amazing powers. I always longed to see, among the hundreds of insipid portraits on the walls of the Royal Academy, one of the great classic winners of the Turf, whether in repose or in the full splendour of his

breathless triumph. Now we can see it. Munnings has recaptured the very spirit of the brave old school and has added to it a knowledge, a dexterity, and a lucid treatment of reflected colour, which are all his own. The *Field* was fortunate enough to secure him for the portrait of the Prince of Wales on Forest Witch, which was exhibited on an easel in the Royal Academy, and was given to the Prince in memory of his first regular hunting season with the Pytchley from George Drummond's house at Pitsford, where Squire Osbaldeston once lived. The treatment of the mare is as masterly as the whole conception of the theme, and the original now hangs in the Prince's own rooms in St. James's Palace.

The same opportunities, it seems to me, have been missed in our examples of the sculpture of horses in London. Very few are aware that the horse on which Charles I sits at Charing Cross is an exact model of a " great horse " in His Majesty's stables. The old monument of the Duke of Wellington opposite Apsley House certainly deserved as a whole some of the ridicule cast upon it, but the horse he bestrode was modelled by Wyatt exactly on the lines of Recovery, the most beautiful son of Emilius, whose offspring were all beautiful. The statue of King Tom by Boehm at Mentmore is an admirable example of what can be done in this way by sculptors who can appreciate their possibilities, and the horse which Stevens sketched for the Wellington monument in St. Paul's only shows what might be done if the best models could be picked, whenever an opportunity arose. Bend Or, a few years before he died, was one of the most magnificent animals I ever saw, either at Eaton or elsewhere. Not long after my visit, he was out for his usual walking exercise, when he put his silky grey muzzle on his groom's shoulder, as though to say, " Forgive my asking you to wait a moment," and then lay down quietly and died like the old gentleman he was. He would

have made a glorious statue in light bronze, slightly over life-size, and he could have stood for it alone.

Herbert Haseltine, whose work has not hitherto been as well known as it should be, outside the best polo, has at last, I think, got the best chance a sculptor ever had for doing justice to the kind of themes I have in mind. The *Field* made it possible for him to model in clay from the life a set of the best champion animals of the last few years bred in England—sheep, pigs, dogs, gamecocks, cattle, horses, and, of course, such thoroughbreds as the winner of the Derby and the Grand National. They are all to scale, one-quarter life-size, and many of the bronzes and marbles of one of the most interesting collections in the world have been exhibited in London in 1925. They ought to become the property of the nation which has done more for first-rate breeding than any other country in the world; for they form the only accurate and artistic record of one of our most successful national activities.

It will always be a source of pleasure to me, too, that after many years of effort and negotiation the skeleton of Eclipse is now in the British Museum of Natural History in South Kensington with the skeleton of Persimmon, his direct descendant in tail male by St. Simon by Galopin (out of St. Angela, a daughter of the King Tom) by Vedette, by Voltigeur, by Voltaire, by Blacklock, by Whitelock (who was out of a granddaughter of Matchem), by Hambletonian (who was out of a granddaughter of Herod), by King Fergus (1775), the son of Eclipse. That makes ten generations of the best.

Few other animals except a few packs of the oldest foxhounds could show such records, and their skeletons are lost. The same comparisons are impossible in man. Here then, it seems to me, is an unequalled opportunity for the young biologist to tell us what are the developments, in bone and proportions, which have made, out of Eclipse, the

very much speedier Persimmon. But we have hitherto asked in vain. It is possible that, now we can actually analyse and observe as slowly as we like the exact movements of a thoroughbred at full pace, we are in a far better position to discover the reasons for his speed than Vial de Saint Bel, the great French veterinary anatomist, who wrote a most valuable treatise on the conformation and proportions of Eclipse. In addition to that, we have the measured sketch which Stubbs painted of Eclipse from life, which is probably as accurate as it was possible to make it and formed the basis of all the best portraits of that famous sire. We ought to go one better even than this, with our best artist at work on our best three-year-old ; and then we shall have materials for comparison which have never existed before, materials that should be as useful to the buyer as to the breeder, and when prices of ten thousand guineas are given for a yearling, a little knowledge seems well worth while.

The convention used by Herring, Barenger, Sartorius, and their contemporaries is traceable to the carvings of Mycenae, by way of ancient Japan. It was at least a fine convention, but it disappeared as soon as the public had been educated in the truth. I am not sure that we have gained. No more shall we see a Fred Archer sitting back, driving his horse before him, his silken hands upon a long light rein. The jockey of Impressionist art is as different as the horse ; and truth does not console me for the change. I still wait for some Munnings of the future to draw a Derby winner at full speed, and not merely pacing through the paddock. I still wait for that even greater picture which is coming, the living cataract of shining strength and pace which hurls itself down Tattenham Corner and swings into the Straight, the whole field, not too scattered, following hard on the first three on the rails.

4

The oldest race in the world, with a more continuous history than the Chester Cup, whose origins are older still, is Doggett's Coat and Badge upon the Thames, and this was one of the first sculling races I reported for the *Daily Telegraph.* It has gone on steadily since 1716, and it distresses me to think the Kaiser did not know that it was still going on as usual on the 5th of August, 1914, when Samuel George Mason (junior) won Doggett's race.

Even to most of my readers those two names, which are the links in so long a chain of history, will probably be unfamiliar ; indeed, I doubt whether any single artist who was in the front rank of his own profession was ever so utterly forgotten for his own art, and so keenly and constantly remembered by those of an entirely different occupation, as the " famous comedian deceased," who founded the race for Doggett's Coat and Badge.

Early on the 1st of August, 1716, all the Thames-side watermen and their apprentices were discussing with the greatest interest a placard which had been set up on London Bridge the night before. It ran as follows :

" *This being the day of His Majesty's happy accession to the Throne, there will be given by Mr. Doggett an Orange colour Livery with a badge representing Liberty, to be rowed for by six Watermen that are out of their time within the year past. They are to row from London Bridge to Chelsea. It will be continued annually on the same day* FOR EVER."

During the Great War, the apprentices qualified for 1915, 1916, 1917, 1918, 1919 and 1920, all rowed on the same day in 1920. So their annual struggle, though interrupted by the Kaiser, had only been postponed. With that exception the last words of Doggett's placard still hold true. His race

is over a century older than the University Boat Race and sixteen years older than the St. Leger, which antedates both Derby and Oaks ; for it began exactly two years after the death of Queen Anne. By that date Doggett had retired from the stage and sold out of his partnership with Wilks and Cibber in Drury Lane. He only played once more and that was to give his adored Hanoverian sovereign the gratification of admiring the characters of *Ben* and especially of *Hob*, a rôle which earned the particular commendation of Steele in the *Spectator*. Which of all our "famous comedians," I wonder, is likely to keep his memory green for the next two hundred years by leaving a prize for sculling (or even Eights) upon the Thames ? But, then, the Thames nowadays is not what it was to Thomas Doggett.

The watermen, who were formed into a company by the daughter of Henry VIII, had plenty to do for many a long year after Doggett's death ; in Queen Elizabeth's reign eight thousand of them were in royal service ; and, indeed, I see no reason why the Thames should ever have been neglected even when motor-cars superseded hackney coaches and the tram and omnibus combined to make our streets as dangerous as ever they were in the seventeenth century. Owing to all this competition, however, and owing also to the increase of the bridges, watermen have been rapidly lessening in numbers. Their Hall in St. Mary-at-Hill, Billingsgate, still stands ; but if it were not for the Fishmongers Company I doubt whether there would be enough watermen left for Doggett's race. It would be a sad thing if it fell through ; and what the King's Barge (with Bill East in all his glory) would do for oarsmen without them, and their beautiful coats, I cannot tell.

On that August afternoon in 1722, when Doggett's immortality really took its rise, the sturdy old actor had been buried at Eltham for almost twelve months. Addison was dead ; but Pope, Defoe, and Steele were still ministering

to the entertainment or instruction of their countrymen, and Swift was not yet silent. Politicians at home were all discussing the prospects of the new Parliament of George I, which would meet in two months' time. I am not sure that we think much more of that excellent monarch to-day than we do of Mr. Thomas Doggett; but the race one started in admiration of the other still keeps alive the memory of each under the ancient and hospitable patronage of that famous City Company which permits me, as a Freeman of the City, to call myself a Fishmonger.

More than seven centuries ago the Fishmongers were a Guild, and by letters patent in 1364 they were incorporated as a "Mystery." They welcomed Edward I, on his return from Scottish victories, with gilded sturgeon, silver salmon, and a thousand horsemen. To the seventh Edward they extended the same loyalty in a somewhat different form, as the greatest of their Freemen. Under their auspices the race for the Coat and Badge takes place each year, and I wish I were able to give some faint adumbration of its varied interest; of the crowd of penny steamers bellowing encouragement to the champions of Bermondsey, of Twickenham, of Greenwich, or of Chelsea, each youth in his distinctive colours; of the skill and hazards of the contest, as a string of barges or an indignant tug come bearing down to the Pool from Putney right across the course; of the hair-breadth escapes of scullers in their dancing cockleshells of cedar and of canvas. I saw one of them lifted six feet into the air and spilling its occupant into the water, because some accident had happened to a caisson under the Thames in the very crisis of a race for which no traffic or activity is ever stopped. I could write even more of the winning post, nearly opposite the end of my own street in Chelsea, and its flag resplendent with the crowned fishes of the Company; of the mighty luncheon in the Hall beforehand and the copious dessert on the decks of our own steamer

when the race was over ; of the return from Richmond in the quiet murmur of an August sunset to the site of the long-vanished " Swan " in Chelsea Reach. You might almost have heard, in the twilight, the silvery laugh of Bracegirdle, as she trips ashore with a jest of Congreve's own, or Steele's, that makes the very ghost of Thomas Doggett chuckle.

Almost as festive as Doggett's Coat and Badge in its celebration was the Regatta organised at Cork in 1902, for which " Lord O'Brien, that Four Courts Lion," Lord Chief Justice of Ireland, gave his celebrated Cup. I went over with Labat and Rudie Lehmann, who sang how :

" . . . Leander came
Wid their roll of fame,
But Henley had made them look crazy now,
Wid their caps of pink
They could make you blink
And their cox sayin' ' Arrah, be aisy now.'
They were cheerful and gay
In their English way
And they never looked to be troublin', boys,
Till they caught a sight
Of the black and white
Of the Trinity College, Dublin, boys."

Before the race, Lord O'Brien, the soul of hospitality and humour, gave us a dinner, and over the port he told me what happened in the first case he ever had. A man was brought up for murder, and before the adjournment young Peter O'Brien was asked to defend him. The following conversation ensued : O'B. " Well, Pat, my boy, we must see you safe out of this, we must, and you'll plead Not Guilty." P. " But I killed the woman, Sorr." O'B. " Now don't tell me such foolishness. You'll plead Not Guilty." P. " But I killed the woman, Sorr." O'B. " Well, Pat, I'll be seeing you to-morrow morning. And if you don't plead Not Guilty you'll be hanged." P. " But, etc. etc.," as before. The next morning they met again. O'B. " The

top of the morning to you, Pat. Now you're Not Guilty and we. . . ." P. "But I killed the woman, Sorr." O'B. "And will you devastate my first chance of making an honest living, you spalpeen? I say you're Not Guilty." P. "Do you think, Sorr, I could plead Not Guilty when I killed the woman? Why, I'd be going to heaven with a black lie upon my soul." "And so," concluded the Lord Chief Justice, "he was hanged, and I never had a chance."

In the final heat for the Cup, a rotund little foreigner, with a cable from the Kaiser in his pocket announcing that the German crew—"forerunners of our great Imperial Navy, must, can, shall, and *will* win the Cup," was kneeling on the sod near the Grand Stand as the boats approached, with tears of suspense coursing down his face. He was taken back to his hotel afterwards and given multi-coloured drinks from then onwards, all through the crews' banquet till morning did appear, but nothing staggered his illimitable Teutonic capacities, and he went up to Lehmann the next day opposite the hotel, stroking his forehead with his fat fingers and saying, "No Pain. . . .! " Cork is the only great city in which I was ever carried through the main streets in a bath in my pyjamas, as a mild reminder never to go to bed before three a.m.

From what has been said in previous pages, it will be easy to understand the interest with which Lehmann read, in 1906, the cable shown him at Bourne End by F. L. Higginson, in which Harvard offered to race Cambridge that summer. It was chiefly due to the late H. M. Goldsmith, then president of the C.U.B.C. that Lehmann's efforts to raise a Cambridge crew, stroked by D. C. R. Stuart, proved successful, and on August 6th that year their practice began at Bourne End, opposite the Fieldhead landing-stage. It was appropriate, too, that one who had known Charles Dickens so well in his youth should have taken an even more responsible and prominent part (as umpire) in the

appearance of the American Eight at Putney which followed the American Four, beaten by Oxford on the same waters long before, and gloriously welcomed by the famous novelist at the dinner in which Frank Willan—last survivor of our crew—was one of the most honoured of the guests. Lehmann is not only the best Poet of the Oar that rowing has ever had, but he has been in a very intimate way connected with the best rowing men of each University over a long period. He was a wonderfully successful coach in the finishing stages with a good crew which could add a couple of lengths to their pace by attention to detail ; and he was equally good at teaching a tyro the elements, on which he was particularly sound.

Among the crews he always picks out as his best is the Leander Eight of 1891, which was really the victorious Oxford boat of that spring, reinforced by J. A. Ford and W. F. C. Holland, and altered in order with the exception of Kent at stroke and V. Nickalls at three. In the last few years he has been ill ; but it is a joy still to find him in his car at Remenham, and to realise that rowing and oarsmen are to him what racing and the thoroughbred are to Lord Rosebery—the ruling passion.

In his best days no one could give a better dinner or lead the conversation as a better host on multitudinous topics, than could Rudie ; for through his spirit runs the golden thread of a capacity for feeling and inspiring friendship which is a greater gift than wealth or any other human asset. The man who wins what the World calls success is often hardened in the process. In Lehmann I have always felt the striving ardour of the chase, of that "pursuit of valour and of understanding" which Dante imagines in Odysseus, of that quest which never ends until the flag falls at the finish. There has been a fresh link between us even in the last year ; for his daughter has married the son of the Rt. Hon. Walter Runciman, formerly Home Secretary,

and now one of the new proprietors of the *Field*. Lehmann sometimes wears a rather stern expression; but it can suddenly light up with the lines of laughter, or soften to a mood of tenderness the piercing glances of that dark handsome face which often reminds me of George Borrow. Never did a better man exemplify or spread abroad the gospel of good rowing and good sportsmanship, and in *Punch* (for June 26th, 1907) he has written a very characteristic definition which is typical of his philosophy of life: "What, after all, is a sportsman? As I understand the breed he is one who has not merely braced his muscles and developed his endurance by the exercise of some great sport, but has, in the pursuit of that exercise learnt to control his anger, to be considerate to his fellowmen, to take no mean advantage, to resent as a dishonour the very suspicion of trickery, to bear aloft a cheerful countenance under disappointment, and never to own himself defeated until the last breath is out of his body." I only wish someone may think me worthy of such an epitaph, when my time comes.

5

Another wet-bob, whose fencing brought me particularly into contact with his many activities during my time at the *Daily Telegraph* was W. H. Grenfell, now Lord Desborough. Never was there a better friend, a more unsparing advocate, a more unselfish champion of what he had once decided to be right. His astounding versatility in games and pastimes has given him a physical strength and endurance which are only less valuable than the generosity of temperament natural to one of the most chivalrous opponents in well-nigh every form of first-rate sport. It is probably on his success as chairman of the Thames Conservancy that Lord Desborough's reputation still rests with the majority of his fellow-countrymen. I can only suggest a very small proportion of the beneficent work for which they will remain indebted to him.

The prevention of floods, the improvement of waterways, the rebuilding of locks and weirs are but a part of what he is doing. It is largely owing to his endeavours that London has for so long been able to enjoy the provision of pure water at a cost ridiculously small in comparison with that incurred by any community approaching her in size and wealth. The report of the Freshwater Fisheries Commission discussing the control of watersheds, pollution, and other important matters, is an indication of the many other directions in which Lord Desborough interprets his duties to the Thames. The Port of London Bill is the record of the division he insisted on between the tidal and the non-tidal portions of the stream, a division which was the first step towards that partition of the non-tidal portion into manageable districts with responsible officials from Cricklade for 136 miles down to Teddington. As president of the Royal Life-Saving Society, he has taught all the lock-keepers to save and resuscitate drowning people.

After so much work for the Thames in a public capacity, it is but natural that Lord Desborough's personal reputation for achievement in sport should largely rest on his performances upon its waters. Though he bowled with success in the Harrow eleven of 1873 and 1874, it was in the University Eight that he got his most cherished Blue for Oxford, first in the race known as the "dead-heat," and then in next year's victory over Cambridge in 1878. He is the only man who has been President both of the O.U.B.C. and the O.U.A.C., for when in residence at Balliol he ran for Oxford in the three miles besides being Master of the 'Varsity Drag. He won the amateur punting championship for three years, and retired unbeaten. He stroked an Eight across the Channel. He sculled, in a crew of three with a twelve-stone cox, from London to Oxford in twenty-two consecutive hours, including the time for locks. He is the only man who has rowed for the Grand Challenge at Henley while a

member of the House of Commons, and he has been for many years a steward of Henley Regatta.

Nor do the annals of the Thames by any means exhaust the catalogue of Lord Desborough's athletic activities. Within eight days, during one long vacation, he climbed the Little Matterhorn, the Matterhorn, Monte Rosa, and the Weisshorn. Three times he ascended the Matterhorn, each time by a different route ; and on one occasion, when the guides seemed unwisely anxious to race against a young man in training for the Three Miles, he did the ascent and return in easy record. From 1904 to 1906 he won the Épée Championship at the Military Tournament. In 1903 he went over to France with the first English fencing team that ever entered for an International Tournament, and in 1906 he was a member of the English *épée* team (to be described later) which so nearly won the final at the Olympic Games of Athens. He has stocked the Thames with the hucho of the Danube, and he has slain a hundred tarpon off the coast of Florida. He has not only climbed in the Alps, but has been after big game in the Rocky Mountains and in India.

When shooting for the Venison Committee during the war in 1916 he did 1200 miles (walking and bicycling), and got eighty stags, a record he equalled in 1917 as well. In September, 1919, he got four stags in four shots " with an old single ·303, so I had to load quick," as he wrote home ; and this brought his figures up to 223 in the four years, and a total of about 850 up to the age of sixty-four, probably a record for any single sportsman in the Highlands. He has been President both of the Coaching Club and the Four-in-Hand Club, and Master of the Bucks and Berks Farmers' Staghounds, being as good on the road as he is across country. The organisation and success of the Olympic Games of 1908 in London were wholly due to his industry and energy. He was President of the M.C.C. on the occasion

of their last victorious visit to Australia, and President (in turn and simultaneously) of the Lawn Tennis Association, the Amateur Fencing Association, the Thames Punting Club, and the Bath Club. Though never a soldier in the "regulars," he has been more than once under hot fire, and in the second Suakim campaign he brought back his dispatches as special correspondent of the *Daily Telegraph* through a whole army of astonished Arabs. He has written occasional articles on such diverse subjects as bimetallism, the history of the oar, the House of Lords, and the Rocky Mountains; but the activity of his life leaves little time for the pen, though both in his speeches and in his correspondence he has made it clear that either in scholarship or in originality of thought he could have easily made his mark in yet another line of life had he desired it.

Willy Grenfell's extraordinary record in almost every form of sport and physical activity has, in fact, wellnigh obscured the sterling nature of those services which, as Lord Desborough, he has rendered to his country. His work in preventing the worst consequences of that sinister imbroglio, the Declaration of London; in securing the passing of the Port of London Bill; in the Volunteer movement during the war; in the reform of the police service; and in the proposals for fixing the date of Easter, would be sufficient to justify the reputation of one whose life was devoted to statesmanship alone.

In his children there was abundant assurance of that noble sense of public responsibility of which he has given so many significant and striking proofs; and his two sons, Julian and William, had already shown brilliant promise of attainment when they fell in action during the fierce campaigns of 1915 in France. He was to feel, during the bitter years of war, that even such apparently unconquerable happiness and love as formed his heritage were not

to be immune from that catastrophe which was the common lot of nearly every friend and relative.

6

We shall none of us forget the trip Lord Desborough made with me and Cosmo Duff-Gordon aboard Lord Howard de Walden's gallant little yacht, the *Branwen*, for the Olympic Games of 1906 in Athens. In so small a boat with no pilot but our captain we were nearer Homeric conditions of navigation than most modern seafarers. So it was the charts in the deckhouse that attracted me at once, and the captain's tracings of our course, and, more than all, the condensed literature of the *Mediterranean Pilot* at his elbow.

I was no sailor ; I was anxious to learn all I possibly could on my first cruise of any length ; and it was fascinating to discover for myself the truth of Victor Bérard's illuminating theory that, in this oldest sea of all, the *Pilot's Guide* has ever been written by the power that held the seas. The French *Pilot* of to-day is but the translation of our own, and in like manner the sailors of old Rome inherited the sea-lore of the Greeks, who took their commerce as they took their *Pilot's Guides* from the Phœnicians of yet older days. As Victor Bérard proved, the *Odyssey* is based on the Phœnician *Pilot's Guide*, and that is why so much of Homer may be more clearly understood in the deckhouse of an English yacht to-day than in the study of the greatest scholar ever bred.

On board the *Branwen* I was to verify Homer's description of Odysseus' voyages not merely by the same phrases in the modern pages of our captain's *Mediterranean Pilot* but by the actual corroboration of the scenes and natural features we beheld and visited.

One caution, however, must be given to those few scholars who as yet have tried this open-air method of annotating ancient texts. They may accept geography, but of astronomy

Sport and General

THE ENGLISH COMPETITORS AT ATHENS. OLYMPIC GAMES, 1906

Lord Desborough in the centre. The English Fencing Team standing behind him. Halswell (quarter-mile, 1908) is in the back row third from the left

they must beware. The star we now call the Pole-star could not have been used as we now use it until about five hundred years ago. The Phœnicians' *Guide* was warrant for Calypso's warning that Odysseus must keep the Bear "ever on the left as he traversed the deep," and we read that he saw the Bear "which alone hath no part in the Baths of Ocean."[1] Unfortunately if you followed these directions nowadays, your course would lie about 500 miles in the interior of Africa. The Bear was just above the horizon in spring-time, near the sea but not touching it, at a period before 750 B.C. and after 1000 B.C. I had come out by land with Newton Robinson and Edgar Seligman, on April 12th, 1906, by way of Paris, where we met our friends the French fencers, Jean Stern, Georges Berger, and the rest, at dinner at the Tour d'Argent, where Frédéric surpassed himself over the *poulets en casserole*. We went on to Rome, whence my companions continued by way of Brindisi and Patras to Athens, while I went by train to join the yacht in Naples. The eruption of Vesuvius had scarcely ceased the most dangerous crisis of its activity. Heavy volcanic dust lay in the streets up to the axles of the carriages. The same dust covered my hair and clothes and food until I passed, as it were through a dark curtain, into the brilliant sunlight of the bay where the *Branwen* lay at anchor. Even then it was difficult to keep her delicate machinery in perfect order, and we could only spare time to go once up Vesuvius to see the destruction that had taken place a few days before. Soldiers were still taking out the mummified bodies of victims who had been caught in the last lava-flow, looking exactly like the bodies we had just seen in Pompeii of the victims of eighteen hundred years before. Polyphemus still thundered, "vomiting fire and stones and smoke" when we swung out to sea due south towards the isle of Capri.

[1] See *Od.* V, 272. The same Phœnician phrase occurs *Il.* xviii, 489.

Our course was laid through the Bocca Piccola to round Campanella Point, so we had soon passed the headland that holds Posilipo on its slopes, and behind it farther west I saw the islet of Nisida—"a woodland isle wherein are wild goats unnumbered," says Odysseus, "a fair haven where there is no need of moorings but men may run the ship on the beach. At the head of the harbour is a well of bright water issuing from a cave, and round it are poplars. Thither we sailed, and some god guided us; a mist lying deep about the ship." The mist most certainly was there. So were all the other characteristics Odysseus picks out in his description of what is now called Porta Pavone, the harbour like the eye upon a peacock's feather which opens seawards on the other side of the Bay of Baiae. The goats he saw on Nisida have now given their name to Capri. His spring is now protected by a wall. The two obelisks of rock he mentions are at the eastern and western extremities of the island, the stones the Cyclops threw, one before the ship of the adventurer and one behind it. If you walk up the torrent bed of S. Basilio, you will reach the "Grotto of Sejanus," which is the cave of Polyphemus, guarded by tall pines (taller than any round the coast) and oaks, in which he kept his lambs and kids, his milkpails and his bowls. I saw the very inspiration that had given Turner his noblest vision of the sea after the majestic melancholy of his "Temeraire."

Not till we had long passed Sorrento did the ominous trail of smoking Vesuvius cease to weigh down the sky. Once round the point we steered for more open seas, and after dinner on the 17th I remember giving orders that I was to be called when we were near the Straits of Messina. But the wind knew better. We had a stiff fight to get safe passage between Scylla and Charybdis, and glad enough we were to anchor in Messina harbour by seven the next evening—the last of the old Messina that any of us were

to see, for much of the city was ruined by an earthquake not long afterwards. On the afternoon of the 19th we skirted the desolate coast-hills of Southern Italy and ran eastward on a heavy ground-swell right across the mouth of Hadria, slanting slightly south to Patras, where we anchored and slept sound. On the 21st we steamed slowly through that strange rift in the rocks which is the Corinth Canal, and at the end of it the coast of Attica smiled before us above a brilliant sea. We anchored in the Bay of Phalerum, and forthwith went up to Athens on a queer little railway which runs from Piræus to the town.

7

We were there to represent Great Britain in the competitions for fencing with various weapons. Lord Desborough was at the top of his game with the *épée*, and no one has ever been worse treated by an international jury than he was in our most critical fight against the French, when Verbrugge, the famous *maître d'armes* from Antwerp, was presiding over the other judges. It was particularly hard on him, for in his first boat-race he had been given a dead-heat by a professional judge when the universal opinion was that Oxford won ; and the next year an amateur was put in charge, as has been the case ever since. The same thing happened in fencing. But the change was too late to save Desborough's side from another verdict of " dead-heat," when, in the general opinion, it had really won by a sound margin. However, international sport was in its young days then, and we had to grin and bear it and set an example to the rest.

One thing I remember with the liveliest pleasure was the kindness of King Edward VII, who was there with Queen Alexandra, and with his son and daughter-in-law. The King and Queen of Greece were looking on as well when the team fought Germany ; and it may be remembered

that the Crown Princess at that time was the sister of the Kaiser, who seems to have sent her the same kind of cable about the German fencers as he had sent to Cork Regatta about four years before. I was told that King Edward had a bet with her on the result. Certainly that seemed the only explanation of his kindly and immediate interest in our welfare.

The King was in his place in the enclosed garden of the gymnasium as the clock struck ten. The ground was hard and level and dusty, and the sunlight was brilliant. In five minutes His Majesty sent for me to know where the Germans were. They were late ; and he at once called up the English team. We were perfectly fit, but slightly nervous. He entirely cured any feelings of hesitation by handing our swords to Queen Alexandra, who gave them back to us with the most charming smile and expressed the hope that we should win. Everybody's chest went out another 6 inches, and in the distance I saw the German four approaching. I was not fighting myself, and a frockcoat and top hat (even though all were the lightest grey) did not contribute to my comfort. But I managed to hurry the unpunctual Germans into line, and Desborough started well by hitting Erckhart almost instantly. He and Seligman won all their fights. Duff-Gordon and Newton Robinson were each hit once. By the time the Germans had suffered nine defeats it was useless for them to continue, though Casimir showed very good form on their side. We won by nine to two. King Edward was so pleased at winning his bet that he graciously consented to become Patron of the Amateur Fencing Association, as his ancestor, King Henry VIII, had been before him, and to grant to British International Fencing Teams the privilege of wearing that small silver rose (red and gold for captains), which was the appropriate Tudor badge of the earliest monarch who encouraged English swordsmanship.

Though it was fencing which was my first and chief preoccupation—and the mere preliminary arrangement of the rules and conditions gave me some of the hardest work and most difficult diplomacy I had ever faced—there were, of course, a number of competitions of every kind in which other Englishmen bore their part. Modern Greek we found entirely beyond us ; and though the extraordinary mixture of foreign tongues made us heartily sympathise with the classical authors who called them all "Barbarians," we found that any personal knowledge of the classics did us more harm than good. What could we make—save a pious shudder—out of Egĭna or Phalĕrum, with the centre syllable short ? The modern version of Œdipus Tyrannus given in the stadium was sheer long-drawn agony. Almost as terrifying were the efforts of the modern Greek organiser to adopt the syllables of his ancient language to the nomenclature of modern sport. Even the possibilities of the athletic meeting described in the *Odyssey* were either inadequate or apparently unfashionable. "Lawn tennis, men's singles," cannot be found anywhere in Homer. It became Ἀντισφαίρισις ἁπλῆ κυρίων. Our *épée* fencing was rendered as Ἀγών ξίφους τριγωνικοῦ. Target shooting with a military rifle was βολή στρατιωτικοῦ τυφεκίου. And a boat-race for pairs with coxswain was announced as Ἀγών δικώπων λέμβων μετὰ 2 ἐρετῶν καὶ πηδαλιούχου. Shades of Palinurus!

The first great function of the games was the welcome of the competitors in the beautiful marble stadium, which had been built with a keener eye for sightseeing and magnificent architecture than for the sterner necessities of sport.

The next day the competitions began in earnest. Bouffler of the Polytechnic got into the final of the bicycle race. On the Tuesday Taylor won the mile swimming, in Phalerum Bay, with Jarvis second to him. That night the British royal party left by sea for Naples, and there was a great

torchlight procession round the central square of Athens. For the United States, on Wednesday, Martin Sheridan won the discus, one of the events most appropriate to its surroundings in the whole programme.

W. T. Pett, of Putney, won the 20 kilometres' bicycle race in fast time. In the preliminary heats for the 100 metres, Adolphe Abrahams (elder brother of the famous Cambridge athlete who was to make a world's record) won his heat, as did Healey and Reed. Halswell, to be so distinguished afterwards in London, came easily through the first heat of the half mile. Lieutenant Hawtrey, on the Thursday, won one of the best of the British victories in the five miles, but at a heavy cost of physical disablement owing to the sharp turns of the cinder track. On the last day of the Games Leahy won us the high jump, but Halswell was shut out of the half mile at the finish. Leavitt, the American, only beat Healey by inches for the hurdles. Soon after half-past five a packed throng of over 60,000 people were waiting for the finish of the Marathon, not merely in the stadium, but on every hill near by and for several miles along the course of 42 kilometres. At ten minutes to six appeared a small, light man, running happily with a smile on his face and the Crown Prince of Greece running beside him inside the track. It was Sherring of Canada, and a Swede came in second some time after. The Athenian crowd were evidently staggered by a Barbarian victory, and still more depressed when an American finished third, with a Dane behind him. The distance then run, 42·263 kilometres (or 26 miles 385 yd.), has become the standard distance for every Marathon race afterwards. The prize-giving was on May 2nd. The Americans almost swept the board in the Stadium events, but they paid for specialisation by doing very little else. Scoring 5 for first prize, 3 for a second, and 1 for a third, the French won the best aggregate with a total of 92 points and thirteen first prizes. The

British came second with a total of 78, nine firsts and eleven seconds. The Greeks were a close third with 76. The Americans, with eleven magnificent victories on the track and the arena, totalled 75. I still preserve the branch of olive, from the Altis of Olympia in Elis, which accompanied our medals. That day we had had lunch with the King of Greece. In the evening we weighed anchor from Phalerum.

Beautiful as our voyage to Greece had been, the necessity for arrival on a given date had deprived us of the journey all round Greece which is the right way to visit modern Hellas, because her towns are still turned, as Athens, Corinth, Thebes, Argos, or Sparta turn, towards the East: their real neighbours are the Cyclades and the coasts of Asia Minor; they are remote in more than mere geography from Italy and Western Europe. And so we missed the Arcadian ranges and the ridge of Mount Taygetos, and that coast of Maina, of whose amatory pirates Byron sang with so much sympathy, and that Cape of Matapan, above their fastnesses, where Homer's wanderers might have beheld the famous pair—

> "... one swan-white,
> The little Helen, and less fair than she
> Fair Clytemnestra, grave as pasturing fawns
> Who feed and fear some arrow ...
> in their bloomless bud
> And full of unblown life, the blood of Gods."

In our return westwards, we took the same route at first as that by which we had come, through the long sapphire fiord between the hills which leads from Corinth past the port of Delphi, past Patras to the blue horizon of the north and east where "Arethusa arose from her couch of snows on the Acroceraunian mountains."

A bitter north-west gale blew hard upon us as we made for the shelter of Port Vathi in Ithaca, where Odysseus was

" lifted by the Phæacians out of their hollow ship, all as he was in the sheet of linen and the bright rug," and laid in slumber on the sand, with the gifts of Nausicaa and Alcinous beside him. This is the haven called Phorcys which Homer's verses (and our captain's *Pilot's Guide*) describe, " with two headlands of sheer cliff which slope to the sea and break the mighty waves that ill winds roll without; but within the decked ships ride unmoored." In the market-place still stands the bust of Sir Thomas Maitland to commemorate the English rule. On the table-land above the hills that fall so sharply to the south-west of the harbour is " the pleasant cave and shadowy, sacred to the Nymphs that are called the Naiads." Yet further, on the west side of the island, is its other harbour, Port Polis, just beneath the palace that was Penelope's. Hither had come Odysseus from Phæacia, and to Phæacia the *Branwen* steered next morning, for the ancient land of the Phæacians is Corcyra, which is Corfu, where we landed at half-past seven on the evening of the 4th of May.

Corfu was of old sometimes called Scheria, which is an epithet of Corcyra, appropriate to the " Island of the Black Cruiser," so called because upon its north-west coast, facing the Adriatic passage, is a rock which is the petrified image of a boat with sails and rigging spread, and her small skiff towed behind her. Modern Greeks call it Karavi, the Boat-rock, and this is surely the black ship returning from her voyage that brought Odysseus to Ithaca, when " nigh her came the shaker of the earth, Poseidon, and he smote her into stone and rooted her far below with the down-stroke of his hand." That stroke the Phæacians saw from their harbour with their own eyes; and beneath Palæo Castrizza we may look to-day upon the little harbour of Port Alipa (next to Port Spiridione) where the Phæacian galleys were drawn up. On the flat isthmus of the small peninsula is the place of assembly near the temple of Posei-

don ; and up the slope, where now are the ruins of the Chapel of St. George, is the site of the palace of Alcinous, ringed in by lofty hills, with its garden of four plough-gates, its almond trees and pears and vines and apples. Not from the bay of the Black Cruiser had Odysseus seen that royal orchard first. He had been cast ashore at a different part of the coast where now the little River Ropa flows into the Bay of Eumonais. Here are the olives where he slept while Nausicaa and her maidens drove with their linen-baskets across the plain to wash in the bright pools of fresh water. Here is the level track along the Ropa valley, by which Odysseus accompanied her homewards. Here is the poplar grove and the spring, " within sight of the city," where the wanderer waited while the prudent princess went on ahead to see her father.

The next day the *Branwen* sailed out of the Odyssey for ever. We reached Gravosa about half-past eight on a Sunday morning, and drove across a narrow neck of land, in about twenty minutes, to Ragusa, by one of the loveliest stretches of sea coast road I ever saw in Europe. Here in that old deserted haven we might have seen the ghosts of—

> " Centaur-carven caravels
> And galleons big with ore,
> Dromonds and mountained Argosies,
> That sack the globe no more . . ."

for Ragusa, though only founded just after the fall of the Roman Empire, seems far older than either Corcyra or Ithaca, because it is certainly far more full of history. The present plan of the town was laid out when the old wooden trading city was burnt in 1292, and the place is full of lovely Venetian architecture that might have been designed for Hadria's Queen herself. By May 7th we were at Spalato, a town which is built literally within the Palace of Diocletian, and the sea front is Diocletian's marvellous

colonnade. Its ruins make up the finest inhabited relic of the Roman Empire in the world, in that stupendous architecture that can never again be reproduced. The *Branwen* was in Venice in time to celebrate her owner's birthday on the 9th of May. We all separated in different directions, and did not meet again till we were hard at work in London on the preliminary preparations for the Olympic Games of 1908.

These Games have been described in detail elsewhere, but I must touch as briefly as possible here on certain general considerations regarding them, for they were the direct result of the presence of Lord Desborough, as official representative of His Majesty's Government, with my English fencing-team in Athens.

The difficulty which faced Baron Pierre de Coubertin and his International Olympic Committee when we were in Athens was that Italy had found herself unable to carry out the Olympic celebration allotted to her in 1908, and Lord Desborough was therefore very urgently requested to organise that celebration in London. The question was, of course, discussed on board the *Branwen ;* and when he returned to London his own sheer force of personality and prestige enabled Lord Desborough to carry out a task which no one else could have attempted. He found that all the great athletic and sporting associations (with scarcely an exception) were favourable to the project, which was welcomed in a general way before its many implications were appreciated ; and representatives of each of these associations were elected on the British Olympic Council which was already latent in the Association formed by the Rev. R. S. de C. Laffan, Baron Pierre de Coubertin's chief apostle in the whole movement ; he spared not time, nor eloquence, nor energy, nor strength in the realisation of his chief's ideals. I represented the Amateur Fencing Association on that Council, and was also given, with Mr. G. S. Robertson,

SKETCHES BY LORD HOWARD DE WALDEN

From the Log of the *Branwen*, 1906

the even more congenial task of supervising the medals, diplomas, and prize-givings, work in which we were greatly assisted by Sir Arthur Cope and Sir Thomas Brock.

So much has been written both for and against these Games, and my own attitude towards them has so necessarily altered as the lapse of time has produced more and more unanswerable arguments, that I think it right here to state not merely the reasons why this country took so important a share in the movement, but also the reasons which appealed both to myself and, I believe I am right in saying, to Lord Desborough, against its continuance in the form which has since gradually developed. When we passed on our work to other hands I gave the promise that provided the necessary reforms were made in the central organisation, and the necessary funds collected to give our teams a fair chance against the rest, neither in the *Field* nor in the rest of the Press would I personally so oppose the movement as to embarrass the efforts of its new protagonists.[1] I shall not do so here ; for no one can be more in sympathy with their work than one who laboured with all his might to give the movement a fair start for the ten years during which I served on the British Olympic Council. Nor shall I ever forget the honour done me when by the unanimous vote of all the great associations controlling sport in Great Britain my election as one of the representatives of this country on the International Olympic Committee was approved.

If it had been properly managed, that Committee had a very great future before it from 1908 onwards. It was meant to contain, and in most cases did contain, representatives who either were well known to and widely trusted by all their fellow-countrymen, or were men of such

[1] My speech at the meeting called in the Army and Navy Club on November 7th, 1922, is quite fairly summarised in the latest report issued by the British Olympic Association in July, 1925, which records that the Appeal for the Games of 1924 in Paris resulted in about £30,000—not an excessive sum for Great Britain, and two-thirds of it from the *Daily Mail*.

outstanding eminence in the guidance of their national sports that they were accepted not merely in their own countries but by everyone interested in sport all over the world.

But there have always been grave difficulties, which increased as national patriotisms flourished on subdivision and self-determination ; and they have by no means been lessened since the Versailles Treaty. The British Empire itself was a slight stumbling-block in 1908 to those who did not realise that Australia, Canada, South Africa, or India were just as much independent kingdoms as England herself. Then there was the usual Irish Question, reflected in the division of Finland from Russia, or of Hungary from Austria. These matters all proved susceptible of adjustment for a while ; but the necessity for greater technical knowledge in the Committee was emphasised at nearly every meeting, when, in spite of such expert advice as was forthcoming from England or Sweden, suggestions were brought forward, approved by the vaguely idealistic generalities of the President, which were wholly incapable of any practical fruition and only complicated still more an undertaking already extremely delicate and difficult. Such a Committee, working through the various National Councils and through the International Federations of sport, has quite enough to do, I think, in managing Olympic meetings every four years. But it is always seeking to enlarge its own spheres of action and to persuade National Committees to do the same, with the result that many other movements (each, no doubt, excellent in itself) are added to the original Olympic movement, and the organisation of the Games themselves inevitably suffers.

But the real weakness of the Committee lay in the fact that no minutes worth the name were ever taken, put to the vote, or preserved in a permanent form of any use to the outside world ; with the result that the few decisions of

real value, such as restricting all prizes to medals and certificates, or all events in the programme to Games in which at least four nations could compete, were never communicated to National Councils; and by reason of this omission both Belgium (1920) and France (1924) cheerfully neglected "rules" whenever they desired to do so, and even destroyed the value of Olympic medals by refusing to reproduce those designs (in both prize and commemorative medals) which had by the decree of the International Committee been made permanent for all Games after their first appearance in 1908. In those various ways a great deal of trouble and opposition was aroused which might have been avoided if the International Committee had been more business-like, and if it had even published a correct and complete record of the invaluable decisions of the Congress of May, 1914, in Paris, one of the most interesting ever held. Yet in spite of everything, the Committee did good work and its series of adventures when its meetings were held in various great cities are among my most vivid memories of the whole movement.

In Berlin, for instance, besides the dinner given to us by the Crown Prince, which has been already mentioned, we were shown all kinds of hospitality; and the Stadium itself—at the time more on paper than in being—was opened for a minute inspection which left us rather bewildered, for the plans were extremely complicated and—to us—unintelligible. I believe it served the purpose of a prison for foreigners interned in Germany after the War had started. It is significant that the presence in Berlin of the British representatives was chiefly necessitated by the Germans' statement that they would not hold the Games of 1916 unless and until the British had agreed to participate in full strength. This pledge we gave, and it became the origin of a controversy in *The Times* between myself and Rudie Lehmann, who refused to admit that this country

was bound by our proceedings to send a team. The Germans evidently attached great importance to it, as they showed again in Paris in 1914, when a great Congress was held in May in the Sorbonne, the scene of the first public utterance by Baron Pierre de Coubertin, which described his ideals for the revival of the Olympic Games in 1892. As soon as the British Delegates of 1914 made any suggestion, the German Committee at once gave it their most earnest consideration, and generally agreed to it completely in the end. I have often wondered if any of them knew how near we all were to Armageddon, or whether the dreadful secret was still locked in the bosoms of the General Staff.

The International Olympic Committee also held sessions in pleasant places like the Hague and Luxemburg, and everywhere we were treated with a dignified and official hospitality which resulted in our President's manly chest being covered with decorations from every country we visited. To some of us the political aspect thus emphasised seemed already to be slightly dangerous ; and its danger has become more visible with every passing year. Belgium would have considered it a slight upon her heroism during the War if we had had no team for her Games in 1920. France would have considered it a discourtesy from an ally if we had failed to send out athletes to Paris in 1924. The same will be said by other countries in the future. I resent this intermixture of politics with sport, and I am thankful it will not be my task to disentangle them when the time comes. Competitors in the Games of 1908 and 1912 already began to imagine that the national honour was involved in victory or defeat. The national flag, to the use of which Americans are accustomed on all occasions, had not hitherto been so commonly seen in other countries. And when, in the Olympic Games, its own flag was given special prominence by every competing nation, it was in my opinion inevitable that the feelings of spectators should

be exacerbated by political and national rivalries which have really nothing to do with sport whatever.

When you add to this the fact that the Games now cost their holders such enormous sums that, as in the case of France recently and of Holland in the near future, the national parliaments concerned have to vote sums from the public purse for the expenses, it is easy to envisage far more complicated perils to the true spirit of sport than even the insistence on a national flag can suggest. One very remarkable result has at any rate been attained, and I am perfectly ready to acknowledge it ; in London, in Stockholm, in Antwerp, I believe even in Paris, the Stadium erected for a particular set of Olympic Games, or erected on that model for kindred purposes, has been of so valuable and permanent a character that a lasting addition will eventually be made to the possibilities of first-rate sport in all the great countries of the world, and one of the most crippling expenses of a national organising committee will, therefore, gradually become non-recurrent.

That special difficulty we were able, in the autumn of 1906, to contemplate with far more satisfaction in England than might have been imagined on the first occasion outside Athens when the real organisation of so many forms of first-rate sport was ever faced by real experts. It must be remembered, to begin with, that we received the entries of 2184 competitors for our summer Games of 1908, and 482 for the winter series. These athletes came from twenty-two different nationalities, whose teams reached such total numbers as the 839 men of the United Kingdom (apart from our colonies), the 363 of France, 204 from Sweden, and 160 from the United States, down to the single competitors from the Argentine and Turkey. We had no less than 109 separate events in the programme, many of them involving a large number of preliminary heats. Twenty-seven events came under the important heading of athletics, and six

other forms of sport had to be decided in the Stadium as well, viz.: Archery, Cycling, Fencing, Gymnastics, Swimming, and Wrestling; the whole to be completed between July 13th and July 25th inclusive. Then there were the competitions decided before June 25th, but held outside the stadium in various places and under varying conditions decided by the governing association of each particular sport; these included Tennis (*Jeu de Paume*), Lawn Tennis, Racquets, Shooting (rifles, running deer, clay birds, revolver, and so forth), and Polo. From June 25th to October 1st there were organised competitions in motor-boats, rowing, and yachting. The "Winter" sports held after October 1st were Boxing, Football, Hockey, Lacrosse, and Skating.

Though we felt that a large number of these events might safely be trusted to the governing associations to carry out, in the places most appropriate to each, yet we could hardly expect these associations to get the best results without pecuniary assistance; and the seven great categories of sport to be held in the Stadium involved the construction of a building that would hold 70,000 spectators, and would contain a first-rate cinder track with three laps to the mile, a perfect cycle track outside it, a swimming bath 100 metres long by 50 ft. broad and 12 ft. 6 in. deep, and a central oval of turf 700 ft. by 300, suitably arranged for all the different contests that would take place in it. When I remind you of the well-known and then generally accepted maxim of English life that undertakings such as these must be carried out by private enterprise without any financial help from the Government, you will begin to see what lay before us.

I must here interpolate also the consideration that though the organising country has to build a Stadium, it can, of course, collect, train, and produce its full team with much less expense than its visitors must contemplate; but that when English athletes, depending entirely upon the voluntary subscriptions of their compatriots, have to compete

RAGUSA

abroad, they always have to face teams which can rely upon important financial help from their respective Governments, and this alone constitutes a handicap against us which can never be removed, as far as I can see. Private subscriptions only just enabled us to send a small number of competitors, who were sadly crippled in resources, to Stockholm in 1912. More money was forthcoming in 1924, and by the splendid exertions of men like General Kentish our team did certainly get a better chance. But they could not enjoy anything like the benefits provided, for instance, for the Americans ; and though our competitors would be the last to grumble (and never have complained in the least) yet the bulk of their fellow-countrymen, who have not subscribed to help them, are invariably ready to point out the deficiencies in our national representation after the event. Such perils, however, did not occur to us in 1908. We solved our most dangerous problem—the huge capital outlay in building the Stadium—by the providential fact that the Franco-British Exhibition of 1908 was being organised by that energetic genius, Imre Kiralfy. He agreed, for a proportion of the gate money, to build the Stadium to the specification of our experts—and our main trouble was over.

Apart from setting a standard of complete organisation which has been a model for all Olympic Games held anywhere since 1908, I shall always think that the great achievement of the British Olympic Association in that year was the publication of the first code of rules for twenty different kinds of sports, which was accepted by more than twenty different nations. This code was so accurately and fully illustrated by diagrams (especially in high diving, skating, fencing, and other sports), that it has remained a standard of reference after all these years. I cannot wonder that those who remember that achievement to-day, and who see its results in every country all over the world, must be reluctant in the extreme to contemplate the withdrawal from the

Olympic movement of the nation which did so much to place it on a firm foundation.

But we had prizes also to consider, besides rules. And the prizes were, in my opinion, another considerable contribution to the ideals which every subsequent organisation has had to maintain. They were strictly confined—in accordance with the decree of the International Committee—to medals and diplomas. The medals were designed by Bertram MacKennal, who had not then made quite the reputation he has since achieved, and his original designs in plaster were most admirably reproduced—and reduced—by the Janvier process in Paris, the dies being preserved for future use. The prize medal of gold was certainly as fine a thing of its kind as had been struck since the best work of the eighteenth century, and though fairly small in size (owing to the value of the metal) it showed every detail clearly and left a space for the winner's name. The Commemorative medals were much larger and the Greek quadriga showed up splendidly, especially in the light golden bronze in which one class was cast. This design, and that of the athlete being crowned by Fame and Victory, were the sides (one on each medal) which were decreed as permanent, the other side in each case being left to the special national emblems of the country holding the next Games ; and this arrangement was loyally carried out by Sweden in 1912. It involved a great deal more than the mere perpetuation of a single sculptor's skill. It provided the Olympic Games with a recognisable and distinctive badge which no other form of athletic contest could imitate, and it gave a continuity of safeguarded record to prizes which have now lost most of their significance. The two diplomas were excellently designed by Bernard Partridge, who was able to combine originality with dignified tradition in the most skilful manner possible. Both medals and diplomas appeared in the Royal Academy.

There is no need now, and obviously I have no desire here, to elaborate any further details about these Games of 1908, in which the *Daily Telegraph* was good enough to give me full facilities to work as hard as I was able in support of Desborough and Laffan. Certainly I never hope to have such a year's turmoil again. But I have always been glad that I was permitted to take my share in the most perfect organisation of the kind that had ever, as yet, been practically tested. That share it is which has given me so much sympathy with the men who are now struggling to carry on the work under very different conditions. We had a free hand. Everybody was waiting for us, so to speak, to lay down the laws as we saw fit ; and we were working in our own country. Our successors have had to fall in with programmes constituted by various nations, and have been obliged to contemplate arrangements not only for the training, but for the transportation and upkeep of our teams to distant countries ; and they have to do so with resources that are never certain, and are even likely, in my opinion, to become less than the most unremitting efforts have hitherto produced.

Already in 1908 the true apathy of the British population as a whole had become evident, though we were very naturally either unable or unwilling at the time to recognise it. Now I know that you cannot make people swallow what they do not want to eat. And the truth is that the average Englishman would far rather see Oxford beat Cambridge, or Surrey fighting Yorkshire, or Aston Villa making rings round Tottenham Hotspur, than any amount of Czecho-Slovakians squaring up to a South American Republic. We have enjoyed various forms of sport for a very long time. Other nations welcomed the Olympic Games as a form of international competition which was quite new to them on such a scale. They had no Henley, no Lords, no Wimbledon, no Hurlingham, no Bisley, no St. Andrews.

They had nothing comparable to the sporting fixtures of an English June or July. So they jumped at the Olympic Games as an alternative. But our own domestic calendar of sport is now so full (as it certainly was in 1908) that we can very rarely fit in even inter-Empire contests without grave difficulty; and when that calendar is still further dislocated by the claims of national teams in training for so special an event as the Olympic Games, our public grows unmistakably restive, and even considers that far from subscribing out of their own pockets towards such a state of things they should themselves be compensated for losses they seriously regret.

After 1912 *The Times* initiated a very skilfully conducted campaign to support the Games, and I became a member of one of the strongest committees ever brought together in this country, the main object of which was to educate our population as a whole into a full and financially solid support of the whole movement. That committee failed entirely. A committee almost equally strong, and full of even greater names, is in existence at this moment for the same purpose. It would be the height of impertinence to predict the result, now that I am entirely outside the movement. But I can at least say that their task will be far harder than that of 1908 or 1912, neither of which produced any money worth mentioning. Indeed, if Lord Northcliffe had not come forward at the very last moment (just as his brother, Lord Rothermere, was to do again in 1923), we should have been unable even to entertain our distinguished visitors of 1908 at dinner or to extend them any courtesy worthy of the occasion and of their presence; and in that year the magnificent Stadium in Shepherd's Bush, packed with a crowd of over 70,000 for the finish of the Marathon, had been practically empty for a week beforehand, and scarcely 10 per cent of London's millions knew that the Games were going on at all.

The effort to honour Belgium's heroism during the War by celebrating the Olympic Games at Antwerp in 1920 was perhaps the most fatal stroke ever given to the movement. It associated with sport matters which had nothing whatever to do with it, and neither the organising country nor the competing visitors were really ready for such an effort so soon after the horrors of the War. Belgium, in fact, was unable to produce and never has produced that careful record of the Games she held which is essential to any logical precedents. I felt that this must be the final point to which any support of the whole movement could be carried, and after having resigned from the International Committee during the War (for it seemed to me that sport with Germany as a comrade had become impossible, and that the Games without her could neither be called Olympic nor described as open to the world), I resigned from the British Olympic Council as well. But in order to show that there was no personal antagonism involved I entered as a competitor for the Prize Poem, and I received the honour of the Silver Medal for my verses. If we have enough money to be properly represented in 1928 in Holland, I shall be delighted. What we shall propose to do when we have to send a team to the United States in 1932, I cannot tell. But it is my firm opinion that if we are to give up competing we had better do so before our decision can possibly be misinterpreted by the Americans, who are hardly likely to be consoled for any sudden and unexplained defection by the consideration of their own doctrines of neutrality towards the woes of Europe. Far more misunderstanding everywhere would be created by the appearance of a small team, insufficiently supplied, than by a definite national withdrawal which might leave individual athletes free to compete if they desired. Our national credit no longer depends on our international victories in sport, or we should have been discredited long ago. It depends on the firmness of our decision either

to do a thing as well as it can be done or not to do it at all.

9

It was just a year before the Olympic Games of 1908 began that the *Daily Telegraph* sent me to Monte Carlo to see the racing motor-boats which were then providing a new form of sport. Beginnings are always interesting. Ever since the first days of April, 1907, thousands of visitors along the Riviera had been watching various preparations for the contest, and by the 7th the small cruiser class, in which England was represented by Mr. Miall Green's *Takumono*, was rushing round the bay, while everyone who was not looking on was talking of the chances of Lord Howard de Walden's *Daimler II* and Mr. Lionel de Rothschild's *Flying Fish*, who were to compete against the best of France and Italy in the 40-ft. cruiser class.

The exhibition in the Condamine which closed the week before had definitely proved that the motor-boat was no longer the mere fad of the millionaire, or the hysterical exaggeration of a misguided engineer. It had become a definite industry, by which the majority of the world's inhabitants would definitely be affected. And there was a romantic side to it as well. On land it is possible to modify roads, to alter the surrounding conditions, to choose one's route. But the sea is an unalterable element. Its deepest strength and fundamental power obey no human will. Its surface may be troubled by the winds of heaven, its tides be drawn towards the Goddess of the Night, but to the sailor it is implacable. With the power of 300 horses, floated in a feather-light hull, man fronts his ancient enemy again, and greater strength and speed is his in smaller space than were ever possible before. His attack is multiplied a hundred times, his vulnerable surface is proportionately reduced. The steps in the development were worthy of attainment.

When Thornycroft, the sculptor, and the father of a sculptor, came down from the North and built a launch at Chiswick, everyone was amazed to see the coffin-like craft, with her low stern, do her ten knots. His next visit from Scotland was signalised by the building of Sir Roger Palmer's *Swallow*, which accomplished the unheard-of speed of 18 miles an hour. When Colonel Willan's *Nautilus* had proved successful, the torpedo-boat was well within sight, and Henley had a launch instead of a professional Eight to follow the racing crews. Then Devigne built the *Hibernia* for Pat Labat. She ran a measured mile in Molesey Reach at a speed of about 23½ miles an hour, a feat which roused immediate rivalry. The late Mr. Clutton ordered a wooden hull from Saunders that was to be faster than anything yet built. Her timbers were sewn together with copper wire, and not a nail was used. So the *Consuta* made her appearance with the *Hibernia* at Henley, with hull and engines at a cost of about £400 apiece. She seemed the acme of what steam could do, and Howard de Walden's *Daimler II* had a hull built on the same principle. There was a difference, however, for her three engines totalled up to 270 horse-power, and she cost from £1200 to £1500 before she was put into the water. The *Consuta* was tried for her Henley Regatta work near Molesey Railway Bridge, and the *Maritana*, 5 ft. longer, proved better still. But steam could do no more. Some other motive-power had to be found unless things were to come to a standstill.

There was a period of electricity, which lasted some three or four years, just long enough to prove that, under those conditions, it was bound to fail. Then came the era of the explosive engine, the petrol of the motor-car. The first petrol motor-launch that ever put out of Southampton was, appropriately enough, a Daimler, but she never raced. Then Saunders built a hull for Mr. Bellairs on the East Coast, and another for Mr. McCarthy Murrough at Skibbereen,

which developed 9 knots with 10 horse-power. An epoch in motor-boats was created by the International Trophy at Cork, for which Saunders built the *Durendal*, the first Napier boat, with engines by the Motor Manufacturing Company, which did 21 knots in her trial, a great speed for that time ; but she would never race afterwards, because her two engines were coupled up, tandem-fashion, and twisted her shaft.

However, the motor-launch had definitely come to stay ; and in 1904 *Napier Minor* was second to *Trèfle à Quatre* at the first Monte Carlo meeting, but beat her for speed on the Solent, though the prize went to the Frenchman on a technical objection. In 1905 *Napier Minor* did the 100 kilometres at Monte Carlo in 2 hr. 25 min., at an average speed of 42 kilometres an hour. It was then found that the steel hull of the Yarrow-Napier could scarcely stand the strain of her engines running at sea, so a sewn wooden hull was provided by Saunders, weighing 15 cwt. instead of 2 tons, which gave her greater speed, and she actually touched 27 knots. In 1906 she did the 50 kilometres at Monte Carlo in fast time, won the flying kilometre, and swept the board of all the English races at home. Her first owner was Mr. Edge. She was then bought by Lord Montagu of Beaulieu, and she was running in April, 1907, under the colours of Lionel Rothschild and the name of *Flying Fish*. This boat, therefore, was one of the English entries in the 40-ft. class of racers fighting for the " Championship of the Sea," won by Panhard-Levassor in 1905 and by Delahaye in 1906. Our other representative was Lord Howard de Walden's *Daimler II*, a triple-screw boat in a Saunders' sewn-wood hull, with three Daimler engines, each of 90 horse-power, each unit of power being independent. The forward central engine (used for cruising) was started first ; and as she started, the moving of the two screws through the water on each side at the stern started

the other two engines, and with a leap she reached her full speed, which had passed 31 miles an hour in her practice in the bay.

The chief characteristic of *Daimler II* which was noticeable as she ran was her silence. The foreign boats started with a sound like the independent firing of a regiment which gradually became the ceaseless rattle of a line of Maxims. But by careful management of the exhaust pipe *Daimler II* and *Flying Fish* moved silently without any loss of speed or power. Another difference was in her lift forward and comparatively large draft, as compared with the French design (which has remained practically the same since the beginning), of a fine entry and a flat stern. The French boats also made much more fuss as they moved through the water, for they cut through it and threw up a big wave which often buried their head, and must inevitably have checked their pace, whereas the Saunders' hull threw up a thin iridescent wedge of water on each side like a curved butterfly's wing, and kept her bows well up. Mr. Miall Green's *Takumono*, with a hull by Smith and engines by Blake, appeared for her third season in the small cruiser class. If energy and constant care ever deserved success for an owner, they would have rewarded Mr. Miall Green, for nothing could have exceeded his keenness and that of the men he brought with him in developing every inch of pace that could be got out of his little craft in all weathers.

The end of the meeting showed that Lionel Rothschild's *Flying Fish* had outlasted all her competitors for the 15-mile handicap; and she was awarded the prize after the committee had stopped the race owing to the heavy swell, which made the contest very dangerous. Lord Howard de Walden's boats had suffered seriously bad luck, but I had a trip in one of them before she raced. To be inside the hull of a racing motor-boat when her engines are going at full speed is an experience not easily forgotten.

That uncanny feeling of a monstrous ruthless organism which powerful and complicated machinery so often gives me, was redoubled as I looked at the tangle of nerves and filaments that coiled here and there about the hull, or at the "eyes" above me in the round arch of the deck, or at the spinning flywheels of the tireless engine.

Soundless she might be from the shore, but here the very air was sound, and only by signs could I communicate with the engineer beside me, who sat between the forward engine and the two astern, a foot clutch in front of him, two little levers—for throttle and spark—close to his hand, and two small dials chronicling our revolutions. Along one side ran the big copper exhaust pipe from the forward engine. Above, were the spring-ribs of the hull, so constructed that her skin could fairly move, as though she breathed, under the compelling impulse of the power of 270 horses. To be thus in the very heart of the machinery was exciting enough ; but it was nothing to the steersman's task. He sat behind all three engines on a tiny grating fixed to the after-deck. The rounded rising slope of the forward deck came up almost as high as his neck, in front of him, and the steering-wheel (like the gear of a motor-car) was just where he could grip it hardest. And a terrific grip it takes to push a rudder against a wall of water when a boat passes her 27 knots, and plunges like a fretful horse upon her line ahead.

She moved like no other boat I ever felt. She had a queer crawling twist in her whole body as she slipped spitefully through the water, and this sometimes developed into an angry plunge that felt like the beginning of a somersault. But she righted with a jerk, shook her head and rushed on. Near the steering-wheel was a small electric telegraph, which transmitted orders to the engineer (some 3 yards off). When we began to move up to our best pace, she leaped at the waves like a living thing. On each side of us, a great

BETWEEN THE PILLARS OF THE PARTHENON

Athens, 1906

curve of iridescent water swung away astern, entirely hiding any view to port or starboard. From straight ahead the spray flew hard and keen as volleying small shot ; and as she turned we swung over, nearly gunwale under, till she found herself again, and plunged onward. The strain of steering for 50 kilometres must be hard enough on a strong man ; but Mr. Fentiman, who steered Lord Howard de Walden's *Daimler II* seemed to enjoy it.

The race for the 40-ft. boats conclusively proved that the French design was still better than the English. They seemed able to build faster hulls than we could ; but I still believed that we have men who can run them better at sea ; and it was at least a consolation that our engines proved just as good as theirs. All three English racers retired from the struggle before any of them had completed half the course, but they had kept going till the danger-limit had been passed and they were lucky to get safe back to port.

In the great race of 200 kilometres for the championship owing to mishaps earlier in the week, only one of our four English boats could put in an appearance. We were beaten for sheer speed to begin with ; and lest there should be any possibility of our retorting that the *Rapiere* or the *Panhard-Tellier* were merely fair-weather boats, we were beaten for endurance also in a sea that tried the strength of their construction to its utmost, the Saunders hull of Mr. Lionel Rothschild's *Flying Fish*, alone of all the English boats, lasting out the double test. When doing 200 kilometres *Panhard-Tellier* actually went faster than in doing the shorter distance in an earlier race ; for the first twenty-five were reeled off in 26 min. 38 sec. as compared with 27 min. 5 sec. ; and her next twenty-five were done in 26 min. 46 sec. as compared with 27 min. 22 sec., an increase in speed which might partly be explained by smoother water for the long race, but which becomes far more valuable when it is remembered that it was regularly kept up for the whole

distance with scarcely any variation, the finish having been passed in only 16 sec. less than double the time taken for half-way. The most remarkable feature in the *Panhard* boat was her shaft, which was not straight between the engines and the screw, but bent at an angle, the power being transmitted by a universal joint. This was, I believe, the first time such an arrangement had proved successful over 200 kilometres at sea at high speed. In the matter of security of crews on a motor-boat, we found it essential that the steerer, at any rate, should wear a life-jacket. On one French boat, whose sides were built very bluff and straight, the hull swung over so much, that the skipper was flung right out over her side when she tried to turn at full speed. The effect of a man hitting the water at that pace is to stun him completely, and he floats about safely until he is rescued. For the mechanics up in the hull, among the pipes and pistons, I must confess there seems little hope of rescue if the boat turns turtle. One of them had his arm broken in starting the engine ; but on the whole accidents were remarkably rare.

10

It was due also to the *Daily Telegraph* that I bore a modest share in the beginnings of the aeroplane and the problems of flight, and if I recall briefly what was going on as long ago as 1909 it must not be imagined that I forget the enormous developments which have happened since. In September, 1909, it happened that I stood with the Empress Eugénie, Countess Metternich, and General Sir Horace Smith-Dorrien while they inspected S. F. Cody and his machine near Aldershot. At half-past two that afternoon Cody was hard at work on some detail that needed strengthening or repairing in his cylinders, and he informed me that at six he would be ready for an attempt. The day had been far from perfect, and a fairly strong wind had been

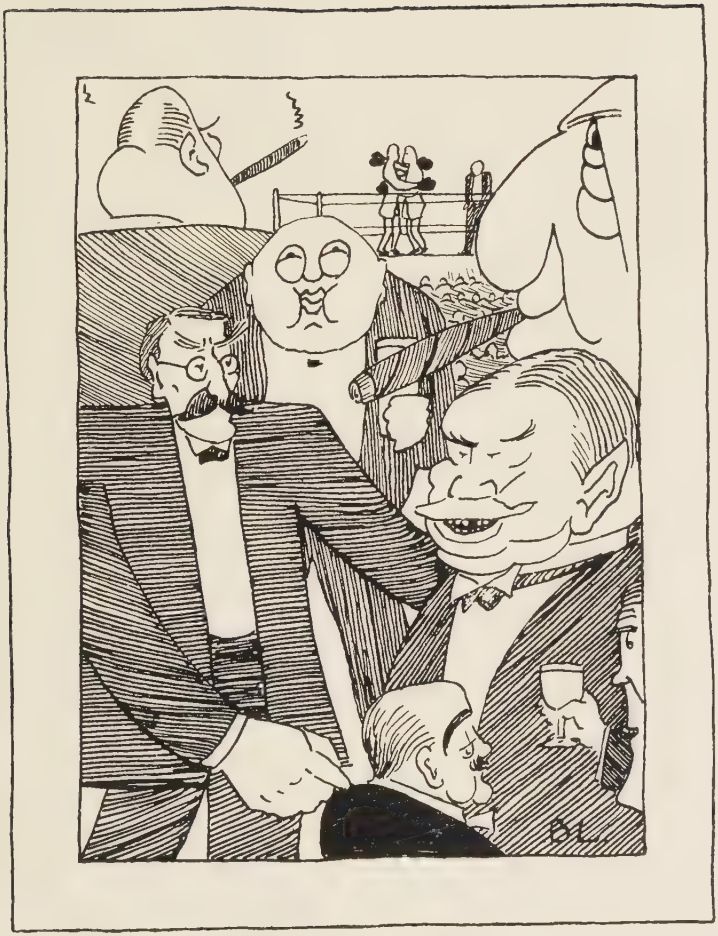
blowing over the Bramshott Links, where a golf competition was in progress ; but by six o'clock the evening was as perfect as anyone could have desired, with scarcely a breath of breeze. At five minutes past six the machine was carefully brought, sideways, from its shed. Those who had had any experience of the Rheims flying meeting, the first of its kind in the world, must have been aghast at the liberty permitted to the large crowd of spectators, which numbered over a thousand before six and double that total in an hour's time. They swarmed round the doors of the shed ; they stood in serried ranks round the machine itself ; they came in motor-cars, in gigs, in landaus ; and their bicycles were as the grasshopper in his strength. With any less skilful aviator than Cody there would undoubtedly have been a serious accident. He preferred to run the risk of breaking his aeroplane, and he very nearly did, in getting out of the way of people who should never have impeded him. Of the three flights he made, the first was at the lowest level, and the third at the fastest pace. Evidently his new cooling arrangements were to be tested, and various other parts of the machine thoroughly tried. The 65–80 horse-power engine, though designed by an Englishman, was made in Paris, and had eight cylinders, running at about 1300 revolutions to the minute, to give his big machine an average speed of nearly 50 miles an hour, which was certainly exceeded when I saw him.

The engines used five gallons an hour, and the storage capacity of the tank was over twenty-five gallons, so that if all went well there was no reason why Cody should not crown his triumph in cross-country work by adding the further record of the 200 miles or so from London to Manchester without a stop at all for taking in fresh petrol. His biplane looked quite solid enough to pull the ton it actually weighed ; for though the various stays were all of bamboo, strengthened with aluminium, the total area of its surfaces

was more than 1000 sq. ft., and the full span of the canvas to right and left was over 60 ft. in length. But it was not only a perfect engine that was needed for the Manchester trip. At that date even the most intrepid aviator could not be certain of remaining at the height he wished and steering on the course he had determined for over four hours ; and even with the aerial compass Cody had perfected for his own use, which was not likely to be disturbed by its proximity to the motor, he could not count on being able to do exactly what he liked. There are hills, for instance ; and though Rougier had just soared 380 ft. at Brescia, and greater altitudes had, of course, been reached, it was not yet certain how a motor would behave in certain of the higher atmospheric strata.

The most breathless moment in the experiment at which I was present was at the start, in the first of the three flights. The clang of the motor was entirely drowned by the whirl of the two propellers as full power was turned on, and the aeroplane, held for a few yards behind by two men, began to run on her bicycle wheels over the grass. The instant when she rose brought the crisis of our strained anticipation. It always occurred at the same place, some 20 sec. after the start, at a point where the grass dipped in a slight nullah about 400 yd. away. The ground fell, but the machine did not, and she never touched again till she was home. At that instant all sense of laboured effort left the spectator. Till then he had been almost bewildered by the chaos of sound, the noisy revelation of what the strength of sixty horses in eight small cylinders may mean. But when her gathering speed had swung her lightly upwards, she seemed flying of her own volition ; effortless and free, she purred away into the golden and rosy hazes of a sunset sky towards the far end of Laffan's Plan, keeping very low this first time, and skimming like a swallow.

The other remarkable feature of these flights was the



T. A. C. ESCORTS MAX BEERBOHM TO THE NATIONAL SPORTING CLUB

From a drawing by Bohun Lynch

astonishing ease with which Cody made a sharp turn. We had been accustomed to the men at Rheims taking their corners "in a long and splendid curve." Nothing of the kind was seen now. Cody made straight for his mark, and no sooner was he seen to reach it than he seemed on his way back again.

The value of such quick steering was at once observable. Cody had, no doubt, meant to make his first flight a longer one, while keeping all the time in full view of the Empress Eugénie and General Smith-Dorrien, who were following his every movement with the closest attention. But on his return, the crowd was so thick round the shed that he was unable to sweep round at all at the low altitude of that flight, and yet he brought her easily to ground in the right position for another start. In his second effort he rose almost immediately, much higher than before, and at one time, when farthest away, he cannot have been less than 250 ft. in the air. Again he came purring back towards us, the machine showing the same remarkable steadiness which it exhibited throughout, but again the crowd interfered with the full beauty of the display. Grasping the situation in a minute, Cody saw that he had just room possibly to get round, but that he must risk his machine if he did not want to kill any of the spectators. He turned so sharply in front of the shed that the huge wing on his left only missed the great gate by inches, and swung into one of the clumps of fir and pine trees just behind. It grounded almost at once, but so skilfully was it handled that only the buckling of a wheel or two was the result, and the damage was repaired in less than 15 minutes.

Cody was loudly and deservedly cheered by the enthusiastic concourse of spectators as he went away on his third flight, at a height midway between that seen on his first and that of his second effort. It was evidently speed he was trying for this time, and speed he showed with

a vengeance, covering more than two miles in just over two minutes by my stop-watch. This time his return to earth was perfectly executed, and his machine stopped finally exactly at the right place and in the right position to be moved sideways into her shed. It was a most remarkable exhibition of stability and steering-power, and I doubt whether any other aviator had before succeeded in turning his machine within a few feet of her own breadth, as Cody undoubtedly did on several occasions during these flights.

Within a fortnight after this, the *Daily Telegraph* sent me to see the monoplanes at Spa. Rain had so spoilt the ground when I arrived that all attempts at flying had to be postponed until the swamps and mud had had time to dry up in the sun and wind. Paulhan, who had made so great a name for himself elsewhere on his biplane, was scarcely able to rise at all from the muddy soil of Malchamps, high above the Ardennes, which never so well deserved its ominous name. His wheels stuck so fast in the slime that he could never get up sufficient speed to leave the ground. Delagrange, on the other hand, who used a Blériot monoplane with conspicuous success, rose easily enough, owing to his machine being so much lighter than the variations of the Wright pattern ; but he was very nearly killed the day before I arrived, because the small bicycle wheels at the front of his machine stuck fast, and if his motor had been behind him instead of in front he must infallibly have been crushed to death, as was poor Ferber a short time before.

Paulhan had certainly bad luck at Spa. Nearly every time he tried to rise some slight defect in the delicate motor stopped him, or he was hindered by the clogging of his wheels upon the mire. He was originally, I understand, a clever mechanic. With all the adaptability of your true Frenchman, he had become a passable version of a Continental sporting millionaire, calm yet alert, with rare but sufficient gesture, knowing his own value, calculating his

own risks. I recognised no typical face in these early flying pioneers. Le Blond was the most capable in appearance. Tall, bearded, squarely built, he, too, was just a mechanic ; and his first attempts showed that he should go as far in aviation as he did in motor racing. Sommer, an artificer or manufacturer of cloth and tissue, looked the least likely of all. But he had done things that were splendid at the time. A light frame, a delicately cut face, a smart Norfolk jacket and knickerbockers—no one ever looked less like a hero. Most attractive of them all, at Spa, was Delagrange, a sculptor, who had won the Prix de Rome, a pilot of extraordinary skill, who showed all Blériot's mastery over the monoplane, and improved out of knowledge since the Rheims meeting. His quiet confidence and innate good breeding put him, personally, in a different class from the majority of his rivals, and his actual flights, though very low by present standards, were as beautiful in form as any save those of Latham on the unequalled loveliness of "*Antoinette.*" I was to know Delagrange better at the Doncaster meeting, where he and Cody (who was solemnly naturalised there as a British subject) were easily the outstanding figures. They flew round the race-course, and many a ghost of old St. Legers must have marvelled at the queer new kind of Pegasus which was taking those well-known corners in a sweep that even The Flying Dutchman might have envied. Delagrange was as brave as he was gentle, but relentless in his determination to find out the truth, as I had reason to discover at Aix. But he died too soon for his ambition, falling to his death, like Icarus, upon the rocks that guard the sunlit seas of Monte Carlo.

Paulhan's motor at Spa was one of the new "Gnome" machines, in which all seven cylinders revolved at the same rate as the screw, and developed 50 horse-power in a remarkably small space and weight. It was fixed behind the aviator, and worked a pair of large, two-flanged screws, made

of several pieces of wood cunningly jointed together in the most exquisite flat spiral curves. The motor had started, on one occasion; the wind flung back by the screws had begun to toss everyone's hat off; and the workmen were desperately hanging on to the rudder of the car as she bounded to be free, when Paulhan who had sat sideways, watching, held up his hand. The screws ceased revolving. "Take her back," he said quietly. In the shed they investigated half a dozen delicate tubes. At last, in the recesses of one of them, they found a tiny piece of muddy heather. "I thought so," said Paulhan. "Bring her out." But he was not to fly that day.

Black wings against a gold and crimson sunset in the west; gold wings, lit up by sudden flashes from the level rays of light, as they swept past the lowering cloudbanks in the north; Delagrange's Blériot made a wonderful picture in the stormy sky. The best I saw him do was a round of 1832 metres in 104⅘ sec., which was the record of the meeting for speed, and done during a flight of five rounds on a marked course in the total time of 10 min. 38⅗ sec., during all of which he flew fast and fairly high (for those days) without a tremor, soaring in long, steady curves, and turning with the greatest ease and precision. On another occasion he did three rounds in 7 min. 15 sec. Once, in midflight, his motor stopped suddenly at a height of about 40 ft., but he landed with his usual grace after we had all imagined imminent catastrophe. His only comment was, "I was glad it happened. I never knew what would happen under such circumstances. Now I know that even the small wings of my monoplane are large enough to act as resisting surfaces in a fall and to be guided in a gentle glide to earth. That gives me much greater confidence." Another time he had an even narrower escape. He had swooped down in a long graceful curve, when suddenly the front wheels disappeared in a hole full of water. The whole machine,

pivoting upon the main shaft of the screw, turned right over. But the great wings had barely fluttered into rest before he was out from beneath them, after a complete somersault, waving his hat to reassure his wife. How the crowd cheered! The ambulance had rushed out, the police had lined up. Princess Clementine stood up in the Royal box, and sent an equerry across the marshy fields. We cheered again when Delagrange came up and the Princess shook hands with him. We cheered a third time as the band struck up the "Marseillaise." The rain grew pitiless. We drove or tramped back the long road to Spa, all at foot-pace, all drenched to the skin and muddy to the eyebrows. But it had been well worth while. It sounds like the play of children in these days. But it was such play that made the squadrons of our Air Force possible in war.

This may sound unduly platitudinous. But even a truism occasionally has its value, as may be seen from the old story of the Duc de Montesquieu (if that is the right title; at any rate he was a hunchback), and the young Hebrew whose brilliant conversation had so fascinated the old Royalist that he invited his attractive acquaintance to attend one of the Duchess's At Homes in Paris. This happened a very long time ago; and the youth felt the moment had come to be sincere. "It is right, monseigneur, to tell you," he said, "that I am a Jew." "*Confiance pour confiance, mon cher monsieur*," replied the Duke, "*moimême, je suis bossu.*" The moral of which is, as I venture to explain to all my young readers fresh from the War, that the art of flying as you understand it now had beginnings hardly less thrilling to us who watched their growth than the stunts and loops and altitudes which are your common form to-day. Progress can only be realised when you have seen small things increase. Size diminishes our sense of measurement. Nor should despair of any possibility be exaggerated when once we have appreciated the unlimited potentialities of the

humblest forms of life. Oscar Wilde was once taught the same lesson. He leant over the Pont Neuf in Paris and was looking sorrowfully at the turbid stream beneath, when he saw another man apparently occupied in the same melancholy task. "*Et vous aussi, monsieur,*" he asked, "*vous êtes un désespéré?*" "*Non, Monsieur,*" replied the other, cheerfully enough, "*Je suis coiffeur.*" There have been far worse trades from which the saviour of a nation has been found than that of Figaro.

11

I have heard that Madame Pavlova, the famous Russian dancer, was once asked her fee for appearing at a private party in Chicago. She named a thousand dollars.

"I suppose," said the hostess, "you would not take eight hundred?"

P. "Certainly not."

"Very well then, I suppose you must have your thousand, but I must ask you to remember that you will only come to dance; you will not mix with the society in my house."

P. "Why did you not say that before? Of course, I shall only charge eight hundred."

Far from avoiding the society at the office of the *Daily Telegraph* I soon found it was worth a great deal more in mere education, than even the handsome salary I was paid to work there. The rugged kindly countenance of Ivan Müller was invariably the signal for a lesson in contemporary politics. Hall Richardson concealed behind a mask of solemn patience a real ability which was ready for any sudden crisis. The polished suavity of W. L. Courtney was a pleasant reminder of my Oxford days when he was lecturing in New College on Ethics. I was in training at the time, and no doubt occasionally sleepy. But however deeply I had surrendered to the charms of surreptitious slumber, Courtney would be at my elbow as the lecture

finished with the smiling admonition, "Time to get up, Mr. Cook; here's your hot water."

Sometimes, too, we were gratified by the sight of men who served the paper in distant portions of the globe—of Dillon, that polyglot mine of information about every scandal in all the courts of Europe; of Bennet Burleigh, fresh from one of our "small campaigns" upon the frontiers of the Empire, with tales of fighting, wine, and women that blew into Fleet Street like the breath of storm-winds east of Suez; or of various Paris correspondents, who never had enough space in the paper to give the world the real reason for political convulsions to which they, and they only, held the complicated key. One and all they had one unfailing repartee, if I ever was bold enough to chaff them.

"There are only two competitors in the Boat Race," they used to say, "and you are only on the staff because of your presumed capacity to pick the winner. When have you ever told *us* right? Answer me that!"

It was but too true. When the Light Blues were assured of victory, pride forbade me ever to predict that my own University would lose; and when Oxford was absolutely certain of the race I was by modesty precluded from ever prophesying it would win. This sad and repeated failure was, with a forbearance for which I cannot be too grateful, omitted from the list of my performances at the farewell dinner given me by my old colleagues at the Garrick Club when I left Fleet Street for the *Field*.

That change was literally as much a surprise to myself as I have no doubt it must have been to my friends. For I then knew no one on the staff of the *Field*, I had never been inside its office, and I had never seen a single member of the awe-inspiring Cox dynasty of owners except a young man called B. C. Cox, of Trinity Hall, who had been in some first-rate Cambridge crews both at Putney and at Henley; and I suppose that he himself had never heard of me at all.

But perhaps there never was a more fortunate accident in all my life than that which suddenly gave me the one position in the world of journalism which I should have selected, had I had the choice. Certainly it gave me, as well, the work I have loved best ever since ; and whatever vicissitudes of personal fate have since befallen, that work has been my sheet-anchor in all that makes life worth living.

There was, of course, a short interregnum again before I took up my editorial duties at Windsor House, where Horace Cox was manager, and Irwin Cox the chief representative of the proprietorial family. In that period occurred a journey to Vienna, which must close this chapter and form the introduction to my last.

12

At the instigation of the Board of Trade, Lord Desborough, C. E. Fagan of the British Museum of Natural History, myself, and others were formed into a kind of committee to secure a worthy representation for England in the great Exhibition to be held in Vienna in the spring of 1910. We had a special Pavilion, which was to be filled with such a collection of sporting trophies, pictures, implements, and other records of all forms of sport, as had never been got together before. I will not here mention those details which were published soon afterwards in a Blue Book, and in a separate illustrated catalogue. Mr. Buxton, the Minister, thanked us for our work, later on, and I believe it was creditably accomplished. What I have here to say refers only to that personal side of the adventure which was naturally of no concern in those days to the public.

As usual, Lord Desborough did most of the valuable work in getting all his friends to send big heads of game, and Fagan's arrangements for their collection, transportation, and return were admirable. I brought from the *Field* photographs of the skeletons of Eclipse and Persimmon,

taken from four points of view, and carefully mounted so as to ensure accurate comparison. I also had good reproductions made of some of the best pictures of racing and race-horses in this country. But my most treasured privilege was the production, by the special and unprecedented permission of the Jockey Club, of the gold-mounted hoof of Eclipse presented to that select body by William IV, when they were dining with His Majesty in St. James's Palace on May 16th, 1832. It had been elegantly mounted in the middle of a gold salver and is now in the Club's rooms at Newmarket. On the front of the hoof are the royal arms in gold in high relief, and on the pedestal just beneath is an appropriate inscription identifying the relic. Originally it was offered as a prize for a challenge race, somewhat like "The Whip," which enshrines yet another relic of the famous sire, run on Ascot Thursday. It duly took place in the year of the Reform Bill, on the same afternoon that Camarine and Rowton raced each other to a dead-heat in the Gold Cup, and over the same course. Lord Chesterfield's Priam (Conolly up) beat General Grosvenor's Sarpedon, ridden by John Day. In 1834 Lord Chesterfield won again with Glaucus, beating the previous year's winner, Gallopade. But the race soon fell into disuse, and the Eclipse hoof, except for its escapade in Vienna, has been in the Jockey Club rooms ever since.

When I was writing this celebrated stallion's history, I had the greatest difficulty in identifying the three other hoofs. When I publicly applied to the Press for help it appeared likely that Eclipse's pace had been largely due to the extraordinary number of his feet, so many claimants appeared for instant recognition. At last I traced one in the favourite form of a snuff-box with a miniature of George IV in the lid, which may well have been given to the Prince of Wales by his friend, Andrew O'Kelly, nephew of the notorious Dennis, the horse's owner at his death. It had

been presented to a Dr. Roper of the 101st Regiment in Jamaica, in June, 1837, by a grateful patient named Lieutenant Nowlan. Another, whose authenticity I have never had reason to doubt, was in the possession of Mr. John D. Cradock of Quorn. The last was most appropriately in the possession of King Edward VII, and I hope his present Majesty keeps it to this day.

It would be difficult to imagine a more charming and hospitable city than was Vienna in 1910. Charles Kinsky, who owned and trained Zoedone and won the Grand National on his back, gave us the entrée of the Jockey Club. His brother was then Master of the Horse, and it was at a luncheon party with him that I came upon one of those curious bits of history which so rarely gratify the amateur historian in these commonplace days, and will certainly never happen to me or to anyone else again. I was introduced to the lady next to me (I think she was Charles Kinsky's sister) as the Countess Montenuovo, and in that title I never recognised the more familiar syllables of Neipperg. But when we went down to the royal stables after lunch and saw the little baby-carriage of the King of Rome, covered with golden bees, I began to think; when we were shown the great landau in which Napoleon brought his bride, Maria Louisa of Austria, to the capital, I recollected Neipperg. When I saw Schönbrunn, the memories of the whole tragedy became complete.

That evening we dined with Count Tassilo Festetics, in a sort of semi-royal state, though there were only six of us; for his wife was a Princess of Monaco. A Haiduk, gorgeously apparelled, stood behind my chair and attended to my personal comfort all the evening. I shall not easily forget my embarrassment when he solemnly descended the great marble staircase behind me, flung open the front door, and waited in evident expectation of "my lord's carriage." He lost not an atom of dignity as he ushered me into a

humble "four-wheeler," of the pretty kind they used there, and despatched the driver, with a smart salute, to the Hotel Windsor, where, if I remember rightly, we were all staying.

We had worked hard for several days at our pavilion. Undeterred by a workmen's strike, Lord Desborough had nailed down the last strips of carpet with his own hands, the rest of us giving what help we could. It was the day before the opening and there was no time to spare. While we were hammering, Desborough showed me a cable from England which he could not understand, and he was evidently anxious lest one of his family should be ill. We drove in the Prater with Kinsky before dinner, and went to bed fairly tired, but glad that our preliminary labours were completed.

Quite early next morning I woke up to find a military vision standing by my bed. It was an officer of the Guards in full uniform, who saluted and said he had been sent by the Emperor personally to inform us, with profound regret, that His Majesty King Edward VII was dead.

The opening of the Exhibition was postponed for a week ; but so great were the crowds pouring in from the country, to whom no accurate information could be sent in time, that cavalry had to be drawn up across the main roads to turn them back. Throughout Vienna the affectionate and evidently sincere sympathy shown by the whole city and expressed by everyone we met was something that astonished and moved us all profoundly. I heard on my return of the extraordinary effect on London of King Edward's death. But I am not sure that the sight of his personal influence in this far-off capital was not even more impressive than the natural affection of his own beloved countrymen.

It was not quite a year before this, in August, 1909, to be exact, that excavations had been begun, on the eastern slope of Mount Ophel, near Jerusalem, with which I was to

be closely connected. I translated and published later on at the office of the *Field* the scientific description of these excavations written by a learned French savant of the *École Biblique et Archéologique*, entitled, "Underground Jerusalem." The expedition, which accomplished wonderful work, though it was never able to complete its final aim, was under the leadership of the Hon. Montagu Parker, who had just that combination of business-like finance with optimistic courage which is needed for undertakings of this kind. Some day he will no doubt tell the world himself how near he was to discovering the treasure-chambers of King Solomon beneath what is now known as the Mosque of Omar. What he did accomplish was to explore the Virgin's Well, to clean out and bring into working order the subterranean channel which brought water to the Pool of Siloam, and, incidentally, from the graves discovered, to take back the history of the site from the Jebusites of the fifteenth century B.C., to a civilisation in touch with that of ancient Egypt three thousand years before the birth of Christ. The pottery and other relics brought back are the most valuable and interesting that ancient site has ever produced, and the coloured plates illustrating them formed part of the first special publication in which I was interested when I began work on the *Field*. To that work I must now turn, in my final chapter.

CHAPTER VII

CAMPUS MARTIUS

(*The "Field"*)

"Ma misi me per l'alto mare aperto
Sol con un legno e con quella compagna
Picciola, dalla qual non fui deserto."

DANTE, *Inf.* xxvi. 100.

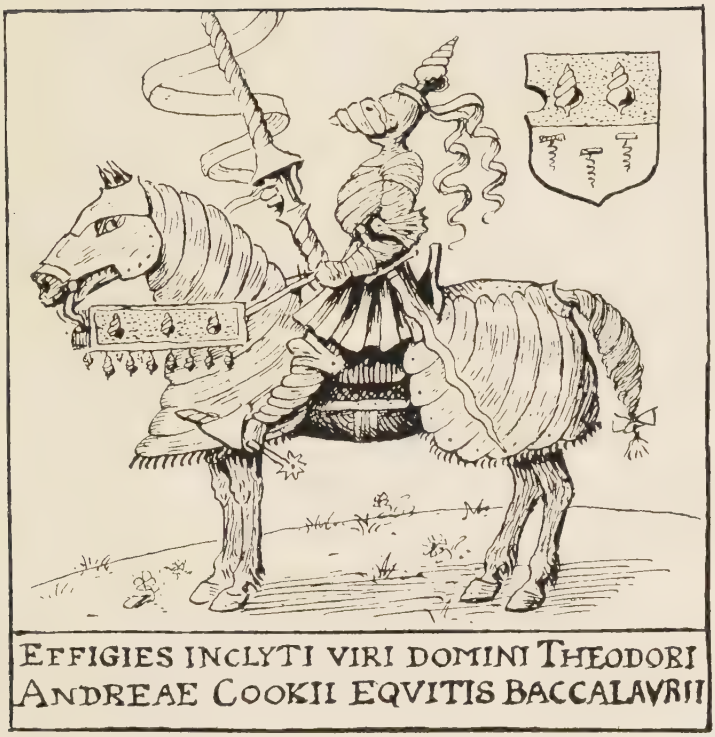
THE foundations of the *Field's* prosperity have from the first been the strongest instincts of the English race. It was the keen appreciation of those instincts which made our spiritual founder, Sergeant Cox, one of the cleverest journalists who ever lived; and no editor who forgets them will ever keep the *Field* alive. But there were builders before the Sergeant, and it would not be just or right that they should be forgotten.

1

The first number of the *Field or Country Gentleman's Newspaper*—a title that is itself an inspiration—was printed by John Clark, at 9 Red Lion Passage, and published at 4 Brydges Street for Messrs. Bradbury and Evans, on the 1st of January, 1853, a few years after they had started the *Daily News;* and its first editor was Mark Lemon, the well-known leader of their *Punch* staff, with Robert Soutar (afterwards a distinguished actor) as his assistant. Mr. Punch had not very much by way of precedent for his new venture in sporting journalism. But the gallant founders had an ambitious programme. They included "News from the Court," "The Fashionable World," "The Diplomatic

Circle," " Parliament," and " Theatres " in their hospitable columns. By degrees many of these departments passed into the *Queen*, which still runs in double harness under the same ownership ; but sport was from the first the most prominent feature. The founders relied largely upon pictorial illustrations, and arranged for numerous hunting scenes by Leech and Hablot K. Browne, shooting, game, and other sporting sketches by Richard Ansdell, and drawings of famous types of poultry and miscellaneous sketches by Harrison Weir. Our first illustration of yachting represented *Alarm* and five other well-known yachts of that day off the Isle of Wight. It was drawn by T. G. Dutton, who was marine artist to the Royal Yacht Club ; and later on a second illustration followed, in which *Brilliant* was introduced, in company with *Alarm*, *Arrow*, and *Capricorn*. E. Landells supplied boating pictures, and H. Hall furnished a series of famous race-horses, beginning with a good drawing of West Australian, the winner of the Two Thousand Guineas.

But an indication of change occurs in November, when the names of Petter and Galpin appear on the imprint instead of Bradbury and Evans ; and this was, in fact, the date when Mr. Benjamin Webster of the Adelphi Theatre had secured the property, signalising his arrival very shortly afterwards by a pathetic picture of icebergs and polar bears entirely surrounding the heroine of the current Adelphi melodrama. I cannot resist here pointing out that the present editor, who came from the *Daily Telegraph* to take up his duties on the *Field*, formed an unconscious link between the two offices, for the daughter of Benjamin Webster married the great journalist who was to become the first Lord Burnham, and after her they named their son Harry Webster Lawson, the present holder of the title and owner of the *Daily Telegraph*. No journalist could easily forget the one because in future his work was to be so closely



THE NEW KNIGHT (IN SPIRALS)

By W. Alison Phillips, June, 1916

associated with the other. Ben Webster, however, was unlucky and lost about £9000. But it must be remembered that all newspaper enterprise in those days was hampered, not only by the Stamp Act, which after being reduced from fourpence to a penny, was entirely abolished in 1855, but also by a monstrous Paper Duty, which was only repealed in 1861. In the *Field* for November 25th, 1854, it was stated in large type that the paper had once more passed into new hands ; it was now published at Essex House, Essex Street, Strand, and the new proprietor stated his views and intentions. "We shall purposely exclude," he explains, "all themes that are not perfectly consistent with decency, with humanity, with religion, and with the taste of the educated and refined. The sports which we shall record will be those shared and sanctioned by the best men, which are manly without being brutal, recreative without debauchery, and invigorating without vulgarity—hunting, shooting, fishing, yachting, cricket, riding, driving are the field sports which we shall embrace." A department was to be devoted to natural history, and contributions were invited. The Farm was, from the beginning, one of the great divisions on which was employed the best knowledge of our staff. Long years of unbroken success followed. The new proprietor who had aroused it was Sergeant Cox.

Educated at Oxford, this astute lawyer was originally destined for the Church. In 1862 he purchased the *Lady's Newspaper*, originally founded by S. O. Beeton, and in 1863 he rechristened it the *Queen*. Her Majesty Queen Victoria, in fact, had permitted several original sketches by her own hand to appear in its pages, to which the Princesses had also frequently contributed. He also owned the *Critic* and the *Clerical Journal*. It was very rare in those days for any man to be so closely connected with so many journalistic successes, and the Sergeant soon showed that he had made no mistake in what was to become the most famous of his

properties. In John Crockford of Taunton (where the Serjeant had practised as a solicitor before being called to the Bar), he had the help of a sound business manager who himself founded the famous *Clerical Directory* in 1859, and continued to be the master-mind in the management of the *Field* office till he died suddenly in 1865. Even more valuable were the services of John Henry Walsh, whose brilliant editorship deserves special mention.

He became editor of the *Field* in 1857, and books on guns, dogs, and horses appeared at intervals until his death in February, 1888, still hard at work at the ripe age of seventy-seven. He instituted the first *Field* trial of guns and rifles in the Ashburnham Grounds at Chelsea (near Cremorne) in April, 1858, and thereby wound up the stubbornly contested controversy between breech-loaders and muzzle-loaders, just as he settled the question between fixed seats and sliding seats in rowing by the experiments he carried out at the London Rowing Club. An injury to his left hand due to a gun burst had, no doubt, turned his mind definitely towards the dangers of a breakage, but he accomplished work of a very definite and nationally useful character, as was shown in the celebrated case in which the Birmingham Proof-House Guardians sued him for libel. He lost it on a technical legality, but he was complimented by the judge, and everyone recognised he had been right; and before his death he had gone very far towards preventing other sportsmen from being maimed as he had been by faulty powder or construction.

In addition to the researches in gun-making, which chiefly made his reputation, Dr. Walsh was one of the original founders of the Coursing Club and a member of the first committee of the Kennel Club, and if he had had time to be more leisurely he would have been one of the foremost chess-players of his day. Under such brilliant guidance from 1857 to 1888, it is little wonder that the

youthful *Field* soon shot into maturity and strength, and the work was bravely carried on by his assistant and successor, Mr. Frederick Toms (1888–99).

Among the heroes of old time was Frank Buckland, a character whose odd idiosyncrasies could never escape the public eye. He had a curious habit of tasting everything he found, including internal organs of entirely unknown origin. *Punch* has immortalised the story of his coming to a ticket-office with his pockets stuffed with various living creatures and of the bewildered railway official who said "cats is dogs and rabbits is dogs; but this here tortoise is a hinsect." His salmon-hatching experiments, conducted at one of the big windows of the old *Field* office in the Strand, invariably produced a crowd that called for the intervention of a kindly (and far from uninterested) constable.

The office of the *Field*, when the foundations of its prosperity were being firmly laid, was 346 Strand. The site was a good one, for it looked right down the approach to Waterloo Bridge, and, therefore, caught the eyes of all who were going to the many race-meetings served from that direction, especially Epsom. Announcements of racing news vied with Buckland's aquarium in our windows to attract a constant crowd. There were other reasons for this popularity as well; for the stage door of the Gaiety Theatre, close at hand, was often the focus of an interested party trying to get a view of the famous "Stars" on *terra firma*. One of them was Nellie Farren, the wife of Bob Soutar, our earliest assistant editor. But one morning the extraordinary commotion observable all round the Palace of Beauty was evidently not to be attributed to its sirens. A vast company of bees were swarming in that seductive doorway—of what future were they not the omen?—and cries were at once raised for help from the *Field*. From our more serious portals, in a few minutes, there issued a calm, slender, and elderly gentleman, who bore a small broom and a dust-

shovel in his hands. He swept up the unwelcome winged visitants without the slightest hesitation and withdrew once more into his sanctuary, unperturbed. His name was W. B. Tegetmeier.

"Teggy," as his intimates knew him, was not invariably so sombre an executioner of insects. He had been one of the founders of the Savage Club; and he had written, in most entertaining vein, on many a subject before he became known to his friends as "more subtle than any beast of the field." As our bird-pathologist, as the authority on pigeons whose work proved invaluable to the great Darwin, he was a writer whose pronouncements on poultry-breeding, asses, mules, and pheasants, were unchallenged throughout Europe. He lived until his ninety-fifth year, and for some time his son also held a place on the *Field* staff; but his work was worthily carried on by the late Dr. Hammond Smith, whose skilled and indomitable industry on the famous Grouse Commission first brought his sterling worth before the notice of a larger public.

I could take up even more space with the revered name of J. Edmund Harting were it not so well known already. There is not a learned society in the world which has not recognised his authority on the life-history of British birds. His study at Weybridge is filled with material arranged in the most methodical manner, and there is no question about the paper which he cannot answer. His work for the *Field* (to which he has contributed nearly 3000 separate articles) is commemorated elsewhere, and I need only say here that the paper has been honoured by his long connection with it, and that our readers welcome every week the continued presence on our staff of one whose long life has been the mirror of good sportsmanship and the exemplar of all students of Natural History and lovers of the open air.[1]

[1] *Between* 1866 ("*The Birds of Middlesex*") *and* 1913 ("*The Gun at Home and Abroad*") *he had written nearly forty books or elaborate treatises*

Yes—there were giants in those primal days at 346 Strand. No garrotter of that ruder era would have dared to try his little games on a group composed of John Comyns Cole, that polished writer on the yachtsman; Charles M. Browne, known at every coursing meeting as "Robin Hood"; and H. H. S. Pearse, called "Plantagenet," our hunting editor, arm-in-arm with Captain Pennell Elmhirst (the celebrated "Brooksby"), Fitt, and W. C. A. Blew, a most versatile fellow who could drive a four-in-hand as well as he could write about it. I like to think that Crawford Wood (so long a favourite here as "Hyme") is hunting with that gallant party now in the Elysian Fields, and flying Acheron, as he could clear the Whissendine, upon "a big bay of the right sort." Several others of the *Field* staff have left an enduring and world-wide mark upon the game or sport with which they were specially there connected. If the names of Buckland, Tegetmeier, or Dixon-Kemp are upon many English sportsmen's shelves, there is not a chess club from China to Peru which does not admire the name of Steinïtz, who managed our chess columns before Hoffer took them and died in harness, handing on the torch to Amos Burn, the great English Master who is now in control. "Cavendish" was even more widely known; as Dr. Henry Jones in the *Field* office he laid down the law on whist and other card games. Rawdon Lee's fine volumes, *Modern Dogs*, remind many a breeder still of the way he carried on our kennel department.

Among the most constant contributors was that extraordinary figure, W. B. Woodgate, who could write anything

on such varying subjects as the ornithology of Shakespeare, shore-shooting, British birds, summer migrants, land and freshwater shells, ostriches, extinct British animals, the management of hawks, the rabbit, and the English gentleman, together with many new editions of famous old authors, such as Izuak Walton and White, and such valuable pieces of public work as the report on field-voles in Scotland for Sir Herbert Maxwell's committee. His publications on birds have always been recognised as both accurate and authoritative.

from a curate's sermon to a leading article on the Torts of Landlords or a racy description of a prize fight and a sculling match ; and E. D. Brickwood (" Argonaut "), a winner of the Diamonds and Wingfields, who really gave the *Rowing Almanac* its permanent position as the only annual record of the sport he loved. Then there were Joseph Osborne, Du Chaillu, the great explorer, Grantley Berkeley, F. C. Selous, who dined with us on our sixtieth birthday not long before he was to go out to his death against his country's enemies in South Africa ; C. W. Alcock, " the father of Association Football," Julian Marshall, the protagonist of tennis literature ; Francis Lawley ; Abel Chapman, still hunting big game and drawing it with all his unapproachable accuracy and skill ; Sir Ralph Payne Galway, shooting bows and arrows over a golf course ; H. A. Leveson, the " Old Shikarry," and many another.

2

It must not be thought that all these disappeared when the move was made in 1890 from the old offices in the Strand to the palatial new residence in Bream's Buildings. But it was on Crockford's death that the management of the business (so long known by his name) devolved upon Serjeant Cox's son the late Irwin E. B. Cox, a member of Parliament for the Harrow Division, who served for over fifty years on the Bench of the Gore Division of Middlesex. His father had bought old Serjeant's Inn in 1877, and the windows with armorial bearings from its ancient hall were set in the son's house at Moat Mount, where he and the staff gave their new editor a hospitable welcome in December, 1909. He put in my hand a first edition of Izaak Walton, beautifully bound, as a kind of palladium of office, which I held firmly to my bosom when I rose to reply to a similarly warm-hearted greeting from the Flyfishers Club.

Windsor House was built, and the " modern era " began

under the editorship of Frederick Toms, with that great fisherman William Senior (already widely known as "Red Spinner") in charge of angling. It was the last named who succeeded Toms in the editorial chair in 1900. No one who knew William Senior in those days could have failed to like him, for his talents were far from being limited to fishing, and his honest geniality was his constant charm. He first appointed C. H. Cook to control the angling columns he could no longer supervise himself in detail, and from "John Bickerdyke" they were handed on to the present holder of that important office. He appointed Heckstall-Smith, handicapper to the Royal Yacht Squadron, as successor to Dixon Kemp. The management of the paper had for some time been in the hands of Irwin Cox's cousin, Horace Cox, to whom it was due that both the *Field* and *Queen* touched higher summits of success than they had ever known. Before Horace Cox's death, his official duties were allotted to G. B. Dibblee, afterwards Bursar of All Souls, and owner of the celebrated "Signa Madonna," who handed over the *Field* with Windsor House to its fourth proprietors and present owners after the War.

So deep has been the red trench cut by the events from 1914 to 1918, that we already are forgetting much that deserves to be remembered before the first shots of the world's worst catastrophe were fired upon the Belgian frontier. Some few of them, in their connection with the *Field*, I must at least rescue from oblivion.

I had the honour of knowing Alfred Russel Wallace, and before his death he wrote a most kindly appreciation of some articles on spiral formations which had appeared in our columns. But we had had a good deal more to do with him at an earlier date ; and, in fact, a lawsuit was connected with his collaboration which was even more widely known than the great Proof-house controversy. The correspondent of a provincial journal signing himself

"Parallax," asserted that the "North Pole" was the centre of a great plane, on which we live, while the "South Pole" was the margin of ice which prevented our falling over the edge of the flat expanse we call the earth. A certain Mr. Hampden, of Swindon, so fervently believed this that he offered to bet anybody £500 that it was true. Mr. Alfred Russel Wallace took the bet, and each side agreed to deposit the stakes with the editor of the *Field*, who was to hand over the £1000 to the winner. A test was arranged in March, 1870, on a six-mile stretch of the Bedford Level in Norfolk. Three discs were fixed at a distance of 12 ft. above the water, one at each end of the stretch and one in the middle. Mr. Hampden said all three would range in a straight line, while Mr. Wallace said that the central disc would be elevated about 5 ft. above the terminal discs, and, therefore, that the surface of the earth was convex. The conditions of the test were agreed to by both sides; and, since Dr. Wallace had shown what he predicted, the editor of the *Field* awarded the bet to him. Mr. Hampden, however, refused to abide by this decision, and it appeared that when he and his friend, Mr. Carpenter, had previously carried out a similar test on the same piece of water, they had satisfied themselves that *they* were right. After a heated correspondence, an action was brought by Mr. Hampden to recover from the editor of the *Field* (then Dr. Walsh) the said sum of £500, deposited by him. It was heard by Lord Chief Justice Cockburn and Judges Mellor and Quain on November 12th and 16th, 1875, and January 17th, 1876. The Lord Chief Justice, who heard the case, had "no hesitation in holding the transaction to be a wager," and, therefore, found for Mr. Hampden, who may, for all we know, have gone to his grave in consequence in the belief that the earth was flat. But a result more important to the *Field* emerged in the light thus shed upon the liabilities of stakeholders, and I may add that no editor

of the *Field* would act as stakeholder to-day without a very clear definition of the possible future liabilities of all parties concerned in any wager submitted to him for decision.

It is impossible here even to suggest the list that might be compiled of the questions the *Field* has been asked or the wagers sent to us for settlement. But it must be quite evident that, with every will and appliance to do our best withal, we must occasionally be spoofed. Indeed, there was a time, which must have appreciably weakened the hearts even of the strong men recorded above, when no Eton boy was considered to have thoroughly deserved his election to Pop until he had had a letter in the *Field*. One of them sent an epistle headed, "Carnivorous Cow," in which the writer described his anxiety on beholding a cow, near the playing fields, devouring a fine partridge with apparent relish.

The best cow story I ever passed in proof myself was received with howls of derision by our incredulous contemporaries. A distinguished golfer in Scotland who had just played his approach shot was distressed to see his ball hit a cow. He walked up, but the ball was nowhere to be seen. Shaking her head, rather in sorrow than in anger, the offended quadruped moved forward and then dropped the sphere upon the green out of her left ear. To stay the clamour of my contemporaries, in whom I noticed an almost fiendish satisfaction at the discovery of sensational exaggerations in our sober pages, I added next week the detail that the ball used was called (if memory serves) the Midget Dimple. My critics became more uproarious than ever. I was embroidering, it seems, with unsubstantial rhetoric an already bald and unconvincing narrative. Fortunately, I was able to feel quite certain of the accuracy of my correspondent.[1]

[1] There can be no harm in saying now that the player was His Majesty King George V, at Balmoral.

On another occasion I received a letter from a gentleman I will call Mr. John Smith, of (what shall here be) Northumberland, expressing his gratification that I had reproduced so fine a print of one of his family portraits, and inquiring, kindly but firmly, why I had asserted the owner of the original to be (let us say) Mr. Thomas Brown, of Cornwall. I passed on the problem to Mr. Brown, who indignantly replied that his dining-room overmantel had been built to hold the original in the middle of the seventeenth century. Mr. Smith warmly retaliated that the masterpiece in his possession had been brought across the Channel to the Tyne by one of his ancestors who fought at Agincourt. In time the controversy died down, as controversies will, and I had almost forgotten it, when I received an auctioneer's catalogue from a distant northern village. Across one item, in John Smith's well-remembered hand-writing, were the words: "Thank you so much for rousing public interest in a picture hitherto unknown." It had brought him a thousand guineas. Not very long afterwards, to show how conservative we really were, we published what is without doubt the earliest known picture in the world, the impression printed off from a round piece of incised antler carved by a Palæolithic artist from the Azilian (Elapho-Tarandian) horizon of the cavern at Lortet, at least 20,000 years ago, and restored by Sir Ray Lankester.

It would also be impossible, in this connection, to omit mention of the impressive painting by J. G. Millais, originally entitled "They Cannot Break His Sleep." It recorded the grave of F. C. Selous upon the hilltop close to where he died. In the foreground a lion and lioness moving towards the valley look out upon the far horizon. The *Field* published this in colours, and under the title of "Sentinels of Empire" it was distributed, on August 4th, 1917, in every part of the world by Harry Cust's Central Committee for National

Patriotic Organisations, in their commemoration of the third anniversary of the declaration of war.

Some drawings of the Imperial Stables in Vienna were brought home by Mr. G. D. Armour when he visited Austria-Hungary for the *Field* in connection with our campaign for a better system of Remounts, a series of articles which we reprinted early in 1911 in a pamphlet, entitled *The National Horse Supply*. Eventually, the Government began seriously, though slowly, to take up the matter on the lines laid down in the *Field*, and we may at least congratulate ourselves on the fact that if something of the kind had not been initiated, the position in 1914 would have been even worse than it actually was. The way every fox-hunting friend among our readers rose to the emergency may be imagined from the fact that from among them alone we were able to give assurances of 15,000 first-class remounts to the War Office before the beginning of 1915.

3

In no other country in the world, I think, could the following letter have been possible : " I am desired by the Speaker to acknowledge the receipt of your letter and to say that he still holds the Mastership of the Blencathra Hunt." This was written in April, 1919, and in the next month the Rt. Hon. James W. Lowther (as he then was) wrote to me from the House of Commons as follows : " In the district round Caldbeck, a lovely but inaccessible part of the centre of Cumberland, combining open moor, hanging woods, rushing streams, rough pastures and small inclosures, John Peel lived, hunted, died, and was buried. His cheery voice was well known amongst the dales lying around the great mass of mountains capped by Skiddaw. . . . Not many years ago I was able to obtain from John Peel's son-in-law, who resided at Ireby, some relics of the mighty hunter, his horn, his whip, and his spurs." This letter,

interesting in itself and still more so in its associations, was evoked by our publication of the original manuscript of the song, "John Peel," in Graves's handwriting, which had been put up for auction in 1919. The verses laid to rest many a controversy on the subject, and were read with zest in every hunting county in England.

It was a pleasant sight to see the pink coats round the table when the *Field* staff invited its best contributors to dinner in 1913. It was a remarkable little company in its way, that night. Sir Charles Frederick, Otho Paget, and Crawford Wood were singing "John Peel" over the port. Selous, requested to tell us how he got his first lion, solemnly replied: "I missed him," and sat down; only to be hauled to his feet again for the best story of its kind I ever heard. W. P. Burton replied for Yachting. Sir John Edwards-Moss (one of the most valued of our old contributors) answered to the toast of Rowing. H. A. Bryden was talking Natural History to George Dewar, while Anthony Hope swapped stories with Max Pemberton; Dr. Scott Keltie discussed an article we had not long previously published from Fridtjof Nansen; and E. B. Michell, the only living man who won three of the amateur boxing championships all at different weights, explained to A. E. Crawley how he had also won the Diamonds and the Wingfields. Michell, an old pupil of my father's, with many another good man from the West-country, wrote a good deal of boxing for us at one time, but the peculiar lure of his old age is falconry.

Only one other dinner (since we have come upon this festive subject) do I remember as even more successful, and this was one given by the *Field* at Claridge's on June 25th, 1921, to the American Polo Team: Stoddard, Hitchcock, Watson Webb, and D. Milburn, with Rumsey, Hopping, and Strawbridge. We sat round a big horseshoe. Field-Marshal Earl Haig was next to Mr. Hitchcock, senior, with whom he had played polo against Cambridge when they were

at Oxford together. I was in the Chair, supported by the Earl of Athlone (who represented Ranelagh), and Col. Harvey, the American Ambassador. Lord Tweedmouth spoke for Hurlingham, Col. E. D. Miller for Rugby and Roehampton. The English team—Tomkinson, Barrett, Lord Wodehouse, and Vivian Lockett, with Melvill and Harrison—were all present. Nearly every old international then in England came to the gathering ; Capt. George Drummond and others represented Fox-hunting ; and the cheers when the company broke up fairly made the dancers in the rest of the hotel think the whole place had suddenly caught fire.

Almost as interesting, in a different way, was the dinner, at which I also had the honour to be invited to preside, to the Athletic Teams of the United States and the British Empire, in September, 1920. The competitors had met before, in various heats, at the Olympic Games at Antwerp, and they were apparently delighted to meet again under the auspices of the new Achilles Club (the Leander of the cinder track) in London ; and so keen was the contest that the score finished in a dead-heat. A result at once so satisfactory and so diplomatic was appropriately celebrated at the Imperial Hotel, and by the next morning our guests were on their way across the Atlantic.

That meeting, among other symptoms of the kind, was part of the answer which young England gave to those who thought we had been ruined by the War. It is true, our losses had been terrible. The saddest and the hardest task we ever had to face in the *Field* office was the publication of the Roll Call of the Dead in every form of first-rate sport. We printed it in 1919, and it has never been my lot either to supervise or to peruse a list at once so glorious and so pathetic.

Even to myself—let me confess it—it seemed that for a time at any rate our possibilities of athletic excellence had disappeared. The summers of 1920 and 1921 were to be

the brilliant refutation of that fear. The eternal spring of youth welled up undaunted, undismayed, and inextinguishable. The whole life of the nation, stirred as it had never been stirred before, seemed to fling itself with a wild cry of relief and exultation into the pleasures that had been withheld from it so long. The shadows of the War may linger still, may stay in some dark places longer yet ; but the spirit of England is untouched. The sportsmanship that pulled us through the War will pull us through its bitter consequences.

4

For sixty years before August 4th, 1914, the *Field* had been mainly devoted to Sport in the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland and throughout the British Empire. On that August 4th sport in its technical sense practically ceased. But it was soon shown that one of the great issues at stake in the conflict was the preservation of true sportsmanship. By the end of 1915 every great sport in England had poured its finest votaries into the battlefields of France ; and in February of that year the *Field*, alone in the Press of the world, printed as a Special Supplement, issued with its ordinary edition, a detailed and illustrated account of the atrocities committed by the German Armed Forces in Belgium, France, Russia, and elsewhere, by land and sea. It was this Supplement that brought sufficient pressure by public opinion upon the British Government to ensure the issue of the Bryce Report ; but this Report appeared as a Blue Book, and very few men and women read or understood the appalling facts in the sworn evidence of eyewitnesses which it produced. In January, 1916, the *Field* took the whole bulk of this evidence, rearranged it, illustrated it with authentic photographs supplied by the Belgian and French Governments, and once more shook the whole body of civilised opinion throughout the British Isles

with horror at the deliberate barbarity of the Germans. In the autumn of that year both the *Field's* Supplements were combined in one illustrated shilling pamphlet, called *The Crimes of Germany*, which was issued by the British Government in millions of copies all over the civilised world. Within a few months the United States entered the War.

Since August, 1914, our Leading Articles, instead of dealing with various kinds of Sport, had been wholly devoted to national and international questions connected with the War. Early in 1917 they were all collected together, with fresh material, and published in a book to which was given the title of *The Mark of the Beast* (John Murray). The Editor received the thanks of His Majesty's Government through the Ministry of Information and of the French Government through the Ministry of Public Instruction, for the assistance rendered to the Allies by his staff. One of the most amusing reviews I ever had was published about this book by an earnest provincial paper. My chapters were each headed with one of Holbein's terrible little woodcuts from the "Dance of Death." My critic said:—"The name of the artist of these telling illustrations is not given. But he has thoroughly grasped the meaning of the terrific struggle in which we are engaged, and he will go far."

Among other special publications by which the *Field* was fortunate enough to make a distinctive mark in the journalism of the War may be mentioned the celebrated letter of Captain Paul Ehrhardt, who was shot as a spy in Belgium early in August, 1914. This was the only communication published during the War direct from a member of the German Great General Staff, writing at the very outbreak of the War and giving the first authentic revelations of that plot for the subjugation of Europe which has since been exposed and confirmed through half a hundred different channels. It was reprinted and distributed by our Foreign Office under the title of *Disclosures of a German Staff*

Officer. It should also be added that in April, 1918, when the last gigantic attack of the massed German Army upon the Allies was apparently at the height of its success, the *Field* published a translation by John Balderston from some lectures by Marshal Foch to his military pupils in Paris—lectures which foreshadowed in the most amazing detail the whole course of the campaign up to his sudden counter-stroke on July 18th, and on to his culminating victories in October. They were read with the keenest interest by both French and English officers all over our fighting line. The impression created in Germany by this publication was both vivid and characteristic, and confirmed (if that had been needed) the full value of these articles.

From General Headquarters in 1915 we were thanked for reprinting articles on "Marching by the Stars," which proved of value both to troops and aeroplanes. In the winter of 1914 we sent bales of sheepskins from our farming readers to troops who had been rushed from warm stations to the freezing trenches without any proper clothing; and with the sheepskins went furs, overcoats, blankets, everything our town readers could spare to keep our men warm at the front.

Quite naturally, there were often considerable differences of opinion among our readers as to the *Field's* policy and contents during the War. Some of the most bloodthirsty of the civilians thought we were never bellicose enough, and that any mention of sport was criminal levity. Others implored us not to cut out so much of our usual topics, and to give them, during the time of their trouble, the consolation of the same sporting news we had published for so long. In the same way, the soldiers (always at that time our most continuous correspondents) sometimes applauded our military views and sometimes begged us to give them a rest from fighting and tell them how Hounds were getting on with their new rations, or what was the

favourite for the next Newmarket Derby. One of the most pathetic of the war-letters I received was the following: "I am sending my son, who is one of the prisoners in fortresses, the Racing Returns from the *Field* every week, they are so much the best. Would it be possible for you to ensure that there should be nothing on the back regarding the War, as the Censor won't pass it if there is."

By degrees our scattered staff came back to Windsor House, some from the trenches, some from various Government offices, some from the sea coasts they had helped to guard. By degrees our printers, who had almost become acclimatised to working calmly through an air raid, were receiving unaccustomed copy. The Armistice of November, 1918, had burst on London. It became my simple aim again to provide in my paper plain and honest dealing with a large part of the life of the community by men who really know what they are writing about. And for this I think there will always be room in this country, for it appeals to what is best in Englishmen in all they love best. Stronger than most instincts, deeper than most passions, is the Englishman's innate love of fox-hunting, of fishing, of big game, of shooting, or of yachting—those great natural elements of an education in the rain or sunshine, in the driving storm or in the summer calm, which has moulded the character of so many of our best soldiers and sailors, and has made these islands the best place to live in.

5

I believe the *Field* was the first sporting paper to receive the honour of a knighthood, which was bestowed during the War (June, 1916), and I think it was also the first to have the privilege of publishing, on the celebration of its seventieth birthday, a message of congratulation from the King and Queen, and letters of greeting from the Prince of Wales and the Duke of York. The reason for these may

perhaps be found in the long record of quiet achievement I have tried to indicate here, and possibly in the special work accomplished between 1914 and 1918. One example of that work, with which, after Harry Cust's Central Committee, I was most proud to be associated, was the British Ambulance Committee.

Before the end of September, 1914, Mr. Bradby Peyman, a gentleman who had for many years been interested in motor-cars, came to me and pointed out a definite way in which some of us who were too old to fight in our own armies might be of real assistance to our allies, the French. Even with only 40,000 English soldiers in our own fighting area and a practically perfect equipment, the transportation of the wounded had already proved very difficult. With more than a million men and several hundred miles of line to hold, France was experiencing the most serious trouble in this direction. Train-loads of her wounded had had to wait for hours in sidings under terrible conditions while fresh men and ammunition were being hurried into desperate action. The losses from this cause alone had been extremely high, and at least half of them might be prevented if a scheme of ambulances could be organised in England. I immediately said that if Peyman would be responsible for the technical end, and for the actual work in France, I would do everything possible, without leaving London, in the way of getting a strong Committee together, appealing for funds, and making our plans public. The Duke of Portland at once granted my request that he would be our President. I was also greatly helped by my old friend Louis, Marquis de Chasseloup-Laubat, who had been captain of the French *épée* team when I had myself been captain of the first English team that ever crossed the Channel for an international Tournament. His brother-in-law, Jean Stern, fought with him, another comrade of the sword on whom I could always count. Chasseloup hit me in the chest,

ROYAL HENLEY, 1921

In the bows of the Umpire's launch, the Prince of Wales is sitting next to Lady Desborough. Opposite him are R. S. Bradshaw (umpire), C. D. Burnell and R. P. P. Rowe. In the stern T. A. Cook is announcing the time of the last race

with a fine stroke in *prime*, five minutes after we had first met, and we were friends ever after. Early in the War, before the Ministry of Munitions had been dreamt of, he served on a small Committee with the French Ambassador and Lord Kitchener, and I had been fortunately able to give them some assistance at a crisis by bringing him privately into touch with certain high authorities, who did what was wanted. There was no difficulty in Louis getting Paul Cambon to be Vice-President with him in the British Ambulance Committee, and when Lord Bertie (British Ambassador in Paris) had also joined us, I began to feel secure.

Just before I wrote the preliminary letter to the Press, a most kind message of acceptance and encouragement reached me from the President of the French Republic, and Lord Charles Beresford consented to be our chairman with Lord Blyth as his "Vice." Sir William Mason, Sir Charles Fitzwilliam, Mr. A. Barton Kent, Sir Henry Yarde Buller, Mr. Walter Long, Mr. Peake Mason, and Lady Wantage were among our earliest supporters. In Mr. Norris Oakley, who accorded us his full time for more than four years, we had the services of the best treasurer any fund could ever hope for. As Hon. Secretary, Mrs. Aubrey Le Blond worked as few women have been able to work before or since.

When we remember that early in 1915 the only methods of moving wounded French soldiers was in heavy horse-drawn vehicles with solid iron tyres, or in ox-wagons and mule carts, we can begin to understand what a godsend our first motor-ambulances must have been, more particularly in the Vosges and on the borders of Alsace-Lorraine. In one small battle, beyond the Schlute Pass, over 4000 ft. high, the French had had over 17,000 casualties. The rough mountain paths were too steep and narrow for any wheeled vehicles. For these we had a fleet of 8 horse-power motor-

bicycles specially fitted with a side attachment for stretchers by the Sunbeam Motor Company, and the wounded were brought in 40 min. over passes which had previously cost them five hours of agony. In the motor-ambulance division we made up convoys of twenty-five or thirty motors, mostly Austins, each with a complete travelling workshop and mechanics who could carry out all necessary repairs and maintenance. Each convoy had fifty men with the usual officers, and a large number of them, I am glad to say, received full recognition for their bravery and devotion from the French Army in the shape of ninety *Croix de Guerre* and military medals, besides being repeatedly mentioned in Orders of the Day.

As time went on the trust and affection the French placed in this organisation became more and more evident. It is the usual practice of a French division to leave its artillery and transport to those who replace it when it moves. But in the great German attack of 1918, when a division was ordered from Verdun to Mount Kemmel, the General telephoned to Headquarters asking that his own section of British Ambulances should accompany his men as it gave them so much confidence ; and his request was granted. In the end the British public subscribed over £374,000 ; and our ambulances carried more than 400,000 wounded French soldiers out of the firing line into the comparative safety of the field hospitals.

I saw nothing of France during the War. But in 1921 I went to Rheims and the valley of the Marne. There were still ragged deserts along the battle-line in France, where you could only distinguish the site of the church because the dust was of a different colour from the dust of its surrounding ruins. Rheims and her ravaged sisters are the portents of an age more various in its widespread cruelty than all the barbarisms of our recorded past. They are the Pompeii and Herculaneum of the twentieth century, with

citizens that no volcanic lava could wholly slay or utterly sweep out of their flaming homes. Among their ruins these men and women withstood the War. In their new homes they shall withstand whatever worse than war may follow.

Deep hidden in the immemorial jungles of the East, or in the matted shadows of Peruvian forests, the modern traveller has sometimes seen the mighty remnants of a vanished race, their temples, their palaces, their pleasure-gardens, the vestiges of their bloodstained cult, the carvings of their evil gods ; and he may feel but little wonder that fate had overwhelmed them ; he will see very little that deserved survival. But in Rheims it is not only the houses of the merchant or the labourer, it is not only the mansions of the wealthy or the halls and gathering places of the city's corporate life that were destroyed, it is the very shrine of the beauty of the history and of the heart of France that has been wilfully, determinedly, continuously shattered.

Rheims was the worthy casket of her great cathedral, and its mighty walls and buttresses, older than any of the buildings which surrounded it, were alone left standing, in spite of all their wounds, amidst the wreckage and ruin of nearly all the modern streets. On September 4th, 1870, the Germans took Rheims ; the King of Prussia, with Bismarck and von Moltke, followed them. On September 4th, 1914, the German troops were again inside these sacred walls ; the Crown Prince and Prince Henry of Prussia took up their quarters in the town a week later ; but on the 12th they hastily retreated in the drenching rain along the Rethel road, and on the next day General Franchet d'Esperey and the 5th Army of France held Rheims. His name might have been Esperance, for never again did she fall into the hands of the enemy.

But the enemy, as his custom was, made her suffer for the bitterness of his defeat. The Red Cross on the Cathedral towers proclaimed that many German wounded were lying

on the straw that filled the nave. But at four in the afternoon of September 19th a German shell set fire to the scaffolding of the north-west buttresses. The flames consumed the roof and molten lead poured down into the building. The marks are still visible on the flagstones where a German officer was burned to death. Only eleven of his comrades perished with him ; the rest were saved. The Archbishop's Palace was gutted by the fire. As the bombardment continued the Place Royale and the Rue Colbert were reduced to ruins. From that day until the beginning of the next June the town never remained more than four days without being shelled. In the night of February 21st, 1915, 1500 shells fell. On one day of April, 1916, more than 1200 projectiles struck the city. On April 1st, 1917, 2800 shells were rained upon the streets. When the Good Friday of that terrible spring was ended, 7500 shells had fallen in twenty-four hours.

It is because the skeleton of the martyred Cathedral still rises above the holocaust that its mutilated arches strike so deeply to the heart. Even the complete ruin of the exterior roof is not the most appalling feature in this misery of chaos. There is a yet more dreadful aspect in the splintered gap above the vaulting of the choir which lets the light directly down upon the tortured mass of rubbish that once was the High Altar. Nor is it the constant scars observable in pinnacle, in buttress, or in tower that move our pity most. It is the pathetic little heap of sculptured arms and hands and feet that have been gathered reverently in a side chapel of the aisle ; almost they seem human. Among them are the fragments of the smiling angel from the south door on the western front and the remnants of the Eve from the Rose Window in the northern transept.

Whatever may happen to the Cathedral in the future, it will stand, like the Acropolis, a landmark in history. There is a committee in London which is gathering subscriptions

for its restoration, and I can well believe that the long story of Rheims Cathedral has not ended yet. Here was anointed the glory of Old France. Here, it may be, shall the splendour of New France be crowned. For though the Kaiser's high explosive shells laid bare the stones that had been squared when Charlemagne was Emperor; though beneath them his artillery broke through the Roman masonry which covered temples yet more ancient, he could never take those citadels that were the strong, clean soul of every French and English soldier who withstood him. It is the things which are not seen that are eternal. The walls that Germany was so vainly striving to destroy have not been made with hands. They are the intangible bulwarks of the immortal hope of man, and they will last till man has vanished from this planet.

7

In great contrast to that terrible pilgrimage to Rheims, by far the most beautiful and interesting experience I had after the War was my visit to Florence in the spring of 1923.

To Mrs. Janet Ross, the presiding genius of the road that leads from Florence to his villa in Sant' Ilario (which is close to Signa) Carlo Orsi, the painter, showed, in the summer of 1896, an old relief in stone and stucco high up on the inside of the Tinario, the great vaulted chamber filled with vine vats beneath the guest rooms of the house. On the outer wall, a little to the right above the doorway into the Tinario from the courtyard, and close to the bedroom of a fair guest whom I shall have occasion to describe, is a mark upon the main wall, exactly of the right size, which records the original position of the relief. It had suffered a good deal from weather before it was brought inside as a kind of shrine for labourers in the vineyard, and it had finally become almost obscured by dust and whitewash.

But by the greatest good fortune it was shown in 1897 by Carlo Orsi, who needed money to go for his health to the Riviera, to G. B. Dibblee of All Souls, and was by him immediately recognised and purchased. As soon as it had been cleaned by Mr. Kerr Lawson in London, Dibblee was even more certain than before that it was by no lesser hand than Leonardo's. To me he was good enough to delegate the first task of collecting the historical evidence of an authenticity which in these last years has twice been authoritively proclaimed by Adolfo Venturi, after a careful examination of the style and details of the carving. In the course of this work I made my first acquaintance with Giovanna Degli Albizzi.

You may see her face in the medal which was struck when her marriage with Lorenzo Tornabuoni joined two of the great families of Florence, and gave its citizens a nine weeks' wonder of festivities, handed down to posterity in the pompous phrases of Scipione Ammirato. Her father had not only filled important military or diplomatic posts outside the city, in Pisa, Pistoia, or Rome, but also rose in 1474 to the highest political office a Florentine could hold, that of Gonfaloniere of Justice. In spite of one distant lapse, the Albizzi family were firm Mediceans. No less than Cosimo the Elder and Luca Pitti had stood his "brokers" when Giovanna's father wedded, and he gave the remarkably large dowry of 952 florins to his daughter when she married the nephew of Lorenzo the Magnificent.

In Ghirlandajo's fresco of the Visitation of the Virgin, in S. Maria Novella, you may see Giovanna at her wedding, and some of the beautiful bridesmaids who attended her. The people danced all night upon a platform specially built for them in the Piazza S. Michele Albertelli, while the guests were sumptuously entertained in the Albizzi Palace. Giovanna still stands, a stately figure, with an old lady of the Medici family and a younger friend, on the south side of

the choir stalls behind the high altar of the church. Ghirlandajo evidently knew his model. Of the eight ladies represented, Giovanna alone rises in brocade and gorgeous embroideries that are slit here and there to show the snowy lawn beneath the purfled sleeves. Upon the column of her alabaster throat is poised a proud head and a face of assured benignant beauty which only shows its true strength and dignity in the firmer lines of the bronze medal cast at a later date. A ripple of fair curls hides her ear on each side, and the mass of braided hair above swells to a crown that has no need of the embroideries or coifs that every other woman in the group must wear.

That wedding was the beginning of a tragedy. Her father died in 1491, leaving her brother Luca as his heir. Her widowed husband, Lorenzo, was thrown into prison in 1497 for having had communication with the Piero de' Medici who tried to surprise the rebel city in the April of that year. He had confessed under torture, and in the same night he was beheaded. Giovanna herself had died in childbirth, but she left a daughter and two sons behind her, and the name of one of them, uncommon in Italy and unknown in either of their families, was Leonardo. In the villa at Sant' Ilario Giovanna had spent her honeymoon, and many another pleasant visit before her marriage.

Of Leonardo's exquisite group of the " Signa Madonna " I have written elsewhere. I can add but very little in these pages, which are not meant to be too technical. But those who have seen the wonderful original either at All Souls or in the Birmingham Art Gallery will remember especially the treatment of the Child. This is a real baby's head, not the grown-up mask of premature intelligence and adult growth, which lesser artists set upon a soft and spineless body. The dignity of this little figure is derived from the fact that it is vertebrate ; that it has more backbone than so young a child would actually possess, that it can stand

up and hold its little bird and press upon its little apple ; and yet the head is the head of an infant ; and half the tenderness with which we look at it is inspired by the inimitable grace with which the Mother gently holds it in her arm, looking down upon it with a soft and smiling happiness, which is not only human and intelligible, but also reserved and even reticent in its suggestions of the knowledge she had hidden in her heart.

8

During the visit to Giovanna degli Albizzi and her Madonna, I stayed in a pretty villa on the slope from the outskirts of Florence to Fiesole, sufficiently near tram-lines and taxicabs to be almost—as one might say elsewhere —in touch with society in the city, yet far enough away to make city engagements—especially evening engagements —something adventurous. So when I was invited to bring two ladies of the house party out to dinner and a theatre (those were his words) by Carlos we were naturally excited. You must understand that Carlos may almost be described as an adventure in himself. A visit to his lovely house had filled us with desire for more. His pictures, his carvings, his drawings by Old Masters, his vividly active intelligence floating over life's every artistic manifestation either in his own surroundings or in any part of the world with which mind or body was in temporary contact—all these things, expressed as he so volubly expressed them in whatever language happened to be uppermost, made up a fascinating kaleidoscope twirled for your delectation by a master-hedonist. So we determined we would run no risk of losing any minute of him, and would make sure of our meeting " outside the Florence Club at seven-fifteen."

The half-hour struck jubilantly from half a dozen towers as Carlos began to shake hands all round, and suggested we should go on foot to his selected place for dinner. The

walk to the mysterious restaurant he had chosen was everything you could possibly imagine, and even more; for excitements and delays had already made us hungrily anticipate our goal. Deviously and rhetorically he moved through the vespertinal beauties of the city, settling here and there, like some gay butterfly, to sip the casual sweets of the æsthetic honey so plentifully spread before us in the architectural flower-bed of Florence. We grew hungrier and hungrier, until at last he stopped before the Antinori Palace and announced that this building gave him the opportunity he had long been desiring, of telling us precisely how the best Florentine palaces had been developed. He proceeded to explain with an airy fulsomeness of appreciative detail that would at any other moment have been captivating in the extreme. As it was, I longed to slip a green gauze net over his head, carefully extract him without tarnishing the gloss upon his wings, and pop him deftly into the cyanide that should be his euthanasia. The truth is that my mind was never less attuned to architecture. Convivial sounds of shifted plates and popping corks seemed echoing on every hospitable zephyr. I made a feeble sign of feverish fatigue.

"Dinner, of course," smiled Carlos as if the idea had just occurred to him, and not unpleasingly. "As we *are* here, we might as well dine here. Follow me!"

We followed. He moved across the road till the bossed masonry of the great building bulged over our heads, and went in at a little side door on the level of the street. As we turned out of the quiet thoroughfare and passed one by one beneath that black, mysterious lintel, a blast of heat and noise and cookery smote me like a physical buffet in the face.

"Here," he cried joyfully, "is the Buca. Lapi will give us welcome!"

Without the faintest notion what he meant, we strove forward, intent on immediate repletion at all costs—

Carlo's costs, of course. Little we knew! Eight o'clock was sounding in a cheerfully muffled peal as we descended a steaming, crowded staircase, which felt like falling down an over-populated chimney into an oven. At the bottom appeared what I can only call the hilarious representation of a Bacchanalian Inferno. We reached a little landing on the left of the last stone stair. It was almost completely filled with a cooking-stove in full activity; two myrmidons in white were moving purposefully to and fro. As we drew level one of them advanced, and in tones that might have rocked the Albert Hall to its foundations, shouted to the pandemonium beneath him, "Burro! Dio Cane! Burro!"

But it was evidently not the call to instant revolution which it sounded. Nobody in the feasting crowd beneath the vaulted ceiling paid the least attention. As we struggled onwards a waiter, murder in his bloodshot eyes and a napkin flourished like a red flag over his head, bounded past us, bellowing to one of the white-clad ministrants we had just left behind, "Vitello! Subito!" No one took any notice. The noise increased. We were at last on the floor of a huge cellar. The rounded arches over us flared with every colour of the rainbow, for posters and advertisements in brilliant hues were pasted over every inch of them. We fought past the steaming tables to a far-off corner, heralded, as soon as our brave Carlos had been recognised, by shouts of command like those of a despairing general who was calling up his reinforcements for some gory and prolonged encounter. A waiter, apparently in the throes of frenzied agitation, had whispered fatefully in Carlos' ear, then turning suddenly, hurled at the distant cooking-stove in a voice of thunder the magic syllables, "Sfoglia! 'Sparagi!" followed almost immediately by "Pane! Piatti Caldi! Chianti!" It sounded like the battle-cry of a forlorn hope. No one paid the least attention.

We sat down almost too dazed to remember we were

famine-stricken. Carlos at once turned to the next table, rose and left us. I thought at first it was to hasten preparations for our meal. Vain aspiration ! When I looked round he was talking to the loveliest lady in the room, in a tongue completely unknown to me, and was evidently suggesting that they should forthwith fly together to some foreign clime and there indulge in all the transports of illicit union. Our table remained a naked desert of blue chequers. No one brought us bite or sup. No one apparently was ever going to. The whole of the rest of that great cloudy, flagrant, and uproarious mob was eating and drinking with indecent determination and audible success.

The eyes of Carlos, rolling in a fine frenzy of amorous defiance, happened by some fortunate chance to fall on mine. He bounded to his feet. The lady at his side turned with immediate and absorbing emotion to her vast plate of spaghetti. Would he at last remember us ? Another, an entirely different waiter, hurled himself like the villain of a transpontine tragedy in the direction of his left shoulder, then leapt upon the nearest chair, and even the turmoil of that reverberating crowd was momentarily vanquished by his stentorian bellow to the cooking-stove, " Vitella di latte ! " No one regarded him and nothing happened.

I write the words down as I hazily remember them. They meant nothing to me then. They convey very little to me now. They seemed suddenly from time to time to split the odorous chaos round me and then become absorbed in multifarious alien deglutitions. Carlos himself was evidently unmoved by any such casual stridencies. I suppose it is living in the constant clatter of gongs from impending trams, hoots from bursting motors, and oaths from homicidal cab-drivers, that makes your true Florentine impervious to noise. In the next moment I could hardly believe my eyes. Carlos was actually standing next to us. One hand was negligently fluttering his guest's hitherto

untroubled dinner napkin, the other loosening his collar, when his whole face suddenly lit up. Was it, could it be dinner ? Ah ! no. It was an aged, chuckling maniac with a concertina. They almost fell into one another's arms.

The maniac beckoned violently into the distance behind him. His loose lips moved and slavered, but I could hear no sound from them. Yet evidently his gesture had been widely understood. From different parts of that reeking cavern of a cellar came broken phrases spouting into the clotted air—" Inno di Garibaldi ! . . . Carabinieri ! . . . Bersaglieri ! " The maniac gave a ghastly grin, propped himself between the back of my chair and the wall, and let out a hideous chord of brayed cacophony from his swollen and appalling instrument. Carlos seemed as overjoyed as he had just been with his Black Sea Botticelli : " This is the March of Garibaldi upon Rome," he told us, with the most innocently forgetful satisfaction in the world. And the march began to the clamant joy of everybody. Six times that dreadful concertina seemed about to stop. Six several dreadful times, amid torrents of ruthless appreciation, it restarted. It clashed out a separate and plangent tune for every regiment marching on the devoted bastions of the Eternal City. Everybody began banging the tables with their forks to keep time with the tramping legions on their advance. Finally, I gave up all hope. Resting my head upon my hands, I was falling into a sullen stupor of starvation and despair, when the Boanerges of the cooking-stove shattered the blazing firmament of advertisements above us with a roar of " Marsala ! Frascati ! "

A moment's earnest tumult obscured the bottom of the entrance stair in the remote distance. We dimly beheld Carlos' Italian chauffeur in the midst of it, consuming placidly and meritoriously an excellent repast composed of fragments from every dish sent past him from the cooking-stove in our direction. But this time there was more to

follow. The mouthing maniac had vanished with his infernal concertina. A waiter, mildly resplendent and calmly conscious of his victory, a pile of plates reeling on one bent arm, bore down upon us as the clock struck nine. With a whisper of "Tortino!" as gentle as a mother's to her sucking child, he placed on the table a dish of what looked like the parboiled ears of freshly slaughtered babes. I fell upon my portion of it silently, ferociously, without a thought of anything else in the wide world.

9

In the Smoking Room of the Savile Club we had been talking about the various occasions on which one or other of us had been arrested. My own contribution was extremely modest, and happened on Boat Race night, 1889. For some unknown reason the authorities had been so ill-advised as to close the doors of the old St. James's Restaurant (now vanished). Immediately this was discovered nearly every member of either University also realised the urgent fact that in that restaurant, and that restaurant alone, could the raging thirst which so unexpectedly beset him be adequately quenched. Piccadilly Circus became a seething mass of my friends and acquaintances and I was struggling to extract a few from the crowd and take them home to my own quiet lodgings in Jermyn Street when a large hairy hand went down behind my collar, gripped all the clothing within reach, and asked, "Would I come quietly or wouldn't I?" As the hand seemed moving southwards I made no observation and moved in the same direction. Near the curb the warm and clammy fingers at the back of my neck slowly changed their grip. I slipped under the Arm of the Law, as it were, and fell on my back in Piccadilly, where one wheel of a hansom cab promptly ran over my foot. Luckily rubber tyres had just been invented, so I was up in a flash and off round the corner with my latch-key ready

and my front door well in sight. Not till I got safely up to my rooms did I find the foot so swollen that I had to cut off sock and pump and soak it in hot water, with no very bad results after a day or two. Such is the fitness and the luck of Youth.

"It was a few years after your little escapade," said the Old Campaigner from the arm-chair in the corner, "that I had mine on the other side of the Atlantic. Having heard that machetes could be bought cheap in Hartford, Conn., and that a big consignment of dynamite was also asking to be purchased, I agreed with the bright-eyed Dago who brought the information that 'Cuba must be free.' A machete is a peculiarly useless-looking broad-bladed sword, with a short horn handle and a blunted point, no doubt suitable for swishing through sugar-cane or light jungle, but entirely inappropriate for any form of fighting except when used in the clenched right hand and smashed into the enemy's face—rather like some General Orders I seem to remember at Pharsalia, what?"

We reassured him, and he continued: "Anyway we got a fast coasting steamer with some name like *Laurada*, as far as I recall, and filled her smoke-stacks with spiral coils of machetes two or three thick on the inside, after a very crafty method known to one of my Dago friends. The dynamite was even simpler. It was packed in black-skinned sausages about a foot long and two inches thick. We tied string round them at appropriate places, and they made the best set of balusters you ever saw, cunningly disposed all over the decks and below, wherever a fruit steamer might be supposed to have balusters in a natural manner. I'm no sailor, but it looked all right. When the crew was ready and the food and drink on board I was down to my last hundred dollars, which was in my pocket, and we agreed to start about six in the morning of the next day. And so we did. Better weather you never

saw. We were just slipping away quite comfortably (for I omit the formalities) when I was shown a fast steam-tug coming out from one shore, and a minute afterwards a second tug coming from the other. From their converging courses it was quite clear they meant to cut us off, and it was no good trying openly to make a bolt of it in broad daylight. So we carried on as before. While they approached, the Dagoes went below, took off most of their clothes, and lay about among the coal, leaving me beautifully dressed on deck with strict injunctions that in no single language known to the human race could I understand a word or carry on a conversation.

" First one police-launch and then the other came alongside. We had easied down, you understand, and while our bows were pointing eastward for a quick get-away, the two launches made fast one on either side with their bows pointing west. Up the ladder came a policeman with the largest revolver I ever saw pointing straight at me. ' Put 'em up,' he said. So according to orders I smiled and shook my head, with cold perspiration trickling slowly down my spine. When another officer on the other side, however, made a similar observation in even gruffer tones I thought it well to grasp my cap in both hands and scratch my hair. That seemed to satisfy them. But they were clearly worried at my total ignorance of the American language, and finally gave it up, walking round the boat, on deck and below, to make their own search. Fortunately their large boots (tradition is perfectly right about a policeman's boots—Irish or not) did not come in very close contact with our explosive balusters, and they never discovered the machetes or anything else. ' Well, Mike,' said one who was evidently in charge to his comrade in the Brooklyn launch, ' someone must have fooled us. There's nothing aboard this blood-stained gun-runner that would hurt a fly. But we've got to do something. I'll take the deaf and dumb blighter

on deck to Liberty Street, and you go back to Brooklyn and report.' And it was so.

"I had not long taken my seat beside the New York, officer in the stern before I heard the *Laurada's* engines purring, and in a very few minutes she was out of sight with all my money in her. Well, there was no help for it. I had to trust my associates, and I had set my face again by the time we all marched into Liberty Street Police Station, and I was brought before a large man standing at a large desk in a large but stuffy room with several large police-officers sitting round it. He tried me in American , in Spanish, in French, in German, in Italian. A friend of his tried a few more. The heat got worse and worse, and shaking my head at intervals had begun to get considerably fatiguing. So I up and asked quite quietly but very clearly, 'Will you kindly direct me to the British Consulate?' All the officers who were sitting down stood up. All the policemen who were standing up sat down. There was very little more talk, and the large official at the desk looked at me with mild reproof and said, 'Young man, the door is straight behind you.' I went through it.

"No—that's not quite all. I was waiting with some impatience to hear what my share of the profits was to be, and had gone down to the Bowery to see a friend of my first mate's and hear the latest news. There was none, and I was just sadly walking out of the rendezvous that had been well known to all of us, when I saw a shabby figure limping over the cobblestones and making gestures to me with one arm ; the other sleeve was empty ; one eye-socket was covered with a black patch ; scarcely any hair was visible on one side of the head under the remnants of a sound straw hat. 'Don't you know me?' said the scarecrow huskily. 'I'm José, the Mate.' I nearly fell into his arms. 'Where are they all?' I cried. 'How much have we made?' 'Where they all are,' he answered.

H.R.H. THE PRINCE OF WALES

From a photograph taken in Alfred Munnings' Studio, 1920

'I know not; except me. What we have made, I know not, except this'—and he held out the stump of a left arm that remained to him. To cut it short, it seems that our *Laurada* (if that really was her name) was one of the few vessels the Spanish guard-boats ever hit. A stray shot jarred her bowsprit, and she blew up like a volcano. The human remnant known as José was the only salvage from the wreck. Never be a filibustering gun-runner, my boy, it very seldom pays."

I suppose this yarn about one war produced the next, about another and far bigger. This was it:

"A good many things happened in the first eight months of the Big War."

It was a young cavalry officer who was gossiping to a friend at the Club after dinner, while I remained invisible in a quiet corner within earshot. He was just back from India, and they had been talking about that gallant Colonel who had rallied his men in a tight corner by blowing the 'Gone Away' on his hunting horn. They had had much in common since 1914 (and before it), so it was not necessary for him to mention many names and places which were familiar to them both. I leave his narrative as he told it, for although most people seem now to have forgotten even the decencies of reticence, I retain the old-fashioned habit (shared by my friend) of refusing to hurt people's feelings in public unless the process seems both just and necessary.

"To begin with," he went on, "it was rather a facer to discover that the chief use of cavalry in France was to hold the trenches after all the infantry were casualties. There was a good deal of truth in the old story of the trooper who refused to take his spurs off for his new job, and particularly in the reason he alleged: 'Do you think I'm going to be buried as a blooming foot-slogger?'

"But it was not the marching or the trench work that were our only worries. We always knew—even in the first

eight months—that the war could never be finished without cavalry, and so we did our best to keep our horses fit. And a tough job it was, I can assure you, when the trench lines began to settle down as if they were permanent features of the landscape—at least, the German side of them; ours were never so elaborate.

"One thing you must remember. By the end of 1916 a regular organisation for the amusement of the army (and incidentally to keep it fit) had begun to assume a general elaboration, which seems to have astonished the Boche more than anything we did. But at the end of 1914 and the beginning of the next year you have got to realise that even the symptoms of such amusement surprised Brother Frenchman just as much. It was a curious thing to see the differences of different nations under stress. I suppose we didn't change outwardly at all, but it appears that the rotten tag about our 'taking our pleasures sadly' had lasted on, and when Tommy turned out to be the merriest fighter of the lot—and merrier still when there was more of him—everybody seemed quite astonished. The German, on the other hand, while preserving his beastly efficiency, betrayed himself to be a nastier brute in mind and manners than anyone had ever imagined possible. And the 'volatile Frenchman' turned into the most serious of the lot. Take their young officers. I knew several; plucky fellows, fine riders, pukka soldiers, and always as smart and polite as you please. Well, in those days most of them used to spend their leave (when they got it) at home, with their own people, and never went out of doors except to church, as far as I could make out. I ask you! They had had this thing on their chests, I suppose, for so long, that they knew they were up against it, and they knew a blame sight better than we did what a tough job it was going to be. Well, everyone faces the music to his own tune, and, if results go for anything, we lasted out as well as most of 'em, I think.

"You remember how keen poor old Bill always was on our horses? Well, he said nothing would do but a bit of hunting. So, more for a lark than anything, Driver and I wrote to the Editor of the *Field*, and asked, 'What about a few couple of hounds?' He gets a lot of odd questions and bets to settle, I believe, does this Editor, and most of the North-West Frontier was laughing over that priceless young blighter who wanted to settle a bet with a pal in Bombay about the breeding of a mare. He said: 'We've agreed to accept the *Field's* decision, *Right or Wrong!*' There's touching confidence for you. Well, at the beginning of the War, the old paper had been sending out sheepskins and fur coats and things when the snow began, so we thought there was just a chance of slipping in a few hounds as well. And, hang me, if the Editor didn't do it! I should like to thank the men who helped him. And then the God-forsaken office-boys in Whitehall go and send young scally-wags of subalterns. . . ."

But he was drawn firmly back to the main point. "What about your hounds in France?" said his friend.

"Quite like Wellington in the Peninsula and so forth and so on," he riposted gaily. To be truthful, I never heard anything like it. "The hounds arrived all right. Squadrons of wild buffaloes won't drag out of me how we got 'em there; but one clear, cold morning, not so very, very far behind the lines, there was Bill letting out the bagman—yes, of course, we had to have a bagman; nothing there but Belgian hares, believe me—with all his well-known skill, and there was me and Driver on the other side of the apology for a covert laying the dappled darlings on a hot scent as soon as ever we got the office. The point looked all right at first, but as the pack got a bit of a lead, young Hartley, galloping alongside me, says, 'This must be a very patriotic fox.' So I ask what he means. And he says, 'Another mile on this line, and we go plumb into the Merciless Foe.'

" Believe me, or believe me not, Reynard, full of running, skirted some of our own men—who nearly burst themselves between wanting to give a 'Gone Away!' and feeling they'd better not interfere—and made a bee-line for the Boche trenches. I shouted 'Charge!' to Bill, and, if Bill's language hadn't been so awful already, he'd have found a bit to spare for me, for just as young Hartley drew what he considered to be a riding crop—the only weapon any of us had—the merry German rifles started popping away like blazes, and Driver swung round left-handed to try and whip off hounds.

" That fox was a regular combination of a race-horse and a Balaclava veteran. Stout-hearted? I believe you. Even the Boche officer must have felt a little whiff of Leicestershire, and may have known it, for he stood up like a good one, and all his men beneath the parapet stopped firing. They hadn't done much damage. I noticed one horse being led back and one good hound was dead, but that was all; and I hadn't time to look round much, for that undefeated British varmint took a flying leap slap into the trench, and we could positively *hear* the hell's delight he made inside. We couldn't see the details, beyond a Boche head popping up now and then, or moving to and fro, and we guessed our little red friend was using his teeth a bit, being slightly hungry after his sea voyage, I suppose. Anyway, he died gallantly. A huge German soldier about fifty yards to the right of where he'd got in, suddenly rose right up on the fire-step, with his rifle in the air, shouting, 'I have killed him!' and there was that fox on the end of his bayonet.

" Yes, we got back safe, but no staying for gentle conversation with the Boche, you bet. We just legged it home as hard as we could gallop, and I will say this for the Merciless Foe, we had no casualties to speak of, and the horses got more exercise than they ever bargained for.

"No. Not again. Can you believe it? It was the French who really made the protest. Quite kindly, you understand. Very dignified, but damnably firm, I'm told. Grave risk to discipline at a serious crisis, you know, and so forth. I was told they recommended that the Editor should be cast into the Tower. What? Yes, I really did hear he was raided, and so forth, and solemn inquiry held on him about eighteen months later. But, of course, the truth never came out. High explosive? Not much! Hounds, my boy, and now you know it. Where are they? Why three couple are in my father's kennels still. The German officer? Oh, yes, I'm glad I remembered. Luckily for us, he *had* hunted with Charles Kinsky not so very long before, and when we passed him as a prisoner in their next big push, and gave him most of the cigarettes we had, he told us all about it. His N.C.O. had come up, with his extra special Zeiss glasses quivering in his hand, and reported that the mad English were developing a new form of cavalry attack with bloodhounds in front, and should he telephone for reinforcements . . . ?"

The next would be called, I suppose, a Big Game Story. I have so many (true, of course) sent in to the *Field*, that when I hear one I always think of the old Colonel who was so upset by the exaggerations he had heard all night that he began to tell his own story, and got as far as, "There was the huge brute standing over me, with one paw on my chest, and his mouth wide open. . . ." Long Pause. "And then?" said a chastened voice in the corner. "And then," said the Colonel, rising to go, "he ate me."

II

We were just finishing dinner, and the port was going round for the last time, when the Old Campaigner at the end of the mahogany spoke up:

"If you want a couple of yarns, and you want them East

of Suez, you shall have them ; and since I can guarantee the truth of both——"

"Really, Bill," said another gentleman from Burmah, "if you are going to pitch us any of your old Rangoon Roarers I must insist on a large cigar before you start."

Quiet was eventually restored, and Bill began.

"We had to meet a steamer at a village on the river, and as usual the steamer was not only very late, but had not been heard of. So because we had to wait there several days we learnt the details I am going to tell you from the missionary who was put through it, so to speak. He was a quiet little Padre, with evidently more in him than met the casual eye, and he also had made up his mind to meet the same steamer, with his wife and a new baby of a few weeks old. They were on their way from the nearest native village, some four miles distant, in a sort of native cart with an outside seat for the servant and a fat little pony in the shafts. They had gone about a mile along the rough road which went between the river and the outer line of jungle, when the Padre, who was driving, looked over the side of the cart behind him, saw the servant's seat was empty, and said so. His wife very naturally looked over the other side, next the jungle, and saw a tiger padding softly along with its great head nearly level with the pony's haunches. She could not speak and twitched her husband's arm. He looked himself, never moved a muscle, and whispered to her : 'Mary, keep quite still.' Mary sat bolt upright, with the baby in the shawl upon her breast, and the pony started galloping.

"Nothing happened, I gather, for a few minutes—if time in such a crisis can ever be conventionally measured. At last the tiger, paying no attention to anything else, lifted one huge paw and broke the pony's back. 'Mary,' whispered the Padre, 'keep quite still.' Mary sat bolt upright with her baby completely hidden in her shawl.

"The tiger then tried to drag the pony away, but could not disentangle its body from the shafts and harness, and growled horribly. Eventually it seemed to make up its mind, took the pony's neck in its teeth, and walked slowly towards the jungle, dragging after it the pony, the cart, the Padre, Mary, and the baby. Between two of the larger stumps both wheels of the trap stuck fast, and again the tiger, with more hideous growls, tried to get past them ineffectually. 'Keep quite STILL, Mary,' whispered the Padre; and Mary sat still, hiding her baby.

"Whether it was the blood, or sheer hunger, or mere impatience at all these unforeseen annoyances, I cannot tell; but the tiger suddenly began to eat the pony and lay down comfortably to crunch the bones. The trees which had stopped the cart were between its occupants and the tiger, and as the brute seemed very busy, the Padre carefully lifted one leg over the side and then the other, and touched his wife with one finger, signing her to follow his example. She looked straight at him and never moved, holding her baby closely to her.

"How the little man did it I don't know; but he leant over and lifted Mary without a sound, and he told me that she felt like 'a bronze statue,' and that she never moved a muscle and never changed her grip upon the baby till he had carried her a good twenty yards, and the tiger was well out of sight. Then they both walked back to the native village. My wife was sent for that same evening by one of the Burmese, who seemed quite unable to give any explanation except that the Mem Sahib must come at once. So I took her. I shall never forget it. Mary was sitting on a chair holding her baby, looking straight out at nothing, and keeping quite still. The Padre came up and thanked us for coming over, and asked me to leave the women together. 'It's my only chance,' he said apologetically. I took him out and gave him a stiff peg before he knew what

I was doing. Apparently it was the first time he had ever tasted whisky, but he evidently knew the smell.

" ' That was very good of you,' said he, ' but surely very dangerous ? ' I told him not to worry, and in a few minutes he turned to me and said : ' Why, it's having no effect on me whatever.' ' No,' said I, ' you're much too good a man for that. Tell me all about it.' So he told me what I've told you.

" Yes, his Mary was fairly all right next morning, except that her hair seemed streaked with white, and I don't remember noticing anything but black when I first saw her. But I can't be sure. Anyway, we took them over, and we all caught that steamer together. Later on I heard from the Commissioner what happened to the tiger. They filled the pony's remnants up with strychnine, but though he returned to his kill, the poison seemed to have no effect. Several of them had to shoot him to pieces later on. A stout beast. What ? "

" And a plucky woman, too," said young Hartley, next to him, " but evidently your Padre deserved her."

" A stout couple," agreed Bill ; " they don't often hunt in couples, by the way ; and that leads me to my last tale before we begin Bridge. Remember Tony Ashton ? "

" Rather," replied his Rangoon friend, whose name was Driver ; " one of those young 'uns who think they know it all a bit too quick. He got his medicine. The tale got home a long while ago, I believe, though probably all the details were wrong. But you must have known Lucy. You tell 'em."

" Tony had just married a very pretty girl from home, and the only fault he could find with her was what he called her ' unreasonable fear ' of snakes. So Tony—who knew it all, you understand—was only waiting for a chance to ' cure her of it,' as he said one night in the Club. The chance came a bit too quick. For only the next evening he went into the

bathroom to see things were all right for her—a pretty way he had, it seems—when he saw a cobra coiled up close under the waste-pipe. Being a handy lad he apparently slew it both noiselessly and swiftly, and then—and then, my boys—came his bright and brilliant notion. He left it in the bath, just to show his Lucy that if she ever did see a snake where she didn't want one, it would be dead ; slain by her vigilant hero of a husband.

So he went out and sat on the verandah and lit a pipe and waited ; and sure enough in due time he heard his Lucy rustling towards the bathroom. There was a scream almost immediately after she had opened the door. Tony turned over in his chair and positively chuckled as he imagined to himself how well his little plan was working. You see, he knew it all. Well, he waited for the statutory time, so to speak, and there was no Lucy rustling back again to dress, and he waited a full half-hour after that, poor devil, until he went to the bathroom door and opened it. Lucy was dead upon the floor, killed by the cobra's mate.

" And now we'll have one more brandy. Yes ; they often hunt in couples."

12

At the *Field* it is C. J. Butcher and I who have " hunted in couples " for some fifteen years now. In his imperturbable good temper and continuous youthfulness after more than ten lustres in the same office, I have found the qualities which are indispensable to the first-rate assistant-editor. Nothing ruffles his placid equanimity. There was a day when, as has happened on more important occasions elsewhere, we had published an obituary notice before it was actually required. When this had occurred to Mark Twain long before, he wrote to say that the report of his death had been grossly exaggerated. But we were not to get off so easily. An irate old party, obviously in the best of health,

shouted his displeasure into the telephone and was put in touch with Butcher. "Can't you *hear* that I'm alive?" bellowed our justly incensed critic. "I hear every word you say," replied my kindly assistant editor, always the gentleman, and invariably ready to stand up for the accuracy of our columns; "*but where are you speaking from?*" This story has got about a good deal, I fancy, by now, as an example of a deliberate witticism. But I give here what I believe to be its real origin, and I am certain that my friend was merely in search of legitimate and trustworthy information. His presence, and that of the best staff any Editor ever had to work with, have made the *Field* in one direction what the Savile has been in another. You cannot live in the constant companionship of men who are each the best expert on his subject in England without constant interest and continuous education. I am not giving their names because it is not the habit of our office to blow our own trumpet, and I feel that they must already be thinking that their Editor has taken a whole brass band for himself. But my readers will know that this is not the case. The personal and egotistical pronoun, as they have long ago recognised in this connection, is but a convenient abbreviation for the combined, collective efforts of a society of comrades who all labour for the same object and are all inspired with the same ideals. It is only just to add that if any work of mine ever outlives me, it will be the book called *The Curves of Life*, as a standard reference for the facts on spiral formations, accumulated and first printed in the office of the *Field*. This I should have been quite unable to publish in its final form without the widespread connections of the Paper and the combined knowledge of its Staff.

The heads of my various sections work, it is true, in watertight compartments and are personally responsible for everything they pass for print. It is true also that I sometimes hear lamentations from my cricket expert of the amount

of space given to lawn tennis, or from my shooting and fishing editors about the decadent popularity of rowing or of chess; and the language of my racing authority when his columns are curtailed because Polo or Hunting has encroached upon them must be heard to be believed. Yet they all realise that the true value of the paper, after its accuracy and its first-rate comment, lies in the variety of its interests. Readers who began by taking it in for their own favourite sport generally end by realising that devotees of other pastimes are, after all, human and may even sometimes be attractive. And I should indeed be ungrateful if I did not here acknowledge a tie of kindliness and good-fellowship between the *Field* and its many unknown readers which I believe to be closer than that in any other newspaper-office. We have always taken them into our confidence in our difficulties. We have always asked their help when we needed it. For instance, when the autobiography of Squire Osbaldeston—a manuscript in his own hand which had been eagerly awaited for a century—had at last been discovered, it was our readers from all over the British Isles who sent in facts, relics, paintings from the finest private collections, and encouragement of every sort, to assist us in producing in the best form possible the memoirs of "the best sportsman in any age or country."

It is by traditions of this kind that the great Republic of sportsmanship at large (which has no party politics) is fostered and strengthened week by week, and with each new issue I have a greater admiration for the men who have not only realised that ideal but made it possible by constant industry. The chief proprietor of the *Field* to-day has held the high positions of President of the Board of Trade and Home Secretary under a Liberal Government; but the *Field* has no politics save the general welfare of this country, no creed save that of honest and honourable endeavour; and every week we learn more and more clearly the gospel

of hard work. It is only people who have no regular work to do who never have a holiday they can enjoy. Our holidays, when we get them, and they are generally the "busman's," are something better than any indolent waster could ever dream ; and if this book has given any reader the idea that my life has been a constant and deliberate search for various amusements, I must have expressed myself very badly. It is a chronicle of the work without which there would have been very little play. For work, when physically possible, is not merely the only anodyne for trouble of any kind ; it is the one thing that gives a zest to every other happiness, because, like the garlic hidden in the knuckle of a leg of mutton, it has a subtly interpenetrating flavour which makes the whole of life taste better.

We have done a good deal of work together in the *Field*, some of which I have here described. But at the present moment (July, 1925) we are striving for a discovery which may take a place in history even larger than anything yet accomplished or attempted since the foundation of the paper. We are steadily trying to discover, with the co-operation of the Medical Research Council, the cause or causes of distemper in dogs, in order to arrive at the control or cure of the disease. The Masters of Foxhounds Association in England and its sister-organisation in the United States immediately bestowed their approbation and support, as did the kennel clubs of both countries. Once more the Duke of Portland, taking the place originally held by the late Duke of Beaufort, gave his personal assistance to a good cause by becoming our President. The best scientific research workers (it is not too much to say) in the world were organised into a special band of labourers, basing their studies not merely on the laboratories already at their service, but also on the kennels and other buildings erected by public subscriptions sent to the *Field* Distemper Fund.

The organism for which they have been hunting is ultra-microscopic and filter-passing, in fact so minute that none of the ordinary methods were available for its examination when the work began. But by degrees the scientific students and their assistants so far developed the methods and instruments at their disposal that an entirely new field of observation has been opened up, and one of the most hopeful indications of the eventual success of our particular investigation is that the workers of the circle with which the *Field* Distemper Fund is intimately connected, have, in the course of their experiments, made a greater advance towards the discovery of the cause of cancer than has yet been achieved anywhere else. The papers just contributed to the *Lancet* on this subject by Dr. Gye and Mr. Barnard have marked a milestone in the scientific investigation of disease.

With patience and recognition of the inevitable slowness of accurate scientific research, the public will, I am convinced, be rewarded for their liberality and confidence by a similar discovery in distemper, which will not only benefit millions of suffering dogs, but will also alleviate the misery of the whole human race by sensibly diminishing the ravages and the fatality of influenza and other kindred human maladies. When that day dawns, may I be there to see, and to welcome—I most devoutly hope—the universal acknowledgment of one more public service rendered by the *Field*. By that alone, were it necessary, I would cheerfully leave my own life's activities to be judged.

How widely those activities have been enriched in such company as that I have been privileged to keep, among the staff and the friends of the *Field*, I cannot begin to estimate, in almost every department of the outdoor existence natural to an Englishman, whose fishing, shooting, hunting, big game or yachting, form the unspoken background of these chapters. How often, in this office, have

we not discussed such stirring fights as that between Peter Jackson and Frank Slavin, when "Melbourne could never believe" that Frank had been knocked out; or such glorious races as the struggle between Bend Or and Robert the Devil; or the victory of Ormonde over Minting in the Hardwicke Stakes; or Cloister's magnificent Grand National carrying 12 st. 7 lb. These are the high moments of life, even though they have only meant we were watching others, as I watched Culme-Seymour's crew in 1901 gradually wear down Cambridge all the way from Hammersmith to Barnes until he passed them, in a storm of wind and sleet, a hundred yards from Mortlake; or as I watched from the umpire's launch that gallant struggle of Third Trinity in 1903 at Henley, when, with a maimed and altered crew, they made so hot a fight of it against the best that only as the flag fell could Leander claim by a short six feet the breathless victory.

Out of all forms of first-rate sports or games in which I have not merely been a spectator, but tried myself to take a part, I must here liberate my soul by the assertion that Rowing implies an essential element which nearly all others seem to me to lack. When we gather in the Leander Club for the happiest week in all the year, the Henley week that makes the oldest of us young again, it is the brotherhood of Rowing, the comradeship of the Oar, that we recall as we go back to the good days of sunshine and of thunder, those days when frolic welcome greeted every stroke of fortune or of fate; when eight men who had trained together till they had become a single heart, a single drive against the stretcher, a single thrust of forward-flashing wrists, faced suddenly the crisis towards which that selfless toil had led them, and knew that every link in all that pulsing chain of flesh and blood rang true. For us there were no centuries or duck's eggs, no goals or gallery-kicks, no individual distinctions where the crew were all in all; nor had the

sternest discipline of every physical and mental quality availed in the very slightest to obscure or weaken that chivalry of honourable contest which was the essence of the game. The rattle of the riggers at the finish, the music of the tide beneath her body as she shot between the strokes, the grim yet heartening sound of splendid and unbroken strength when all eight blades crashed in together—these are the things that no one who has heard and felt them will ever forget until he dies.

If it is true that no man should write his memoirs too early, it is equally certain that no one should put off the process until he is too old either to remember details or to take the trouble to arrange them. No memoirs can give a perfect view of any life. They miss the impartiality of the outside biographer, just as the biographer can never wholly reach the allusive vitality of his chosen subject. Yet they can give certain aspects of a life which may never be visible from any other angle, and if there is anything in the least worthy of record in that life, it will be recorded as no one else can state it who writes subsequently. Much is, no doubt, lost owing to necessary reticences. But the narrative will often gain thereby in conciseness, and sometimes in dignity. Indeed, a man is very rarely aware of all the factors—human, material, or spiritual—which have actually caused his actions or originated his ideas. It is not for his contemporaries but for posterity—should it care to do so—to place him in his true background; to announce the true springs—so often quite invisible to us—of conduct under emergency; to balance hereditary predispositions against immediate motives; in fact, to judge and give a verdict.

It is with the *Field*, which has formed the subject of my last chapter, that my life will be bound up, as long as I am permitted to serve it. The *Field* won safely past its seventieth year not by avoiding difficulties, but by facing

them with a stout heart; not by waiting upon occasion, but by continuous and unremitting industry based on continually advancing knowledge. More fortunate than any of its editors or owners, a great newspaper can from its corporate existence call upon the elasticity and fire of youth to supplement the prudence and experience of age. Immune from the accidents of time or personality, an institution of this kind develops a vital permanence of character independent of our changing generations. Indeed, the older it becomes the stronger is that perennial flow of vigour which it draws from many a thousand hearts, and tempers with the wisdom of a hundred brains. Within some corner of that field, which is for ever English, may I be working as long as any power to work remains to me.

As great events are often inextricably mingled with small matters, so are our sorrows with our joys. But on this last page of memories let me confess that I did not forget—in all that comes between—the motto on my first: *HORAS NON NUMERO NISI SERENAS.* Like the sun-dial I count no hours that were not sunlit. Yet the very sign by which we note their progress is itself a shade. It has been my wish that what few shadows may have inevitably fallen on these chapters shall no more than mark the intervals between the days of happiness they chronicle.

The complete philosopher, said Harold Parsons, that best of friends at Oxford, may not delight in the misfortunes of his fellows, but will extract a certain pleasure from his own. At first he may have taken life seriously. Carelessness is not for the young, and a light heart is the reward of experience. But as the years go by he will begin to cultivate serenity like a garden herb. *Calamitosus est animus futuri anxius.* The wise man will find the Universe too small for his desires, yet will scorn all things that are above his price. He will learn to dispense with much. Poverty, after all, is life next the bone, where it is sweetest. Few men born

without an income can spare the time to make one. We must either command or dispense with wealth. A broad margin to life is more easily achieved. The story of the average citizen is printed in stereotype on the meanest of pages and multiplied to infinity. For ourselves we have to insist, to begin with, upon large paper. Our rivulet of text, at all events, shall flow through a wide meadow of margin, and that meadow shall be full of friends.

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